



ABOUT



ZEALAND





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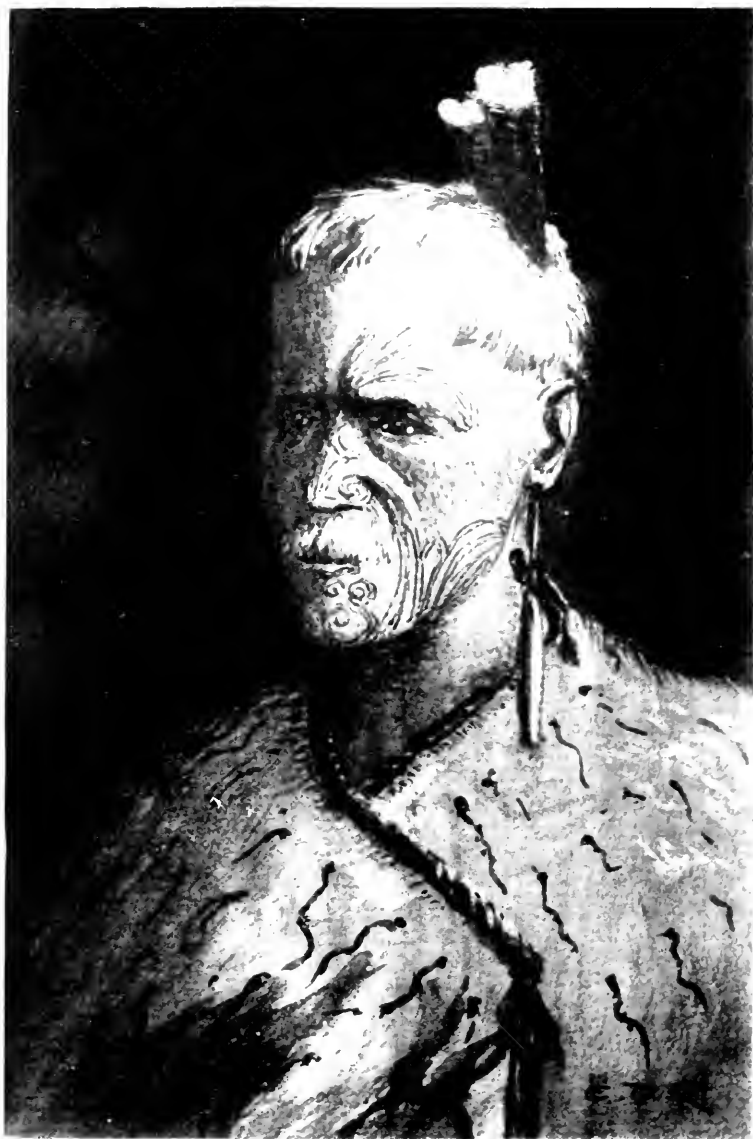
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ROUND ABOUT NEW ZEALAND



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ROUND ABOUT NEW ZEALAND

BEING

*NOTES FROM A JOURNAL OF THREE YEARS'
WANDERINGS IN THE ANTIPODES*

BY

E. W. PAYTON

"Was it the ties of friendship that I formed there?—or was it the grandeur and peculiarity of the natural features of a country, appearing in its isolation like a world of its own, that attracted me so strongly? I cannot say; but I still look back with enthusiasm to my stay in the Antipodes."—*Hochstetter*.

WITH TWENTY ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

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Dedicated

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TO

K. E. C.

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PREFACE.

THE following pages are mainly the result of a Diary kept during three or four years of wandering in New Zealand.

My aim has been only to describe and illustrate the many curious and beautiful scenes it has been my fortune to see in this land of natural wonders and magnificent scenery. I have ventured very little into the "have beens" of the Colony, preferring to confine myself as much as possible to present times and my own experiences. The "good old days" of New Zealand have had ample justice done to them by such accomplished writers as the Rev. R. Taylor and Judge Maning; but the present times have been left too much to the mercies of that meddling and iniquitous being—the scribbling Globe-trotter,—who after spending a fortnight or so in the Colony, forthwith presents

to the public a treatise on the political history, manners and customs, geology, and every other feature of the land he has "pushed."

Many changes have taken place since some of these chapters were written, but in these cases I have added notes to bring the accounts up to the present day.

I owe an explanation to my English readers for introducing here and there words in the Maori language instead of the English equivalents. I have not done this without reason. It is always the custom in New Zealand, especially in the North Island, to use Maori words frequently in referring to the natives and their doings; and a colonist would no more dream of calling a Maori *whare* "a house," or a *tangi* "a ceremony of weeping," than he would of saluting Tawhiao as King of New Zealand.

I am indebted to the proprietor of *The Field* for his kind permission to include in these pages several letters that were written for that paper.

E. W. PAYTON.

Windsor, October, 1888.

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LIST OF MAORI WORDS USED IN THE FOLLOWING PAGES, WITH THEIR MEANINGS.

aitua, a Spirit of ill omen.

haeremai, a salutation of welcome.

haka, a native dance.

hapu, section of a tribe.

haukahu, a native religion.

huia, a bird. *Neomorpha Gouldii*.

kahawai, a fish.

kainga, a settlement, village.

kiwi, a wingless and tailless bird.

Apteryx.

korowai, a flax mat ornamented with black threads.

korrero, a speech, conversation.

koura, cray-fish.

kuku, native pigeon.

kumara, a sweet potato.

mana, influence, authority.

mere, a stone weapon.

moa, an extinct bird. *Dinornis*.

nuka, prepared fibre of flax.

pa, a settlement, village; properly a fortified place.

pakeha, a foreigner.

pakeha-maori, a white man living with the natives.

pipi, a shell-fish.

puia, a warm stream.

pukeko, a water-hen. *Porphyrio melanotus*.

rangatira, chief, gentleman.

raupo, bulrush, used for building.

rongoa, medicine.

taiaha, a long wooden weapon.

taipo, evil spirit, devil.

taniwha, a fabulous reptile.

tapu, sacred.

taro, a plant used for food.

tenakoe, the usual Maori greeting.

tohunga, priest.

tui, parson-bird. *Prothemadera novae Zelandiae*.

tupara, gun (from the English word "two-barrel").

whakaahua, to take likenesses, photograph.

whare, a house, hut.

wharepuni, a large hut for sleeping in.

whariki, mats used for carpets.

TREES AND SHRUBS.

kareao, supple-jack, a climbing-plant.

kauri, a pine tree. *Dammara australis*.

manuka, a shrub. *Leptospermum scoparium*.

miro, a tree. *Podocarpus ferruginea*.

nikau, a palm tree. *Areca sapida*.

rata, a tree. *Metrosideros robusta*.

tawa, a tree. *Nesodaphne tawa*.

ti, commonly known as the cabbage tree.

toetoe, a plant resembling Pampas grass.

totara, a tree. *Podocarpus totora*.

ROUND ABOUT NEW ZEALAND.

CHAPTER I.

MELBOURNE TO DUNEDIN.

EARLY in 1883 I left Melbourne for the "promised land" of New Zealand. From various reasons I had long made a point of acquiring all the information I could about the colony; and in actually visiting it at last, I seemed to be returning to an old familiar country. I had had exceptional opportunities of getting well-informed about New Zealand, and was quite prepared to take a strong liking to it. I suppose every one, in his youth, has dreams of an Elysium which he hopes to find some day, where all his pet ideas will become actual facts. Mine ran something in the way of a country full of interesting associations and great natural beauty; where life was free and easy, and uncontrolled by the curious forms and conventionalities of society in vogue

in England; where the inhabitants were a quiet, easy-going, happy, hospitable set, and were not always worrying themselves and other people in the pursuit of mammon; and lastly, where one could enjoy a little more sunshine than we can calculate on in our own changeable climate. In pursuit of all this I embarked on the s.s. *Wairarapa* for New Zealand, having quite made up my mind that if my ideal were not to be found there, it would not be for want of searching on my part.

The *Wairarapa* is one of the finest of the many fine boats of the "Union Steamship Company of New Zealand," and is a vessel of which any line in the world might be proud. Her tonnage is about 2000, and she is fitted with all the latest ideas in the way of electric lighting, &c.; and for the purpose for which she is intended, the inter-colonial and New Zealand coastal traffic, it would be difficult to improve on her. After a rough passage of about four and a half days we sighted the Middle Island of New Zealand early one morning, and a few hours afterwards had land on both sides of us—the Middle Island on the port and Stewart's Island on the starboard side. At about noon we steamed into the Bluff harbour, and after passing some awkward-looking reefs, got alongside the wharf.

My first sight and experience of New Zealand were very pleasant, and I made up my mind at once that I should like the country, a decision I never found occasion to alter. It was a bright, sunshiny day, and that doubtless was very much in favour of first impressions, beside the fact of running ashore for six hours after a stormy voyage; but, as I said, my first impression still holds good after considerable experience of it in sunshine and storm.

“Why, this is just like England!” remarked one of our passengers, in a half-disappointed tone.

“Only better,” growled out an old colonist. “Why, what the nation did you expect to see here?” continued he; “ten thousand naked savages in battle array on the beach, probably, jabbering Choctaw or some Polynesian dialect, eh? You’ve come to the wrong place, *you* have! Skipper, take this man up to Auckland, and ship him off to the Society Islands—that’s where he wants to go! We’re civilized here.”

It was like England certainly, all except the houses; these resembled those of the land we had just left, being all of wood, looking very bright and glaring in the sunlight, as they are all painted white or some light colour. Coming to such a distant land, and hearing nothing but English spoken, was somehow strange;

and then all about the wharf, in considerable numbers, was our old friend the sparrow, as lively and impudent as ever. I felt at home at once.

We were not long in getting ashore for a stroll through the one or two streets the settlement boasts; and while some of our party went up by rail to Invercargill, I set out with two or three friends for a walk up the flagstaff hill, on the top of which is the signalling station for vessels entering or passing the harbour. From the top we had a grand view of the harbour, of Invercargill, and of the snow-clad ranges of mountains about Lake Wakatipu, some fifty or sixty miles to the northward. By the aid of the signalman's telescope we made out the features of the town of Invercargill very plainly, as it is only some seven or eight miles away. I did not care to hurry away by train to see it the moment I landed, as I knew I should have another chance of visiting it at leisure; so in company with some of my fellow-passengers and a colley dog, who seemed to appreciate being on shore again more than any of us, I employed the few hours we had in a pleasant ramble, not forgetting the "meal ashore," which every one looks forward to after a voyage. There is nothing to see at the Bluff, as there is but a small settlement entirely dependent on the harbour for its existence.

It is the harbour for Invercargill and Southland generally, and great quantities of wheat are shipped here every year for export, but just at the time of my visit it was rather quiet.

At five p.m. we steamed out of the Bluff harbour for Port Chalmers, the port of Dunedin, and early next morning we were lying alongside the wharf before many passengers were awake. A pretty, snug harbour is Port Chalmers, well surrounded by hills, most picturesquely grouped about and above the town. The town is built up the slope of a hill, the streets leading directly down to the various wharves. I shall not easily forget my first view of it through the port-hole of my cabin, as we glided in, in the early hours of an autumn morning. In the background the high, rugged hills stood out boldly, while the "mists of the morning" still hung over the town, mingling with the smoke of the houses in which the business of the day had already begun; and in the foreground stood the busy wharves, busy already, although it was not much after daybreak; and quite a small forest of masts seemed to stand out against the gray background, as the wharves were almost all occupied by big ships loading and unloading cargo.

Port Chalmers is the principal seaport town of Otago,

and the extensive piers are generally pretty well occupied by steamers and sailing vessels taking in or discharging cargo for or from all parts of the world. There is also a good deal of wooden ship-building carried on here, and altogether it is a busy little place. It is connected with Dunedin by a wide channel—an arm of the sea—which, however, is shallow, and will not allow vessels of large tonnage to approach the larger town. Dredging is going on extensively in this channel, and already I have seen vessels of 700 tons or 800 tons at the Dunedin wharf, but I expect it will be some time before they can take the monster 5000-tonners, which are now to be seen in Port Chalmers, right up to Dunedin.

Along the western shore of this channel runs the railway which connects the city with the port, and for the seven or eight miles it runs it would be hard to find a prettier road. The wild hills on each side and the beautiful sheet of water reminded me much of some of our beautiful Highland lochs; and really the approach to Dunedin does not suffer by the comparison.

CHAPTER II.

THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE colony of New Zealand consists of three islands, called the "North," "Middle," and Stewart's Islands, and numerous other little islands off the coasts. They are the nearest Antipodes to the British Isles, and in point of size bear rather a curious resemblance to the latter, the three islands being only one-sixth less than the whole of Great Britain and Ireland. The islands are narrow, and have a drawn-out appearance, and have a rather remarkable coast-line of over 3000 miles.

The area of the different islands is upwards of 100,000 square miles, the Middle Island being the largest. The North Island, called by the Maoris *Te Ika a Maui* (the fish of Maui), is about three-fourths the size of England and Wales. It is the warmest of the group, and has the most equable climate; and is remarkable for containing the extraordinary Hot Lake

district, and for being the home of almost the whole of the Maori race. Out of 42,000 Maoris supposed to be in the colony, 40,000 are in the North Island.

The Middle Island, the largest of the group, is about the size of England and Wales. The climate is rather colder than that of the North Island, and much resembles that of England. The remarkable features of it are, the wonderful fertility of its soil in many places, and the magnificent Alpine region in the south. Mount Cook, the highest mountain in the colony, is in the Middle Island, and has an altitude of 12,349 feet. The Maori name for this island is *Te Wahi o Pounamu* (the land of greenstone). Stewart's Island is very small in comparison to the other two; it is only about the size of Hampshire, and has very few inhabitants. It is called *Rakiura* (the land of sunshine) by the natives.

The country is divided into nine provinces—Wellington, Hawke's Bay, Taranaki, and Auckland in the North Island; and Otago, Canterbury, Westland, Marlborough, and Nelson in the Middle or "South" Island, as it is generally called. This is all very well, and easy to remember; but in 1876 some ingenious person of importance evidently thought that the colonial memory wanted exercising, and subdivided the country into sixty-five counties, and gave them each a name about

a foot long. These look important on a map, but happily no one thinks of using them, except as electioneering districts.

The census of September 1886 placed the population of the colony at 620,310, about that of one of our large towns; and yet there appears to be a very fair number of people everywhere. The reason is, that with the exception of the four principal cities—Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch, and Dunedin—there is no great centre of attraction, and the population is very much scattered over the land. Any one travelling through the country would imagine the population to be four or five times what it is. Auckland is the largest city in the colony, and the last official figures give the population, with the suburbs, as 60,583; while Dunedin comes next with 45,518; Christchurch next with 44,688; while Wellington, the capital of the colony, only has 27,883.

The climate of New Zealand is about the most agreeable I ever experienced, and is thoroughly suited to the English constitution. I was told the first summer season I spent in the country was the wettest and worst that had been known for twenty years; but it was much finer and more pleasant than any we have had in England during the same time. The heat is nothing like so

great as one would imagine from the latitude, as the narrowness of the country allows even the most inland places to be tempered by the sea-breezes; and if it is on the whole a little warmer than England, I don't think there are many Englishmen who would object to it on that account. The mean annual temperature of the North Island is 57° , and of the South Island 52° ; while in London and New York it is 51° , and 47° at Edinburgh. The mean temperature of the different seasons for the whole colony is, in spring, 55° ; in summer, 63° ; in autumn, 57° ; and in winter, 48° ; these figures show the equability of the climate.

Some of the so-called "Guide books" that are published on the colony by emigration agents and shipping companies, try to impress upon one that the colony is composed almost altogether of people who have received the very best education, who for some reason or other have left England and gone to the colonies, and some go as far as to make out that every third person one meets is an "Oxford man." I cannot say I found this quite the state of affairs. The average colonial struck me as being somewhat rough and untutored, except in what his own experience had taught him; and as for the "Oxford men" that I was to meet at every corner of the road, why, I don't

think they could have been at home while I was in their adopted country; anyhow I saw very little of them. The colonial labourer is perhaps sharper in a worldly sense than his brother in the old country, but that I look upon as the natural effect of his having seen more of the world. The reason of our English labourers having so few ideas, has always seemed to me to be that they make no effort to see any more of the world than that little bit where birth or accident has placed them.

The general idea of colonial life is, as a rule, as incorrect as it well can be. When a man talks of taking his family out to the colonies, his friends generally gather round him and think they are only doing a humane action in using all their arguments to dissuade him from his "mad" idea.

"I am afraid you don't quite realize the life of hardship you are taking your family out to," says a kind friend, who isn't quite certain whether New Zealand is in Baffin's Bay or the Indian Ocean, and whose other knowledge of the country is on a par with his geography. "They tell me it is almost impossible to obtain the ordinary comforts of life out there; and the education of your children will be neglected," &c. &c.

What a pity these kind advisers cannot see their friends after they have been six months in the colony!

Would they go back to England again if they had the option? The man who advised them against going would himself probably be the first to go and join them, if he could but know the health and enjoyment that is to be got on a new Zealand farm. And as for education—if every boy in the colony does not take a “Double first” at Dunedin University, it will be for want of brains, not of opportunity. New Zealand pays for education 11s. 6d. a head of the population, while in England it is said to cost a fraction over 1s. 8d.! Heaven help a fool in the next generation!

CHAPTER III.

DUNEDIN.

“WHERE have we got to now?” asked my friend D—— as we stepped out of our hotel into Princes Street, and glanced up and down at the grand buildings on all sides. “What on earth can they want with such buildings as these out here, I’d like to know? Why, these banks, hotels, and Government offices are fit for London, or—or Edinburgh!”

I admired the way he classed London and Edinburgh together; but he is a Scot, and has prejudices. I had to own though that he was about right in his admiration of the principal buildings of Dunedin. I was much astonished to find such handsome, solid structures in so new a place. Dunedin has a steady, business-like air about it, that completely obscures the fact that it is a new city, sprung up in a new colony in a way that does it credit. Now, I have an intense dislike to all towns and cities, and my first thought on entering one is, how

soon I shall be able to get away again! But I found a great deal to admire in Dunedin. I suppose the majority of the inhabitants are Scotch, and the Scotch are proverbially far-seeing; and they seem in building Dunedin to have put their heads together and reasoned something after this fashion:—"We are now out in Dunedin, which is some 14,000 miles away from 'Auld Reekie,' and it's highly probable that many of us will spend our lives here now we've got so far away; so let us begin at once to make the city a home as well as a workshop, a play-ground as well as an office, and not lose sight of the fact that we have to live here as well as to work here—wherefore, let us make the city beautiful while we are making it convenient." The result of this seems to have been that the streets are well and neatly built, with one or two handsome squares, and buildings that would not disgrace any city in the world. The dwelling-houses are, most of them, built on the slope of the hill, well above the town, away from the dust and turmoil of the business parts, and enjoying a view of which the inhabitants may well be proud, and air fresh enough to revigorate any one who has any lungs left to breathe it.

And I do not think that they have forgotten much in the way of public institutions for improving mind and

body. Schools in abundance are there, where instruction in “*Literae, Scientiae, et Artes*” is given by competent masters; while a richly-endowed university is prepared to take charge of the geniuses of the place who are not content with the ordinary range of instruction of the public schools. Reading-rooms, museums, athenæums, institutes, and public libraries are also there; and the man who remains ignorant in Dunedin must be (pardon the Irishism) clever to do it.

Nowhere I think are out-door amusements better cared for than in the colonies. Every little township has its “public park” (so called), its cricket or football ground, and its race-course; and of course Dunedin, the capital of the great province of Otago, is not behind-hand in this respect. Altogether, I think the inhabitants, regarded as dwellers in a city, are much to be envied; for while their city is at their feet, they enjoy all the advantages, including fresh air, of the country.

“I never had any idea,” remarked D——, as we wandered through the streets, admiring the shops one day, “that there was so much business done between the old country and the colonies; now look at all this machinery, of course it all comes from England.”

“No, sir,” chimed in the owner of the store proudly, “you would be surprised to see how little in that way

does come from home; you are probably new to the country, and don't know what we can do here. I'll be glad to take an order for anything, from a steam-engine to a new set of teeth, and will guarantee to have it made in Dunedin to your satisfaction!"

D—— thanked him, but said he didn't happen to be in want of either article just then, and walked away, remarking that tradesmen didn't appear to be all specialists out there.

"Let us go and see some of the clothing stores," I suggested; "they say clothing is very dear out here." So we went, and dispelled another myth that we had heard a great deal about. As far as we could see there was very little difference between the English prices and those of Dunedin; and this I subsequently found to be pretty true all over the colony; whereas most so-called "Guides" to the colony generally point out the extreme dearness of clothing as one of the chief disadvantages!

I mentioned before that Dunedin stood on a small arm of the sea only; but within a very short tram-ride is a splendid strip of sand upon which the tall waves of the Pacific roll incessantly. This is called Ocean Beach, and seems fast developing into a very populous suburb. On the sand itself, within a very short distance of high-

water-mark, is a large, commodious hotel, which is, I believe, extensively patronized by people whose occupation lies in Dunedin, as half-an-hour's tram-ride takes one from the city to the sands. On all holidays the number of visitors here is very large; and the sands, extensive as they are, are often none too large for the ozone-seekers. After a storm it is very pleasant to come down and lie on the sands, and watch the dark lines of swell drawing nearer and nearer till they form themselves into one long wave, breaking, in turn, into showers of spray, and disappearing on the shallow shore; and watching these "messengers of the ocean," perchance recalls Henry Kingsley's beautiful lines—

"We have come in from the ocean, bearing messages; we have come over foundered ships and the bones of drowned sailors, and we tell our messages and die upon the shore."

I was rather surprised to find so few gardens in Dunedin. I do not mean small flower-gardens, but large useful gardens where something beside roses and pansies can be grown—something edible in fact. In their own country the Scotch are great and successful gardeners; but here, in a thoroughly Scotch town, the art seems neglected. And yet when many of the houses were built, land was to be had for very little. Is it

possible that the land originally intended for gardens had been built over as property increased in value?

Yes, I am told it is a very nice thing to own a little bit of ground somewhere near Princes Street. There is a tale of a Scotchman who owned a quarter-acre section at the corner of one of the principal streets, which is none the less amusing for being, as I am assured, true. Having originally bought it for a very small sum, he never really realized the value of his little bit of ground till some speculator offered him £16,000 for it. But he firmly refused to sell, giving as his reason to the bidder—"Saxteen thoosand poonds for't! ye canna ha' made your money honestly, mon!"

D——, himself a Scot, says he cannot understand any of his countrymen refusing a good offer for such a reason, and says he himself would have accepted it at once, as soon as he was quite sure that no one would give £17,000!

Some of the streets in Dunedin are very steep indeed, too steep for horses to do much traffic in them; but these only lead up to private residences, and an ingenious steam tramway has been constructed which is quite sufficient for the passenger traffic. This tramway is worked by an endless cable underground, on the principle of the tramway in San Francisco. The driving power is obtained from a powerful stationary engine, so the car

runs up alone, and looks rather strange going up a very steep hill at a good rate with no "visible means of support." They had an accident with it soon after it was put up: one of the cars ran down the hill on its own account, at something less than five hundred miles an hour, and naturally got a little smashed: also the passengers; but I don't think very much harm was done after all—*mirabile dictu!* A few people more or less don't seem to be missed now-a-days, even in our sparsely-populated colonies; man must die somehow, as Horatius remarked—why not on a runaway street car?

A little way out of Dunedin is a lovely little river called the Water of Leith. I wonder whether the person who named this stream got a little mixed up in his nomenclature? It strikes me he was a little shady as to whether the waters of Lethe were near Edinburgh, and whether Leith was one of the ports of Hades. To be on the right side, he tried a little of both, and called it the Water of Leith. Anyhow it is a most charming stream, and no one should miss seeing it. So near to a town, no one would expect to see such woodland scenes as are here on its banks. And in the deep holes under the banks, into whose waters the trees dip their branches gracefully, lie some fine specimens of *Salmo fario*, I am told; indeed, I should be surprised if the river were not full of trout, for a more likely-looking water I never saw.

CHAPTER IV.

CHRISTCHURCH AND WELLINGTON.

LYTTELTON, the port of Christchurch, is decidedly picturesque, and at first sight much resembles its rival, Port Chalmers. The town extends a long way up the hills, which nearly surround the harbour. The wharfage is very extensive, and a very large number of ships could lie here safely in bad weather, the harbour being protected by a long stone pier, called the Gladstone Pier, which extends a great way across the entrance. The railway is on the wharf itself, very conveniently situated for the traffic of the harbour. This port, like Port Chalmers, is connected with the capital of its province by a short line—some seven or eight miles—of railway. Between the two there is a tunnel of considerable length, under the hills which surround Lyttelton. Colonials are very proud of this tunnel, and they have reason to be, for the difficulties in constructing it were very great, but have been surmounted most successfully. Christchurch

is well described by another name it sometimes goes by, "The city of the plains." On all sides except the east, where Lyttelton lies, is one huge plain, as flat as well can be, extending for forty or fifty miles. The consequence is that one does not see much of the city in approaching it, and has to wander all over it before the extent can be realized.

Coker's Hotel enjoys the reputation of being one of the very few really good hotels in New Zealand—a reputation it well deserves; making our head-quarters here, we spent a very pleasant time in Christchurch and the neighbourhood. It is a well-planned, clean-looking city of something over forty-four thousand inhabitants—that is, rather less than Dunedin. The census does not appear to be taken very often in the colony; nor are the people in the towns generally satisfied with it when it is declared. They somehow think that there must be a mistake. "I don't believe for a moment that so-and-so has more inhabitants than we have," says everybody.

Between Dunedin, Christchurch, Wellington, and Auckland, there is a great and bitter rivalry, especially between the two latter. Each one wants to be, and tries to make people believe that it is, the first town in the colony. Now Wellington, with the smallest population of any of the four, is virtually the first town in the

colony, as it is the capital; here the Governor resides, and Parliament sits, and all State affairs are carried on; but neither Auckland, Christchurch, or Dunedin will for a moment allow its supremacy. Auckland appears to have the only real grievance, as it was there that the seat of Government formerly was. But Auckland can well afford to be generous. It has already more than recovered the shock received when the Government was transferred to Wellington, and is now the largest city in the colony.

It is wonderful how soon one gets accustomed to the white wooden houses. Christchurch is built mostly of wood; it is only the larger business houses and hotels that can boast of brick or stone. But wooden houses are comfortable, even if they are not picturesque in their glaring whiteness, and comfort is the chief thing, I take it. There is a bright sunny look about Christchurch which is refreshing; I think it is the colour of the houses that accounts for it a good deal. Dunedin, which is built of the gray Oamaru stone, has a somewhat sad and sober look about it. A stranger knowing nothing about the two cities, and judging them from their looks, would probably put down Dunedin as a steady business place, and Christchurch as a gay and holiday-making town, where people care more for enjoyment than amassing riches by business. But he would

not be altogether right; the "city of the plains" can look very busy when it likes. The shops are very good and numerous, and almost everything that England produces is to be had here. But the glory of Christchurch in my opinion is the Museum, with the Botanical Gardens adjoining. Here is a chance for Christchurch to crow over her rivals! What other city in New Zealand has such a museum?—or such gardens laid out in such excellent taste, and so beautifully kept? None. What museum in the world has such a collection of *moa* skeletons as fortunate Christchurch? None. By the generosity of G. H. Moore, Esq. of Glenmark, on whose property they were found, the most perfect collection of *moa* skeletons existing is now the possession of the Christchurch museum. Here are skeletons of this extraordinary bird eleven feet and twelve feet high, and of the smaller species in considerable number. Naturally the best collection ought to be in the country to which the birds belong; but Christchurch is very lucky in possessing so many perfect skeletons of the bird, when other cities have to be content with one or two indifferent specimens. With regard to the *moa*, some people fondly believe that the species is not extinct, but that it still exists in the wild ranges in the almost unexplored country round Lake

Taupo. This is regarded generally as almost impossible, for two reasons. Firstly, that in the event of live birds still existing, they must have been seen by travellers, or by the Maoris themselves, who know a good deal more about this country than the whites; secondly, because as far as can be ascertained, the *moa* never lived in the mountains, but on the open plains; and I believe that all the bones that have ever been found, have been obtained from the plains.

In addition to the unique collection of skeletons of birds indigenous to New Zealand, the museum contains a good collection of stuffed wild animals from all parts of the globe; and an interesting assortment of weapons, and specimens of industry from the South Sea Islands. I spent a good deal of time at this museum, which was far beyond anything I had anticipated finding in New Zealand.

Outside the museum buildings are the tastefully-laid-out gardens, in which the public have the right to wander at their own sweet will. Between these gardens, and a sort of small Zoological Garden and open air aquarium, wanders a pretty little sluggish river, appropriately called the Avon, which runs through Christchurch. It is completely overgrown with willows on both sides, and forms a delightfully shady place on a hot day. The

stream is just large enough for two boats to pass one another comfortably, and boating is indulged in to a great extent by the inhabitants of the city. Many a pleasant paddle have I had on the little Avon on a hot afternoon or evening, nor did I forget to bless the forethought of the man who had those miles of willows planted. It is a fine thing to possess a handsome cathedral church and University buildings such as Christchurch has; but it is still finer to have a charming little river running through the city, whose banks are crowded with graceful willows, and whose waters are full of big lazy trout, whose only hardship in life is to get through all the food that Nature provides for them. Leaving Christchurch one evening by the s.s. *Taiaroa*, I found myself in the capital of New Zealand early the next day.

I had already heard a great deal about Wellington, but not much in its favour; principally because my kind informants hailed from Dunedin and Christchurch. I was given to understand that there was an earthquake about every other day in the city; and that it was necessary to go about with a strong piece of rope always, wherewith to tie oneself to a lamp-post when a gust of wind came, to prevent getting blown out to sea. Allowing for a fair amount of exaggeration, I expected to find that the city was occasionally visited with earth-

quakes, and was rather windy; this was about the real state of affairs. A description of one of the four cities of New Zealand by an inhabitant of one of the other three must be taken *cum grano salis*; and a very big *grano* too. There is a common saying that a Wellington man is always to be known wherever he is, by putting his hand up to his hat whenever he comes to the corner of a street; this he is said to do instinctively to prevent the hat being blown away; but there is a great amount of exaggeration in this also. The gusts do come down from the hills very sharply sometimes, but I have been in Wellington for a week together without experiencing any wind at all.

The city of Wellington is picturesquely situated at the foot of a range of hills; and hills surround on all sides the whole of the magnificent harbour. The latter is immense, being somewhere about eight miles long by five miles broad, and being so well protected by the hills is quite safe, in spite of the strong gales that occasionally blow, for ships of any size. Somewhere near the centre of the harbour is Soames Island, which is used as a quarantine station.

After all I had heard against Wellington, I did not expect to find it the bright busy little place it appeared when I landed. Good wharves, handsome buildings,

and good flat streets, such as I never expected to see in the "God-forsaken hole" that the southerners had described; and I began to think that there must be a great deal of "envy" in the case, as well as "malice and all uncharitableness."

Nearly all the houses, large and small, are built of wood, on account of the occasional shocks of earthquake that are felt in Wellington. A wooden house will stand a good deal of "earthquaking," and will rock backwards and forwards, as if it really enjoyed it; but if there is a brick chimney attached, it is apt to come down in a lump, and is not very particular which way it falls, away from the house or on to the top of it. But earthquakes are very rare occurrences now-a-days even in Wellington, which is said to be one of the worst places in the colony for them; one or two little shakes, that half the inhabitants don't feel at all, occur perhaps in a year; with one, just a little more boisterous, as a sort of reminder that there is such a thing as an earthquake, every four or five years. But the shocks grow less violent every year, and probably will disappear entirely in time; so now brick buildings are being put up pretty extensively; and the new Post-Office, which has been lately erected, is as fine a building as any in the

colony.¹ In the Occidental Hotel, which is of wood, there are coils of rope hanging outside the bedroom doors. It is pleasant to contemplate these before turning in for the night, and to wonder how you would look suspended from a third-storey window, practising gymnastics in your night apparel, with the house on fire below! I have more than once had the ground-floor of a house on fire below me, and I have come to the conclusion it is a situation not to be desired; if I have to be at a fire, I prefer to look on from the outside. In every town in the colony almost, however small, there is a fire-brigade; without it, in fact, whole towns would be burnt down at once, for wooden houses will often take fire across a wide street, if there is no water supply and fire-brigade to check the flames.

There is one wooden building in Wellington of which the inhabitants are very proud—because of its being of wood! This, the Government offices, is said to be the largest wooden building in the world!—and a big, unwieldy, almost ugly building it is. I really hope there is not another larger, because this is quite twice the size it ought to be, being of wood. When the inhabitants

¹ The Post-Office was completely burnt down in April 1887. The would-be economy of the designers who had all the inside walls of wood instead of brick, cost the colony some £40,000.

pointed out its beautiful points to me, I could never see them. But one thing I did see ; that one side is already slightly out of the perpendicular ; but this *they* could never see. Government House, which stands on high ground a little above the town, is really a handsome residence, and it is a pity it is not built of something more lasting than wood. The Houses of Parliament, also of wood, are very handsome, both inside and out, and it is a great pity that, from its construction, such a building should be liable, almost at any moment, to be destroyed, by the carelessness of a servant, or the over-heating of a flue.¹

The Colonial Museum is situated close to Government House, and contains a very large and valuable collection of curiosities, relating both to New Zealand and foreign countries. One of the chief features of the museum is an excellent specimen of a Maori meeting-house or *whare-puni*, which has been transferred whole, with all its carving and decorations, to form part of the show, for the *pakehas* to see in days to come, when such things shall exist no longer

¹ Since this was written, the fireplace in the Speaker's private room was discovered to be on fire, and it is only through its having been found out before the fire had got a hold in the building, that the edifice is now standing.

in the country. The museum will well repay a long visit, especially in the departments relating to New Zealand itself. It is said to possess one of those inestimable treasures, a *moa's* egg; but if so it is probably taken great care of, and not put in the museum itself, as I failed to see it there. I believe there are only two or three in existence, and most museums think themselves lucky to get a cast of one.

Wellington is said to be a very healthy city, but as a rule it is not a favourite place of residence. Bishop Selwyn once wrote of it—

“No one can speak of the healthfulness of New Zealand till he has been ventilated by the breezes of Wellington, where malaria is no more to be feared than on the top of Chimborazo; where active habits of industry and enterprise are evidently favoured by the elastic tone and perpetual motion of the atmosphere; and where no fog can ever linger long to deaden the intellectual faculties of the inhabitants.”

In that case it should be an excellent place for the Houses of Parliament to sit, as the country generally complains that something “deadens the intellectual faculties” of the members very considerably. I am afraid that the members of the two Houses are not looked up to by the people as legislators should be.

In fact in a good many cases they are very decidedly looked down upon. I quote a paragraph from a New Zealand newspaper, which expresses an opinion, by no means isolated or confined to the writer of the article.

“Now that newspaper reporters’ railway-passes may be said to be abolished, we have every expectation that members of the House, whose golden token enables them to travel free, will be tendering their services to the newspaper proprietors of their respective districts as special or general reporters. With a few honourable exceptions, we know none of the members who are in the slightest degree qualified for the position; and we warn the press to be careful in employing men who, for want of proper education, combined with a general ignorance of the social amenities of life, might tend to lower the dignity of the Fourth Estate.”

This seems rather severe on the honourable members; but New Zealand is a very free country, and no one hesitates in expressing his opinion even in public.

The Parliament of New Zealand consists of two Chambers—the Legislative Council, whose members are chosen by the Governor for life; and the House of Representatives, whose members are chosen by the people. The latter House is elected every three years, but can be dissolved by the Governor at any time, upon which

a fresh election must take place. Parliament meets once a year, and generally sits for about three months, for which services members of the House of Representatives receive £200 per annum, and free travelling expenses.¹ It is said that the "profession" of being an M.H.R. is not unpopular. Any one appears to be eligible for an M.H.R. (Member of the House of Representatives), who is eligible to vote for the election of one of the same body; and the chief qualification for that is, as far as I can see, to be twenty-one years of age. So altogether it is not perhaps startling to find rather a "mixed lot" in the House.

When Parliament is sitting—which is generally between June and September, the winter months—Wellington assumes quite a gay and festive appearance, and balls, dinners, and entertainments of all kinds take place very frequently in the "Belgrave Square" of the capital. With the exception of this three months of sessional gaiety, Wellington has the reputation of being a quiet, "slow" place; and I do not think there are many whose occupations or professions do not necessitate their being there, that would choose the capital for a home.

¹ Since the present Atkinson Government came into power, a much-needed retrenchment has been the order of the day, and the honorarium of both Houses has been reduced.

CHAPTER V.

A COURSING MATCH.

Soon after I arrived in New Zealand I had an invitation to attend a coursing match, the annual meeting of one of the coursing clubs in the North Island, and was not slow to avail myself of it, to see how this form of sport was conducted in a new country. It is not very long ago that hares were first introduced into the country, but they thrive famously, like all other four-footed animals, and if they were not kept down, would prove in some places almost as great a nuisance as the rabbit. They grow very large and fast, and the average weight of a hare in New Zealand would be, I should say, nearly two pounds heavier than that of an English one. They have an immense amount of ground to travel over where they are never molested, and every opportunity of enjoying themselves, and I think in a few years they will be very numerous indeed.

To get to the region where hares abound, from the head-quarters of the club, we had a drive of about forty miles. The day we set out was dismal in the extreme, the warm autumn weather having just broken and shown the first signs of approaching winter. Starting late one afternoon on a four-horse coach belonging to one of the stewards, we only did some fifteen miles before dark, and put up at a comfortable inn for the night. Next morning we were away early with finer weather, and bowled away merrily over the broken ground. Our road lay over some very characteristic New Zealand scenery; first, a long drive over a plain almost as guiltless of trees as the Great Sahara, then a mile or two through the thickest bush, then up and down hills steep and rough enough to smash any vehicle hung on springs, testifying thereby to the excellence of the leather-suspension coach, which is very commonly used in the colony. We found a good deal of water out after two or three days' rain, and were told one of the bridges we had to cross had been washed away; but this proved incorrect, or we should have been stopped. In one place we crossed a dry river-bed by a splendid wooden bridge. I learnt that £800 had been spent on this bridge, but as soon as it was completed the river changed its course altogether and ran in a different

direction, leaving the £800 bridge over a channel as dry as a bone. New Zealand rivers are given to these sort of eccentricities occasionally; this is not the only case of the kind I know of. We had to go through deep water on several occasions, and once were almost upset in a deep pool, but got on without accident till we came to a wide, straggling, shallow river, known by the name of the Dry River. Here the horses stopped to drink in mid-stream, and on starting again jerked the coach severely, and broke both the swingle-bars simultaneously. The men had to get down into the water and patch them up with flax and rope till we could get out of the river.

We arrived at our camp about three p.m. and proceeded to arrange for our sleeping accommodation. A large wool-shed had been placed at our disposal by the squatter whose land we camped on, and in this our party of about twenty located themselves. The upper story we used as a sleeping-place, spreading our blankets on the floor, while the ground-floor was dedicated to the dogs and the two cooks we had brought to attend us. Soon there was a big camp-fire burning in front of the wool-shed; and with half-a-dozen vehicles and a dozen horses about the paddock, made quite a lively camp of it. The head cook arrived, drunk and abusive,

but as there was no liquor to be bought within fifteen miles we knew he would soon be all right again. This man was a sufferer under what is known as the "Prohibition Clause" of the Licensing Act. In New Zealand when a man goes in for heavy and perpetual drinking, all the publicans in the neighbourhood are served with notices prohibiting them from selling liquor to him under penalty of a heavy fine. But our man had taken advantage of coming forty miles away from his home, where he was not so well known, to imbibe pretty freely on the way. At the last yearly meeting of the club there had been a bar on the ground, but the neighbouring squatters objected to having it again, as all their hands took advantage of it to get drunk every night. Of course a good quantity of whisky was taken by each party privately, as the idea of spending several days in a wool-shed without a "comforter" never entered their heads.

Leaving the cook to get sober and cook the dinner, I went away with my friend M—— and four of his dogs to try and find a hare to give them a run, as a "pipe-opener" after their confinement in the brake. I was somewhat astonished to see the sort of land the coursing was to take place on on the morrow: rough hilly land with patches of flax, *manuka* and rushes all over it, thus

precluding any possibility of a flat, open course. After a considerable amount of walking, we spied a hare stealing away through the scrub a quarter of a mile away, and sent all the dogs after her together for a bit of exercise. Led by a black and white dog of a grand shape they came up to her, and after taking a few turns out of her, wherein their numbers greatly impeded them, puss was picked up. Before we got back to the camp again we had two more short courses, but the thickness of the *manuka* saved the hare each time. I was glad to see that there were hares about, as some of our party seemed to be doubtful as to whether enough could be found to run off the various events in the programme. M——'s dogs were all the better for the exercise after being cramped in a coach for twenty-five miles, and I marked the above-mentioned black and white dog as a possible winner of the cup.

By seven a.m. next morning every one had left his bed of grass and blanket, and was in a good humour, as the weather was fine for the first time for a week or two, and looked like keeping so. By 8.30 breakfast was over, and we were away with the dogs to the field of battle. Nearly all our crowd were mounted on strong horses, destined to do many a mile gallop before the evening; while the dogs and some few spectators followed in

brakes. After riding a mile or two we came to a blacksmith's shop, near which the coursing was to commence. Here we found the judge shoeing his horse in the absence of the smith himself. Nearly every good rider in the colonies can shoe a horse on an emergency, and the judge of the present meeting, being one of the best riders in New Zealand, was not at all concerned by the absence of the blacksmith. In a short time all was ready, and the cavalcade turned into an adjoining fifty-acre paddock for the first course.

After a line of beaters had walked over all the open ground in vain, a line of horsemen "drew" the swamp and patches of rushes, and in a short time the yelping of a grand little spaniel of M——'s put every one on the alert, and in a few seconds out came a fine hare into the open paddock, and the dogs were well slipped to their first course. The first course was an exceedingly long one, and the hare took a line straight across country, and led the dogs over high turf banks, through gorse hedges, and finally took refuge in the scrub, where they lost her. The judge followed well, and although wire-fences on the top of turf walls and gorse hedges stopped him, yet he saw enough to judge of the respective merits of the two dogs.

Two more dogs were put in the slips and the line of beaters again started, but owing to bad beating they could not persuade the hares to leave the scrub, and it was some time before the second course came off. The same sort of running followed, but the hare was killed. Four or five more courses followed in this neighbourhood, and then we moved up to higher ground. Probably during the first day we travelled over some three square miles of country in search of hares, and after all had not run off many of the courses. Some of the running was very good, on open country with nothing to interfere with fair straight running, but some was on very broken ground with patches of rushes, flax, and swamp intervening, where both hare and dogs had a bad time of it. It was not ground to show a swift dog to advantage on, but required one with strength, power of staying, and good at the turn rather than speed; "Master McGrath" himself (one of whose descendants took part in the meeting) might have been beaten by some low-bred cur in some of the courses. Frequently it was a case of dodging round flax-bushes or cabbage-trees, and the effect was very comical, and reminded me more of terriers after rabbits than coursing. But every now and then we had a grand run entirely in the open, and then it was a sight worth seeing. Very few of the paddocks

contained less than fifty acres, and some of them were several hundred acres in extent, so when the land was flat and clear, some very successful courses were obtained. About midday each day of the coursing a descent was made on the brake, which contained sandwiches and whisky in abundance; but not much time was lost in feeding, and we stuck to the work well from 8.30 a.m. till 5.30 p.m. each day.

In one small corner, bounded on one side by a river, and on the other by a range of hills, we got a great number of hares; but the land was pretty well covered with flax and scrub, and the hares took a great deal of hunting out. Frequently one broke back through our line of horsemen who were beating, and two or three well-mounted Maoris would start off in pursuit, and nine times out of ten would head him back. For straight, wild, careless riding over a rough country, there is scarcely anything to beat a well-mounted Maori. With a shake of the reins he sets his horse going, and standing in his stirrups, puts the animal at his best speed, and rides straight as an arrow. Over creeks, gullies, hillocks, and through flax-bushes, *raupo*-swamps and fern he goes at headlong speed, till the hare is overtaken and turned, when he coolly turns, and, driving the hare before him, canters up to the party as gracefully as if he had been

born in the pig-skin. Many such wild rides did I see during the meeting, and was filled with admiration for the perfect seat of some of the riders, and the wiry little Maori horses that carried them so well over such broken ground. In this little valley we ran off a good number of courses to every one's delight; as we had begun to think that at the rate we were proceeding, it would take ten days to finish off the match. It was naturally, in such places, very difficult to judge of the work of the dogs correctly, and the judge's office was no sinecure. But he was a grand rider, and well mounted, and followed close at the heels of the dogs wherever it was possible, and his judgments, with one single exception, gave every satisfaction. In the "Open" Stakes there were eighteen dogs entered, and seventeen in the Puppy Stakes. The coursing commenced early on Tuesday morning, and was carried on from 9 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. every day till Saturday evening, and then there were four puppies still in it; but rather than commence a fresh day's sport, the owners of the four agreed to divide the stakes. Many of the dogs showed excellent form, but few of them had been properly trained, and over such a rough country the want of training told on them very much. New Zealand breeders have not yet succeeded in producing a perfectly-shaped dog, although many

showed excellent points. The majority of the dogs were undersized, and somewhat clumsy in the legs; but coursing is a new thing in New Zealand, and it is not to be expected that perfection can be attained at once, even in such a lauded land as it is. Greyhounds have few opportunities of much real practice with hares, as, as yet hares have not become universally plentiful, although in certain districts they are increasing rapidly; so the dogs have to be trained to rabbits, and perhaps don't see a hare till the day of a match, a proceeding to be condemned, but scarcely avoided.

For five days we worked hard getting the courses run off, and no one could say he did not enjoy the meeting on the whole. We travelled over a great extent of country to find hares, and if such constant exercise was a little wearisome, it was certainly conducive to slumber at night, as the diabolical sounds that issued from the nasal organs of many sleepers conclusively proved.

Once or twice I took a gun with me, and straying away up the river-bed for an hour or two, generally brought back something in the duck line. The big, heavy paradise duck were pretty plentiful, but not easy to get at, but I managed to secure a couple or two,

and some teal, which were particularly well flavoured. *Pukekos*, or swamp-hens, were plentiful on every side, and hundreds can be shot in a day in the neighbourhood of a swamp, but they are hardly worth powder and shot, as except in soup they are scarcely eatable.

The meeting lasted much longer than was anticipated, and on Saturday night, after it was all over, several members started to ride home at once, but the majority waited till the following day. Loud and boisterous were the songs round the camp-fire that evening; even more so than usual, as somehow or other several extra bottles of whisky made their appearance, which had to be emptied in honour of the cup-winner, and it was not till late into the night that we sought our somewhat uncomfortable resting-places. Early next morning every one was astir getting ready to start, but some one had been up even earlier and walked off with nearly every hare that had been killed at the meeting. There was a great howl of disappointment when it was found out, as hares are a luxury out here, but the hare-lifter got away in safety. Several accidents took place on the forty-mile drive back to town, and the various vehicles nearly all had patches of the indispensable flax on them somewhere, but the human occupants escaped any

serious damage. The last few miles of the journey were covered in a very short space of time in a race between a coach-and-four, which I was on, and a two-horse buggy. By constant application of the whip the coach won, and the annual coursing match was finished up by our dashing at headlong speed through a large congregation of people just entering church.

CHAPTER VI.

THE WAIRARAPA TO AUCKLAND, *viâ* NAPIER.

THE railway had not been opened beyond Masterton, but they were proceeding rapidly with it when I was there, in 1884.¹ It is destined to run, I believe, from Masterton to Woodville, a new township in the middle of the seventy-mile bush; then when Woodville is connected at Palmerston with the already-completed line, there will be direct communication from Wellington to Wanganui by rail, and with only a break of a dozen miles or so, to Taranaki.

At present the travelling north of Masterton must be done by the aid of horses, and "Cobb & Co.'s" coaches run in almost every direction, two or three times a week.

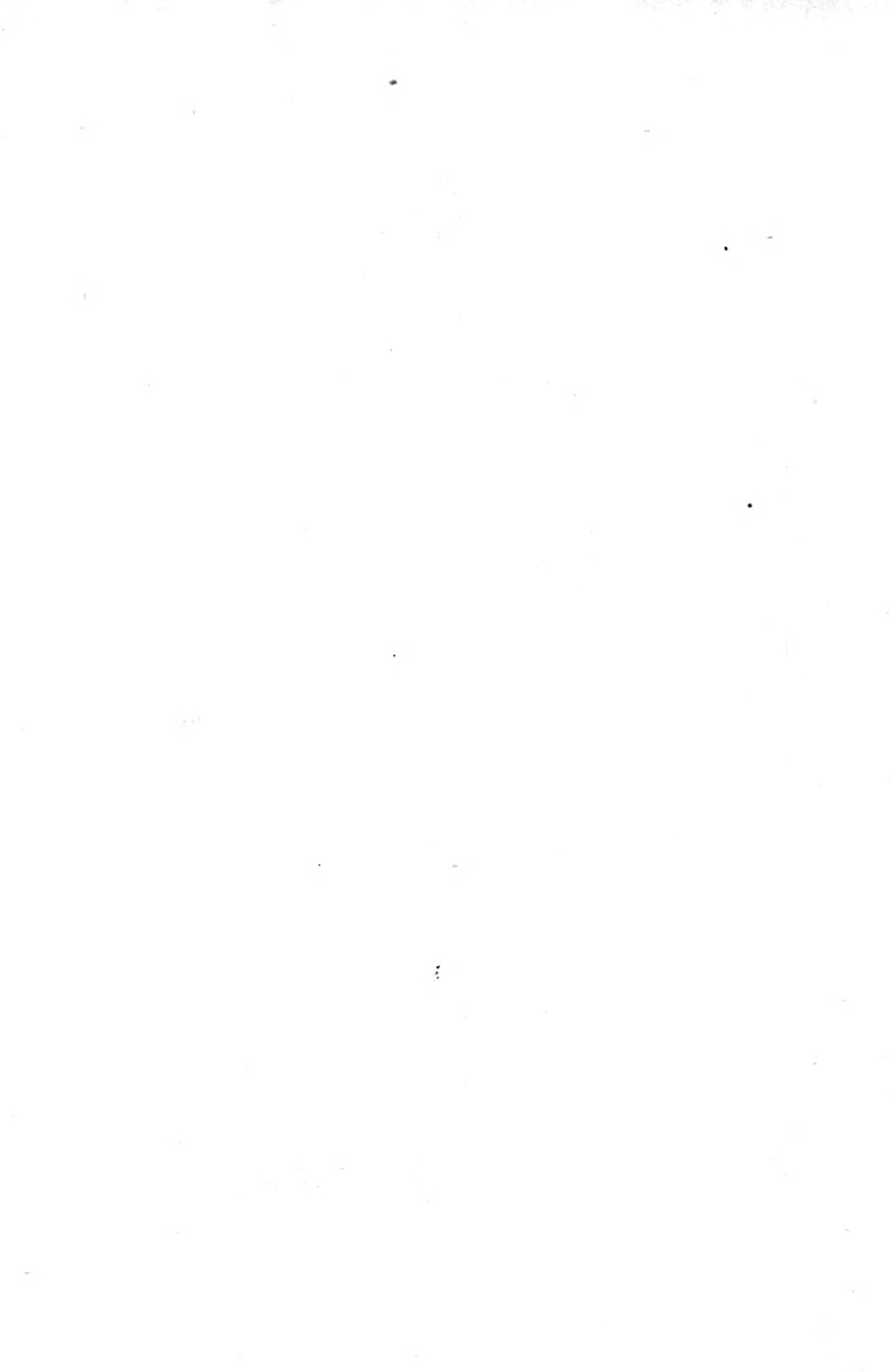
¹ Since the above was written, the railway line between Wellington and Taranaki has been completed, *viâ* Foxton. The Masterton line is also open as far as Woodville, and it will not be long before the junction with the Napier Line is made.

I left Masterton about one p.m. by the Eketahuna coach, for the north, and enjoyed the drive through the bush very much. The coaches generally used in New Zealand are on the American principle; in fact they come from America, or at least the principal parts do, and are put together in New Zealand. They have no springs, but are suspended on huge leather straps, and the motion is particularly easy on a rough road. There is none of the jolt of the ordinary spring-carriage about it, but the coach sways gently backwards and forwards, something like a small boat on the water.

For the first few miles out of the town the road is uninteresting, but after crossing the Ruamahanga river it gets much prettier, and shortly enters the bush. The whole of the rest of the way to Eketahuna is through the densest bush: but it is never monotonous, unless perhaps to the coachman, who has to drive through it six days in the week; then it may be wearying. I have driven through many hundred miles of bush in New Zealand, but I never got tired of it. There is always something fresh to be noticed, and no two yards of it seem to resemble one another. The New Zealand bush is so entirely different from any forests we have in Europe that I am sure it would take a stranger a long time to get tired of it. The huge trees, of so



ON THE "70-MILE" BUSH ROAD, WAIRARAPA.



many different kinds, are growing so closely, entwining their branches together so as almost to form a roof overhead; the undergrowth is so thick and impenetrable; and the parasites, creepers, and climbing plants so numerous and bright-hued that no one who has not been accustomed to see it all his life, can get easily tired of it.

The road through this bush is particularly good, in fact one of the best roads in the country. Too many of these bush roads are what is called "summer" roads, consisting entirely of mud without any "metal," and however smooth these are to travel on in summer, they are not a success in winter. For a great part of the distance the road lies high on the hillside, above a gorge, whose sides are covered with the densest bush, which almost obscures the numerous streams that run in all directions down to the low land. The road in many places is none too wide for the coach, and occasionally it has been deemed prudent to prevent it slipping away, by driving heavy wooden piles into the bank below. In places there is a drop of nearly one hundred feet into the gorge below should the coach go over, but this has, I believe, never happened. I was told that a coach did go over once, but that it was caught by the bush before it had fallen very far,

and by the aid of ropes and pulleys and a team of oxen they pulled it up again. About half way between Masterton and Eketahuna, the coach stops to change horses, after a somewhat easy stage of fifteen miles; then on again through the heart of the bush till the lights of Eketahuna come in sight. We were glad to have got to the end of the day's journey as the night was cold, and the blazing wood fires of the hotel were very welcome.

I retired somewhat early to bed that evening, as I knew great things were expected of me in the getting-up line next morning. But before retiring I watched the noble game of "Euchre" being played by some bush-fallers and Scandinavians, who have a settlement in the neighbourhood, and was astonished at the amount of science these very rough "sons of toil" brought to bear upon the subject occasionally; not the sort of science that our lamented friend Ah Sin displayed, but a foresight and knowledge of the game that we are not usually in the habit of accrediting to the labouring classes. I suppose it is the short hours of labour, the generally-prevalent "eight hours" system, that gives the working classes time and opportunity to study subjects which we in England are not accustomed to consider suited to them; anyhow, the excellence of the billiard- or

card-playing, or of other games of skill, to be observed in an average colonial labourer is astonishing!

Next morning I performed a feat, of which I am deservedly proud, viz.—I got up at three a.m. to breakfast. Necessity alone compelled me thus to turn night into day; it is not a habit of mine. But the coach started at four a.m. for the next stage. These inhuman arrangements have since then been happily changed; travellers do not now have to get up in the middle of the night to continue their journey. It was in July too—midwinter in the Antipodes—and it felt cold enough for the Antarctic regions. My only fellow-traveller boldly got outside the coach on starting, but in a very short time he had managed to convince himself that it would be warmer inside, so in he came, and we smothered ourselves up with all the rugs and coats we could muster, till the sun rose several hours later.

Just at daybreak we passed 'one or two Maori *pas* or 'villages, in which some of the natives were already on the move, as they are very early risers; and a little later on we arrived at Pahiatua, where we changed horses. Pahiatua consists chiefly of a large block of land belonging to an English M.P., and is said to contain some of the finest land in the North Island. At present it is mostly bush, but is being cleared

rapidly. In this neighbourhood there are a good many Maoris, some of them owning a good deal of property ; and being too lazy to work themselves, employ a good deal of white labour.

We got to Woodville about 8.30 a.m., where a good breakfast awaited us, and found that the Napier coach started at ten a.m. Woodville is a new township, situated at the junction of the East and West Coast road, and is rapidly developing into an important place. It is completely surrounded by thick bush, which is however being rapidly felled, and the land, which is said to be excellent, is being sown with grass, and built over at a rate which speaks well for the future of the township.

When we started again it was raining hard, and it continued raining most of the day, in a way that made one think it was trying to make up for lost time. I thoroughly appreciated the grand bush scenery that we passed through, in spite of the wet. The road lay through some very hilly country, and the views we got occasionally of the vast extent of bush before us were very fine. My friend of the previous day and I had all the coach to ourselves, and he entertained me with histories and anecdotes of the various districts we passed through, which would have been very interesting and amusing if he had not palpably drawn rather too

often on his imagination for his facts. When we arrived at Tahoraite, where the coach changes horses, this garrulous old gentleman quickly disappeared into the hotel to warm himself, as he expressed it. In about a quarter of an hour he came out again, looking as if he had been warming himself internally at any rate; and as he tumbled into his seat in the coach, he declared that he felt a "lirrabit war-rmernow," and forthwith went to sleep.

At about one p.m. we arrived at Makatuku, the terminus of the Napier Railway, and in about an hour, which we employed in getting some lunch, started for Napier by rail. As long as it was light the journey was very interesting, as we travelled through the finest pastoral country in New Zealand; but it took us nearly five hours to get to Napier (about seventy miles), and soon after five p.m. it was quite dark. Before we got out of the bush, in the neighbourhood of Waipukurau, enormous quantities of sawn logs were to be seen, and forest trees cut into lengths, waiting to be loaded on the trucks, probably to be sent to Napier, as I believe that town draws its supply of wood from this bush.

The Napier province is thickly populated with Maoris. "*ὅπου το good land, ἐκεῖ συνάκθουσονται οἱ Maoris*," is a proverb that suits New Zealand well. In the good

old days land could be got for almost the asking, but all that is passed for ever. The Maori of the present day is quite awake to the benefits of possessing good land, and not only is the land not to be got for nothing, but many owners will not sell at all, as they now quite appreciate the increasing value of it, and are content to derive good rents from their possessions, knowing that the rents will increase as the years roll on. Wherever one sees a Maori settlement there is pretty sure to be some good land near, and a good supply of water; for these quiet, easy-going natives never care to get far away from their supplies. As the Napier land is exceedingly good, it is thickly populated with the native race, who own a considerable quantity of it, and are very wealthy in consequence. I am told that one young Maori in Hawke's Bay, as the province is called, owns property there which brings him in £15,000 per annum; and several natives live in a very comfortable European fashion, in large houses, with carriages and white coachmen and servants to wait upon them.

Our train stopped constantly to set down various dusky beauties, who appeared to have been taking "four o'clock tea" with some friends in the Waipawa neighbourhood. In many cases their *wharés* are quite close to the line, and the train seemed to stop anywhere

where there were any passengers to alight, regardless of stations, so that the Maoris ought to appreciate the advantages of civilization in being conveyed by rail to within a few yards of their *pa*.

The Ahuriri plains, consisting of about 80,000 acres, situated a little south of Napier, are said to contain the richest land in the country, and it is said that they "are not surpassed in productive capacity by any district of similar size even in Great Britain."

The most fortunate township in the whole province, in my humble opinion, is Hastings. When I first saw it, it was a very small place, just beginning to assert itself, but in the few months that elapsed till I saw it again, it appeared to have made wonderful strides. It is situated right in the centre of the richest land in the province, and has many advantages which Napier is without. If it is not actually on the coast, it is only a few miles from Napier itself, and is connected by rail with that port.

It was nearly seven p.m. when our train arrived at Napier, and the rain was still coming down merrily. Jumping into a cab, I drove to the Criterion Hotel, which had been recommended to me, and found it very comfortable. I had no wish to stay very long in the town, and hoped to get away north in a couple of days

by coach to Taupo and the Hot Lakes, but on inquiry I found that the weekly coach had left that morning only, and that I should have to wait a whole week if I went overland, so I decided to go up to Auckland by a steamer that was leaving in three days, and make my way down to the Lakes from there.

I found three days quite sufficient for Napier, and had I not had the good fortune to meet one or two friends accidentally, should have found the time hang rather heavy on my hands. It is a peculiar-shaped town, or rather it is a town built in a peculiar place. It occupies a sort of peninsula, part of which is very hilly, and part only a few feet above the sea. The greater part of the town is on the flat, and the dwelling-houses and villas are picturesquely grouped on and among the little hills that overlook the port. The port itself, called the Spit, is almost entirely separated from Napier by the hills; and I heard of a visitor who landed at the Spit and stayed two or three days there, thinking he was in Napier itself, for there is a little town at the Spit. He is reported to have said that he didn't think much of Napier, and would probably have gone away without seeing it at all, if he had not taken a walk up one of the hills and descried the town on the other side. But the worst thing about Napier is a huge marsh at

the back of the town, where thousands of bitterns, black swans, and all sorts of wild fowl congregate; in the evening there arises from this a miasma, which, to say the least of it, is very objectionable. It will be well for the inhabitants of the town when that swamp has been reclaimed, as I presume it will be some day.

It seems to me to be an unfortunately-situated town altogether; unless they fill up the swamp I don't see where the town is to extend to, and I presume it is intended to be some day much larger than it is. It is not the nature of New Zealand coastal towns to remain for any length of time without increasing their size. And again, they have no harbour that vessels of any size can make use of. The Union Company's boats and other trading vessels have to lie out in the bay, where they are exposed to the force of a storm almost as much as if they were off the coast. The passengers are landed from the steamers in small tugs, and occasionally, when there is a heavy swell on, get knocked about more than is pleasant. I was going on board a steamer in this way one day after a storm, when the huge rollers were coming in over the shallow parts of the bay in a rather objectionable fashion; and as our tug, heavily laden with passengers on deck, was going out, a sailor standing in the bow suddenly shouted loud,

"Hold fast, every one!" We had just time to see a huge roller strike our bows a little sideways, and the next moment nearly every one was knocked down by the frantic leap the tug gave, as the wave passed over and under us; nor did she right herself soon enough to escape the second roller, which served us in the same way. It was just as much as we could do to hold on to the boat, and as the side-rail was very low it was lucky no one went overboard; I should be sorry to say what the angle of the boat was at that moment, but the keel *felt* very much higher in the air than the deck.¹

But this sort of thing will soon be of the past, as they have already got plans made out for the completion of a harbour or breakwater, which is to be everything that is wanted. How the province of Hawke's Bay could have existed so long without a proper harbour to its principal port I can't make out. It claims to be the chief wool-producing district in the country, and to supply both North and South with mutton. To the south of Napier there is a long piece of land jutting out into the sea, called Cape Kidnappers. It forms the

¹ In May 1887, the ship *Northumberland* was wrecked in this bay, being unable to hold to her anchors in a storm, and was driven ashore. Two tugs, including the one mentioned above, in which I had an unpleasant experience, were lost at the same time in trying to assist the *Northumberland*.

southern point of Hawke's Bay, and was named by Captain Cook from an incident which occurred during his visit in 1769 in the *Endeavour*. A boy who was handing up articles which had been purchased from the natives, was suddenly pulled down the ship's side into the canoes, and the natives paddled off as quickly as they could; but the marines on the *Endeavour* opened fire on them, when they loosed the boy, who swam back to the ship, and was taken on board again.

The boat that I travelled by from Napier to the north was the *Rotomahana*, the fastest vessel of the Union Company's fleet, but I did not appreciate her as much as some of the other boats. She is built almost entirely for speed, and being somewhat light, the vibration of the screw is felt very much throughout the ship when she steams at her best pace. She is however a very fine boat, and can, I believe, make seventeen knots an hour when required. It is a great and glorious thing for a colony like New Zealand to have such a splendid fleet of steamers constantly plying round its ports. Railways are at present somewhat scarce, especially in the North Island, so it comes to pass that the greater part of the travelling is done by water; and certainly no one has any occasion to complain of the accommodation and provisioning of these boats. I have frequently heard old travellers

express extreme astonishment at the comfort and food on the boats of this line, and say that they compare very favourably with any line of steamers in the world ; and I myself, from some little experience of the steamers that travel on the Atlantic, Pacific, Mediterranean, and Indian Ocean, can only say that New Zealand is very fortunate in having the Union Company to attend to the wants of the travelling public.

From Napier to Gisborne is only eighty-six miles, and we got there early in the morning, but as we were only staying about a couple of hours to land cargo, I did not go ashore, as we were lying some two or three miles out from the beach. Here, as at Napier, they have no harbour, and passengers and cargo are landed in surf boats, a laborious and unpleasant process, but unfortunately unavoidable. From Gisborne to Auckland we had very stormy weather, and although with the exception of crossing the Bay of Plenty we were never far from land, the coast-line was invisible almost all the way ; and it was not till we had passed Cape Colville and were turning into Auckland's celebrated harbour, that we enjoyed calm water and a clear sky again.

CHAPTER VII.

AUCKLAND.

I WAS anxious to see this much-talked-of city of Auckland, with its wonderful harbour, the beautiful Waitemata river, and the incomparably lovely surroundings of which I had heard so much. What I did see was this :—A scattered and apparently very smoky town, lying close down to the water's-edge, on a long, low shore. This did not look like fulfilling all I had heard about it, and I began to think it was going to be a fraud after all; but on nearer approach, the smoke all appeared to come from several large factory chimneys near the wharf, and the town itself did not look so dirty as at first. The harbour was excellent, and immense, there was no doubt of that, and the large steamers lying at the wharf showed that the water was deep, so I deferred further criticism till I had seen something more of it.

At the wharf a crowd of cabs and "Expresses" awaited

the arrival of the *Rotomahana*. These "Expresses" are an institution almost peculiar to the colonies. By means of them one can send on luggage, and walk to one's hotel, and not have to pay more than three times as much as a cab would cost. These are naturally very useful arrangements, but after one experience of them, I never tried them again. Beside the pleasure of paying the extra money, you may have the advantage of waiting half-a-day for your luggage to be delivered, which is apt to make one say something unparliamentary about things in general.

I was not long in coming to the conclusion that Auckland only wants knowing to be appreciated. The first aspect of the city on arrival is apt to be disappointing. One does not realize its size, the extent of the country, the height of the hills or the width of the waters, till one comes to explore them more thoroughly.

The harbour itself, which is so much praised, and which is said (by New Zealanders) to be finer than that of Sydney, never impressed me with its beauty till I found myself on one of the hills on the North Shore just at sunset; then I acknowledged that it had not been over-praised. When once known well, the city and all its numerous suburbs become particularly attractive, and the more the adjacent land and water is explored the

better it is appreciated. After a week or two spent in rambling about in the neighbourhood, exploring the beautiful suburbs, I began to appreciate how much the Aucklanders had to congratulate themselves in possessing such a site for their city. The North Shore and Remuera seem to me to be the most charming of some half-dozen suburbs that Auckland has, and the way they are appreciated is to be seen best if any one wants a house at either place. There is no getting houses here at low rents, or land for a few pounds per acre. The prices are, for New Zealand, simply fabulous. The North Shore is a very pleasant place to live in for any one connected with the city, as, while it is separated by a mile or two of water from the smoke of the city, the communication between it and Auckland is all that can be desired. It has one or two long stretches of beautiful sandy shore, which Auckland is without; but these cannot unfortunately be used much for bathing as the water is infested with sharks, but the shores make very pleasant promenades.

Auckland is situated on the south side of a splendid harbour called Hauraki, which is completely protected by numerous islands, and the curious and irregular line of coast. A little outside the harbour is a round volcanic island some three or four miles in diameter,

called Rangitoto, a curious-looking hill with three peaks, which are said to have the same appearance from all points. Maori tradition says that Rangitoto once filled the hollow of Takapuna, a lake on the North Shore, but that some deity in a rage took up a handful of earth, and threw it out to sea, and this handful of earth, which was Rangitoto, fell where it now is, at the entrance to Auckland harbour. Maori deities, as a rule, seem to have been pretty large; the North Island of New Zealand, nearly the size of England and Wales, is called *Te Ika a Maui*, the fish of Maui, a fish that this gentleman is said to have pulled up out of the sea; so I apprehend Maui was a full-grown deity to have done this. There is one fraud in connection with the city of Auckland that I should like to expose. Northerners are very fond of talking about the Waitemata, the river of Auckland, and before I came north I heard a good deal about this wonderful river. Now I am fond of fresh water, and have the bad taste (I was told it was bad taste) to prefer a pretty river to a shark-infested sea for bathing and boating purposes; and after I had been in Auckland a few days, I asked a friend who lived there where the river was.

"What river?" asked he, coolly.

"What river?" I repeated, somewhat astonished;

“how many rivers have you got about here that you want to know what river? Why, the Waitemata, of course.”

“Oh! the Waitemata; yes, of course, to be sure. Oh yes, the Waitemata’s over there,” said he, pointing vaguely to the westward down the harbour; “we’ll go there some day,” he continued. With this I had to be satisfied; but I soon set out “over there!” on my own account to see this river. But there was something funny about it. I went down the harbour by boat and round the shore by land, as well as I could, but the more I went “over there!” the farther off the Waitemata seemed to get; until at last I met a man who told me the truth about it—that there was no river at all!—that the Waitemata was a myth; and what was called the Waitemata river was nothing more than a part of Auckland harbour! Such is the base deception that is practised on the travelling public, when there is hardly a drop of fresh water for miles round.

The business part of Auckland is clustered pretty close together in the neighbourhood of Queen street, the principal street of the place, which stretches from the wharf, almost in a straight line, away up the rising ground towards Mount Eden. In all directions the town stretches out, covering an immense quantity of

ground for so small a place. The population of Auckland in 1886 was 60,583, and it covers ground enough for a city of 500,000 inhabitants. About three miles from the wharf, right away at the back of the town, stands Mount Eden, an extinct volcano, now converted into a public park and recreation-ground. It is only about 900 feet high, but this is quite enough to afford a magnificent view of Auckland harbour and all the islands, including the Great Barrier, whose lofty hills are very distinct in spite of the distance of nearly sixty miles which separates it from Auckland. The hills of Coromandel and the Thames mining district do not seem far away; while on the other side, the Manukau harbour on the west coast seems almost to join the Hauraki on the east. The Waitakerei ranges and the *Kauri* forests of Kaipara bound the view on the west and north-west, while to the north and north-east is the open ocean, prettily studded with the many islands off the coast. It is well worth climbing for, this view, and the only one I ever saw that will compare with it is as nearly the opposite side the world as possible—I mean the view from Ward Hill on Hoy, in the Orkneys, of which the view from Mount Eden reminded me strangely. Mount Eden is a very favourite Sunday resort of the townspeople of Auckland; on a

fine day the hill is thickly populated with holiday-makers lying on their backs on the grassy slopes in the sun, or flirting in the shade of the ubiquitous *Pinus insignis*. In the deep crater the juveniles are fond of lighting fires, possibly with the idea of frightening timid people by giving them the impression that the volcano is going to "erupt" once more. The ingenious Aucklanders are talking of making use of this crater as a reservoir for water. The idea is to cement the sides, and get a supply of water from the surrounding ranges, and to keep it for use in case of fire, &c., where high pressure is necessary. There are many other hills round Auckland, nearly all being extinct volcanoes; and their grassy sides are beginning to be studded with white villas. It is said that there are over eighty of these volcanoes, now all extinct, within a ten-mile radius of Auckland. What a "warm corner" it must have been when they were all in action!

Colonists are very partial to amusements of all kinds, and every township has a reserve for public park or recreation-ground; and there are very few settlements of any size that cannot boast a race-course. Auckland has a very picturesque and extensive park, called the Domain, and five miles away from the city, at Ellerslie, is a race-course that Aucklanders may well be proud of.

Taking them as a whole they are, I think, more devoted to horse-racing in the Australian colonies than in any country I have ever been in; and they possess some of the finest race-courses in the world, notably the Flemington course near Melbourne, which is, I suppose, the most perfect course in existence. The Auckland Stud Company possess the finest stud of race-horses south of the line, and have already turned out some *phenomena* to the racing world, *Martini-Henry* for instance, which have made their name celebrated.

In the beautiful harbour of Hauraki racing of another kind is much in vogue. On a fine day the water is thickly dotted with the white sails of trim little yachts, and yachting is becoming a very favourite amusement, as is only natural in such suitable waters.

There are also very often lying in the harbour men-of-war of different nations, whose officers look forward to a stay in such a pleasant neighbourhood, and thoroughly appreciate the hospitality of the Aucklanders.

The climate of Auckland is, I think, its chief charm. The inhabitants boast that they have the finest climate in the world, and who can contradict them? The summer is warm—some people think rather too much so—but there are nearly always cool breezes blowing in from the sea, and the heat is nothing like so great as in

similar latitudes in Australia. At night, too, after the hottest days it is generally cool and pleasant, and I have never felt the hot oppressive nights in Auckland that we have in the summer in England. But the winter is the time when the climate of Auckland is most appreciated; such charming weather I have never experienced anywhere else. Snow and ice are unknown, and the air is delightfully warm and pleasant in the daytime. The mildness of the winter may perhaps be understood when I say that I was dining one day with some friends in midwinter, when the lady of the house had the French windows opened wide to cool the room, although there had been no fire in it that day. In the gardens of this house I saw at the same time large plants of camellias in full bloom. Statistics show the Auckland climate to be very healthy, and there is no doubt of it being agreeable; the only thing that astonishes me about it is, that the inhabitants should be so lively and active as they are, as the climate is so delightfully suited to a life of ease and do-nothingness.

CHAPTER VIII.

AUCKLAND PROVINCE.

AWAY to the north of Auckland is a long and narrow isthmus, which is comparatively little visited, although well deserving of more than a passing notice. It is mostly in this isthmus that the well-known *kauri* pine grows, and in the same districts where the *kauri* has been, the immense quantities of gum are obtained which are annually exported from Auckland. The tree is not found more than one hundred miles south of Auckland, and it is only to the north that it is found in any quantity. One of the best patches of *kauri* that is to be seen within easy reach of Auckland, is in Waitakerei district, and near the Nihotupu stream. Here the woodman has already been at work ; and a great deal of the valuable timber has been destroyed by fires in the dry summer time ; but there are still large tracts of ground covered almost entirely with *kauris* ; and considering how easy it is to reach this spot, it is a pity



KAURI PINE, WAITAKEREI.
(THIRTY-FIVE FEET IN CIRCUMFERENCE)

that so many visitors should leave Auckland without seeing this remarkable sight. The *hauri* has an immense length of trunk before the branches commence, and as the trunk is smooth and silvery, it is often very difficult to form correct judgments of the girth of some of the trees. In this one patch of bush, which is known as "Wasley's," from the name of the old settler who owns it, I have measured trees of 42 feet, 39 feet, and 35 feet in girth; but I am told that there is a tree in the same bush, within a mile of these, measuring 58 feet. Tradition has placed one somewhere in the Bay of Islands, 81 feet in girth, but I am afraid I shall never see this. I have spent several very pleasant weeks encamped in different parts of the Waitakerei bush, and have thoroughly enjoyed the splendid bush and river scenery in the neighbourhood. It is no easy matter to find one's way about in the New Zealand bush, and even the gum-diggers, who spend months among the *hauris*, often find a difficulty in knowing where they are.

Kauri gum is obtained in several different ways, and the business is not altogether free from danger. In the growing forest gum is principally found at the roots of the large trees, and the soil has to be cleared away for the roots to be thoroughly examined. It is also found on

the larger branches: and to get this, it is necessary for two diggers to work together. As the stem is so smooth and round it is almost impossible to climb it, so a rope is thrown over the lowest branch, and is fastened round the lighter man's body, and he is thus hauled up frequently 70 feet or 80 feet high. But by far the greatest quantity of gum is found where *hauri* forests have existed in bygone days. A long iron spear is used to prod the ground with, and I believe it is easy for an experienced digger to tell whenever the spear touches gum, even if it is several feet below the surface.

Kauris are found in large quantities in most bush land north of the Manukau harbour. All around the Kaipara harbour are steam saw-mills ever busy cutting up this valuable timber; and it abounds right through to the extreme north. Helensville, the terminus of the Auckland railway, is a township that depends on wood entirely for its existence; when the *hauri* timber is exhausted, as it must be at some not-very-far-distant date, Helensville will probably die a natural death. It is situated on the Kaipara river, a few miles from its mouth; and the windings of this river from the town to Kaipara harbour, where it empties itself, are most curious. On some of the many streams running into the harbour the scenery is most lovely, and I think

the Kaihu is one of the prettiest little rivers I ever saw.

About seventy miles north of Kaipara is situated the town of Russell, the "capital" of the Bay of Islands. This was one of the very earliest places that was occupied by Europeans. It was used as a whaling station some time before New Zealand was colonized, and the first form of Government that was established had Russell for a capital. The town has not made much progress since then, as the present population is only about four hundred. The Bay of Islands is noted for its beautiful coast scenery, and for its climate. Many tropical fruits flourish here; and extensive vineries have been planted, some of which have already proved very successful. It is still a favourite port of call for whalers, and I have several times seen a dozen of these ships in the harbour at the same time, nearly all being American. On the opposite side of the harbour to Russell there is a pretty little settlement called Opuā, where many steamers go to take in coal. Opuā is the port for the coal-mines of Kawa-Kawa, and is connected by railway with that township. In various places in and near the Bay of Islands there are hot springs similar to those in the Rotorua district. The Bay is rather too far from Auckland for short excursions, or it would undoubtedly

be visited much more than it is. Waiwera, eighty miles lower down, is much more convenient to the northern capital, and having a very comfortable hotel, in addition to the luxury of natural hot baths, is very extensively patronized.

To the south of Auckland is a large tract of country through which the great Waikato river flows, which country has been the subject of much speculation among the land-buyers during the last half-dozen years. Settlements are springing up fast, and rapidly increasing in size, and the district must eventually become a thickly populated one. On the higher lands in the district the climate is as near perfection as possible; while partaking of the extreme mildness of Auckland, it has also the advantage in winter time of occasional frosts, which Auckland is entirely without. The summer days are perhaps as warm as anywhere in the island, but the mornings and evenings are deliciously tempered with cool breezes. In winter the frosts can be fairly severe, but this is just what is wanted in a country that enjoys such warm summers. The weak point in the Auckland climate is that the winter, being so very mild, is not a sufficient change from the long hot summer.

The Waikato Railway passes through some very

varied and interesting scenery. Frequent travellers on the line declare it monotonous, and fail to be interested; but to a visitor the ride is far from wearying. The land is of all kinds—flat, undulating, and hilly; large patches of fine bush are not uncommon, with *raupo* swamps, and hills covered with tall fern as a variety. For a long distance the railway runs in sight of the noble Waikato river, on which there are a great many Maori settlements. Unfortunately the land is very unequal; there is a great deal of excellent land in the Waikato district, but there is, I am afraid, a far greater quantity which is decidedly poor. At the time of the Waikato “boom,” land was sold at absurd prices, as every one seemed so anxious to possess some land there that it was often bought without having been seen beforehand. On the banks of the river there are many charming sights for settlements, and when a few thousands of the men who hang around the large towns can be persuaded to go up country and settle down on the land, it will be a fortunate day for New Zealand. I cannot but think that the large companies and manufacturing industries which lure men to the cities are doing more harm than good at the present early stage of the colony. There is land enough, and wealth enough in the land, to support many millions

of people, if they will only settle down on it and improve it; but if the country is always left to itself, as it is at present, and all the population flock to the towns, the colony must always be poor, because the real wealth of the country, *i.e.* the land, is neglected. Former land-laws have done not a little to bring on this state of things by locking up millions of acres of "Native Reserves," so that not even the Maori owners can dispose of them. In several parts of the country I have seen large tracts of land of the very first quality lying idle, because it happened to be a Maori "Reserve"; and the owners, being too idle and careless to make use of it themselves, were not able to part with it to Europeans. The object with which this was done is, of course, praiseworthy enough; for any one who knows much of the modern Maori, is well aware that if he were able to sell a tract of land that he did not want, he would do so at once, and that in a remarkably short space of time he would be as poor as he was before; but surely some better way than the present one can be devised. If an Englishman is anxious to purchase a block of Maori land, why should not the Government, acting as trustees for the Maori owners, receive the purchase-money, and pay out to the Maoris the interest only on the sum? This

would provide the Maoris with a small perpetual annuity, so that they could not, by any possibility, part with their entire possessions; and at the same time it would enable the land to be made use of instead of lying idle, as most Maori "Reserves" do.

The railway is rapidly advancing southward, and is at the present time open as far as Te Kuiti, which is in what a few years ago was the forbidden "King Country," or the district to which the hostile natives and *Hauhaus* withdrew to sulk in, after the termination of the war. This country has for many years been closed to Europeans, until Mr. John Rochfort, the intrepid surveyor of the North Island Trunk Railway, managed to make his way through, after having been turned back half-a-dozen times, and even shot at. There is a track more to the eastward, skirting the western side of Lake Taupo, and the bases of Ngauruhoe and Ruapehu, which has never been closed, although occasionally inside what is called the *auhati* line, or boundary of the King Country. Many of my friends have travelled by this track during the last twenty years, when to venture inside the King Country proper would have been dangerous.

As the railway line is continued farther south, it is proposed to form special settlements along it, to open

up the splendid country through which the line is intended to run.

The Waikato district ceases really at Cambridge, or Te Awamutu; but now that the railway is completed as far as Te Kuiti, the northern part of the King Country seems almost as closely connected with Auckland as the Waikato itself.

CHAPTER IX.

A PICNIC AT HUNUA.

THE inhabitants of the cities of New Zealand are accustomed to vary the monotony of their existence in the summer weather by innumerable excursions, picnics, and invasions of secluded and beautiful places. The perfect reliance that may be placed on the weather, when the summer has once set in, is very favourable to this; and many are the pleasant days I have spent in these visits to the bush.

Auckland is very fortunate in having so many delightfully "out-of-the-world" places comparatively close at hand.

One of the most favoured neighbourhoods for picnics is Hunua. It is a quiet and charming spot within twenty miles of Auckland, on the Waikato line of railway. Now twenty miles is a considerable distance for a New Zealand railway to accomplish all at once, so they

give themselves one hour by the time-bills, and sometimes take one and a half hours in reality. Having some knowledge of colonial railways, I thought of going prepared to spend a night on the way before reaching it, but ascertained that this was not necessary.

8.25 a.m. is an early hour to start for a picnic even in this early-rising country, especially when one has to get breakfast before starting. But at that time I was at Auckland station, much to my credit be it said; and off I went down to Hunua.

Don't think, reader dear, that I had the picnic all to myself. No; at another station I was joined by a bevy of ladies and gentlemen and children, and on we went whirling down into the Waikato at the fearful pace of, say fifteen miles an hour. No accident happened. Even this speed did not cause us to run off the rails, or run into any trains ahead that had started on the previous evening. It appeared that Hunua was only a "flag-station," that is, it wasn't a station at all. There is a platform and a sort of dog-kennel to wait in, but the trains don't stop unless the guard is informed beforehand. We informed the guard, and consequently the train stopped.

At the station a large brake met us, and conveyed us some three miles into the bush, close to our destin-

ation. Everything unloaded, with the assistance of two matrons from a neighbouring *wharé*, off we went to a spot that some of the party had visited before, led by a mountain-maid who seemed, somehow, more familiar with the slippery hill-side than we were. First we traversed a winding path through some burnt *manuka*, and then down, down, down, we went into a deep fern-clad, bush-covered gully, till the pleasing sound of falling water broke on our ears. Still a little further and deeper, and then we saw the cause of the noise. A pretty overgrown creek, wandering gently between steep banks of rich fern and trees, came suddenly out of the greenwood into an open space, bounded by a wall of rock, over which it fell dashing, splashing, and hissing into a deep pool some sixty or seventy feet below. Still on we went, by circuitous windings, having first crossed the creek by stepping-stones, in which process one or two of our party put their feet in by accident; then one more steep descent, and we emerged from the bush at the bottom of the fall. What a delightful scene was now before us! In front, a most picturesque waterfall, tumbling down the rocks in charming streamlets and clouds of spray, into the deep dark pool at our feet; while at the other side the creek wandered rippling away into the recesses of

a dense bush, among which ferns and fern-trees were to be seen in endless numbers; on each side were steep banks covered with ferns and small, graceful forest trees. It was a charming spot to be in on a hot day, and beautiful even in the New Zealand bush, where such places are not uncommon. Of course we set to work to sketch this, at least some of us did, and of course we did not do it justice—*cela va sans dire*. For I have come to the conclusion, long ago, that picnics and sketching excursions don't go well together. Flake white and linseed oil lose all their interest beside potted chicken and cream; after emptying the luncheon-basket one doesn't feel inclined for serious work. But we did try to be serious, and sketched away merrily; while the non-artistic portion of the party devoted themselves to fern gathering, and the children to fishing. In the creek are numerous eels, some of good size; and among these was an old patriarch, who had enjoyed many picnics. He had partaken of the contents of many a luncheon-basket, and was said to be bristling with hooks, which he always succeeded in breaking when anglers tried to catch him. Our young friends were soon at work after him, and very soon lost all their hooks; when a girl who had brought us cream, &c., said she had a hook at home, and set off to fetch it. In a short



TREE-FERN AND NIKAU PALMS.

time our sketching was interrupted by a terrific yell, and looking up to the top of the fall, where they were fishing, we saw the boys dancing a regular *haka* round the wriggling form of a big eel. He was caught at last, this old patriarch, and died game. By the aid of the various picnics at which he had assisted, he had managed to get fat, and weighed five and a half pounds.

Not far away is another waterfall, much higher than the first one, being some 200 feet high, but not so picturesquely situated. Some of our party started for it, but the climbing up and down hill, through bush and creeks, was rather severe, and one or two of the explorers gave it up, and quietly went to sleep in the fern till the others came back. They were well punished for their laziness, for the sand-flies and mosquitoes got at them and attacked them valiantly.

It would be worth any one's while, who is interested in ferns, to pay a visit to Hunua to see the luxuriance of some of the rare ferns in the neighbourhood. They seem to disdain growing in small single roots, but cover whole banks with their beautiful leaves. Kidney ferns (*Lycopodium*) and the small "Prince of Wales' feather" fern (a most delicate and graceful leaf) are here growing in large masses, with dozens of other kinds, whose names I will not attempt, for fear of my

printer getting uproarious. A finer array of beautiful ferns I never saw. Besides the small ferns, of course the usual large graceful ones peculiar to the New Zealand bush are here; and the tall tree-fern is everywhere to be seen.

When we had finished our sketching, and got as many specimens of ferns as we could carry, we set off back to the only habitation in the neighbourhood; and the cooks of the party set to work again to prepare another meal. Supplemented by rich cream and milk from the cottage, the tea was most satisfactory; and the day's excursion was unanimously voted a success. On leaving our good friends at the *wharé*, they pressed specimens of *hauri* gum, &c., upon us, and seemed quite happy to have seen any one from the busy world, of which they see so little. Loading our traps on to the brake, we set out for a walk to the station, as we had plenty of time before the arrival of the train. The real reason of our walk, however, was the downright refusal of one or two of the ladies to be driven up and down some of the hills on the way. They certainly were steep, almost dangerously so, but we had good horses. On coming down some of the hills on our way to the Falls, the ladies who were sitting at the back of the vehicle complained that they could not see the horses at all, so steep was the

road; and this seemed rather to disturb their peace of mind; so we walked back, and the brake followed us solemnly with our spoils.

Arrived at the station, the next thing was to prepare to stop the train. Trains do not stop at these flag-stations unless requested to do so, or signalled. The mode of procedure at night is to construct a torch of paper, and light it when the train approaches as a signal. So we collected all the paper and wood we could find, determined not to be left behind even if we had to set fire to the station-shed as a signal, as there was no other train after this one. Of course, as soon as the train was nearing (it was now quite dark) the torch, carefully constructed on a new and improved principle, would not light—that was only natural in the ordinary course of perversities of human nature—but by dint of making “fireworks” with a glowing stick, we managed to stop the train, and got safely back to our homes after a jolly day.

CHAPTER X.

WAIWERA.

LEAVING Auckland early one morning, I took the little steamer, *Rose Casey*, to Waiwera, the northern hot-spring district of the province of Auckland. Waiwera is about twenty-four miles north of Auckland city, and there is communication both by coach and steamer. In a few years I have no doubt there will be a railway to this favourite watering-place; but at present one has to be contented with a coach on a bad road, or a very small steamer on a sometimes very rough bit of sea. The road is what is known as a "summer road"; that is, it consists almost altogether of mud, and in winter is very rough. Being warned beforehand of the state of the road, I chose to go by steamer.

On the morning I left Auckland it was raining, but almost calm; but before we had got round the North

Head, it came on to blow a regular gale. No one would believe how soon a big sea can get up amongst these little islands. For three and a half hours we had as rough and uncomfortable a journey as I ever remember—seas constantly washing over the little craft, shaking her from stem to stern, and the screw half the time out of the water, tearing round and shaking the boat most uncomfortably. To add to the discomfort, we had a drunken old Irishwoman on board, who moaned, and shrieked, and swore about the ship, and tried to break into the steward's liquor-bar. She was at last disposed of by one of the officers, who shut her down in a stern cabin, where she could make as much noise as she liked without being heard. The gale increased in fury, and a heavy sea struck the little boat with such force that the passengers thought she was going down, and some commenced to take off their clothes to prepare for a swim. One man *cut* his boots off, thinking there was not time to take them off. But the steamer ultimately got safe to Kawau, Sir George Grey's Island, where she stayed the night. Arriving at Waiwera, we found a long shallow sandy shore, with two or three lines of stiff breakers on, and some doubts were expressed as to whether we could be landed there at all.

There is no wharf of any kind at Waiwera, and the way they disembark passengers is novel and unpleasant. We were put into a small ship's boat, and blown by the force of the wind, without using an oar, right on to the shore, stern foremost. As soon as we touched ground the men did all they could to keep the boat's head to the sea; but all in vain, for she swung round once or twice broadside to the waves, and in about two seconds the boat was full of water. Although we were on the bottom, there was still some fifteen yards of water to be gone through before we got to the dry land, so a cart was backed in up to the boat, and into it we all got, and were driven ashore in it—a rather novel sensation. This was an unpropitious welcome to a place I had heard so much about, and I almost regretted having started at all. It continued to blow for two days, and did a great deal of damage everywhere. In Auckland harbour the shipping was knocked about, and ships dragged anchors and broke cables in a land-locked harbour which is generally as smooth as glass. At Waiwera the beautiful sandy shore was covered completely with tree-trunks, branches, seaweed, and many curious articles, among which I noticed a broom, two or three wine-cases, and several hats, blown from goodness knows where. But what showed the

force of the gale most was a huge *kauri* log, some 12 feet long by 5 feet diameter, washed up to within a few feet of high-water mark, where it probably remains to this day. The wood was worth £5 at least anywhere where it could be cut up, but was quite useless here.

I have often travelled to Waiwera by the *Rose Casey* since this trip, and have always had fine calm weather.

After the storm succeeded ten days of the most delightful weather, during which I was able to see all at Waiwera and the country round that was worth seeing. Waiwera (Maori for "hot water") itself is very prettily situated in a little tree-clad valley, exposed only on the side facing the sea. The hotel is within a hundred yards of high-water mark, and stands in well-laid-out grounds, and is one of the most comfortable hotels I have stayed at in New Zealand. With the exception of a house belonging to an old settler here, and one or two cottages, the hotel is the only house in the neighbourhood. It was built by the late Mr. Robert Graham, the enterprising owner of one or two other hotels in the more southern hot-spring district of Rotomahana. Mr. Graham spent a great deal of money in opening up to the public these wonderful

places, and deserves the thanks of the public for this alone.

About two hundred yards from the hotel, and connected by a private avenue of the irrepressible *Pinus insignis*, among which aloes without number are to be seen growing, are the celebrated hot-springs, which have been the making of the place. There are a great many different springs, more, in fact, than can be made use of, and at low-water the steam from them can be seen rising from the sand below high-water mark. Some dozen of them have been tapped, and baths have been built over them, in which the most luxurious bathing I have ever known can be enjoyed. Baths of all kinds are here, and of all temperatures, and the simplicity of the working of them is one of their chief features. There are two swimming-baths, one for ladies and one for gentlemen, and about a dozen ordinary "tub" baths, and attendants are always at hand with abundance of clean towels; and all this delightful bathing is free to visitors at the hotel, and is included in the very moderate charge—not more, in fact, than the ordinary hotel charge in Auckland or any town where every article of food is near at hand. At Waiwera everything in the way of meat is brought from Auckland, as the land has not yet been cleared sufficiently to feed sheep and cattle in any quantity.

The analysis of the water of the Waiwera hot springs is as follows, as given by the Government analyst—

Specimen No. 1820, forwarded by Mr. Robert Graham, at the request of the Marquis of Normanby. Locality, Waiwera. Received, June 10; reported on, July 26, 1876. Mineral water: quite clear and colourless; manifests a distinct alkaline reaction to litmus paper, and has a feebly saline taste. From the appended results of its analysis, it appears to belong to the class of mineral known as the alkaline. This water is similar to several of the famous continental waters; for instance, Vichy (in France), Fachingen (in Nassau), both of which are largely used medicinally.

ANALYSIS.					Grains per Gallon.
Chloride of sodium	116·715
„ potassium	·091
„ lithium	traces
Iodide of magnesium	traces
Sulphate of soda	·383
Bi-carbonate of soda	87·573
„ lime	10·692
„ magnesia	·954
„ iron	·686
Alumina	traces
Silica	2·464
					<hr/>
					219·558

(Signed)

W. SKEY.

As to the curative properties of these waters, Miss Graham, the manageress, possesses any amount of unsolicited testimonials as to their efficacy; and I have

met many people who speak most highly of them for the cure of rheumatism, gout, and gravel. For myself, I did not go to be cured of anything; but I can say that the luxury of bathing in these waters, any number of times a day, is a thing to be tried to be properly appreciated. The waters are also taken internally with excellent results; but, on tasting them one day as an experiment, I quickly came to the conclusion that they were pleasanter to bathe in than to drink. The temperature of the springs is from about 90° to 110° Fahr.

Waiwera is a great place for invalids; in fact, a more perfect place for those wishing for quiet could not be found. The feeding is plain and excellent; the opportunities for quiet exercise are unsurpassed. There is nothing to worry one here; the world seems very distant, yet Auckland papers get here only a day old. The only thing to do is to eat, bathe, sleep, and enjoy oneself, and that I think every one does.

Within three hundred yards of the hotel runs the pretty river Waiwera, which, after winding along between banks of thick bush for about four miles, empties itself into the sea in Waiwera Bay. A paddle up this pretty stream with boatman Sullivan, liveliest of gossips, on a fine afternoon, is a treat. Friend Sullivan is most

entertaining, and has yarns without ceasing to tell his sympathetic passengers.

Here also, in a quiet way, is sport to be met with, both on land and sea. A walk along the coach-road to Auckland, of a mile, will bring you within hearing of the crow of the cock pheasants, and at times they are to be seen out on the road itself. I have put them up several times from the road, when they offered splendid shots; but, of course, at these times I only had an umbrella with me, so I did not shoot. There is a man who shoots for the hotel, and him let any visitor get hold of and accompany for a day or two, till he gets to know the bush a bit. Then, with hard work, he may get a brace or two of pheasants in a morning; but it *is* hard work, and he will have a wonderful appetite for his dinner afterwards. There are no rabbits about here, which, for the settlers, is a mercy, although they might afford visitors good sport. There are plenty of duck on the river, and Sullivan will be able to show their whereabouts to any one murderously inclined.

Then there is excellent sea-fishing to be had within half-an-hour's sail of the bay, and many a good day's sport have I had in the hotel boats, generally bringing in several dozen *schnapper*, and often having the

satisfaction of hauling in a young shark or two. *Kahawai* are also plentiful about here, and can sometimes be caught from the rocks; so in spite of being so much out of the world, there is no necessity for feeling dull here to any one who cares for sport or walking. Some two miles from Waiwera is a small Maori *pa* or village, where resides a noted chief called Te Hemara, in a beautiful spot by the side of the Puhoi river. The bush is here very fine, and several fine *hauris* are to be seen in its midst. The undergrowth is especially fine, and the tree-ferns and *nikau* palms grow here most luxuriantly.

Four or five miles beyond the Maori village is a small German settlement, lately established by Capt. Krippner, on the banks of the Puhoi, from which the settlement takes its name. I rode over to see the place, and found it situated in a sort of hill-bound hollow, conveniently close to the Puhoi. At present the houses are small and rough, but the settlement is young, and the settlers are a hardy, confident lot, and in a few years' time may have a large and comfortable township.

On the north side of Waiwera Bay is a little sugar-loaf-shaped island, consisting mostly of sand, about which many blood-curdling tales are told about the

Maoris in days gone by. The island, by name Mahurangi, was then joined to the mainland, in fact, it is so now at low water, by a line of rocks. Tradition has it that a tribe called Te Kawerau, living on the south of the bay, got up a quarrel with another tribe living at the north head, and, getting the best of the battle, pursued the northern enemy to Mahurangi, where they slaughtered every one of them, and brought them back to the shore, cooked them, and ate them. When they had finished feeding, it transpired somehow or other that the tribe they had eaten was a branch of their own, at which they were much concerned, and "suffered awfully from remorse (or indigestion)" as a writer in the *Melbourne Leader* suggests. Then they collected all the bones into a heap, got up a *tangi* over them, and departed to look out for their next debauch, among some tribe that was not related to them.

The bones of the warriors who were eaten by their friends were buried round a cabbage palm still growing on the beach; and during a subsequent visit to Waiwera I assisted two English friends to dig up many of the bones. We found one skeleton almost perfect, which ultimately found its way to England to the surgery of a medical friend.

At the south side of the bay the rocks are thickly covered with delicious little oysters, but Maori tradition does not go so far as to say that these are descendants of the "natives" just referred to.

My journey back to Auckland was as calm as the voyage there had been rough; and as we steamed into Auckland on a fine bright afternoon, I felt bound to admit once more the much-boasted beauty of the northern capital of New Zealand.

CHAPTER XI.

OHINEMUTU.

AFTER a short stay in Auckland city, during which, although it was midwinter, the weather was most charming, I left one evening by the s.s. *Glenelg* for Tauranga, *en route* for Ohinemutu and the hot lakes. There are two ways of reaching the lakes from Auckland; one by rail to Hamilton, thence by coach to Cambridge, thence hire to Ohinemutu: the other is the usual way; by steamer to Tauranga, thence by coach to Ohinemutu. The first way is the more expensive and takes longer, as the distance from Cambridge to Ohinemutu is seventy-five miles, and takes two whole days in a buggy, besides the fourteen miles of coach between Hamilton and Cambridge and the railway journey. The buggy hire from Cambridge to Ohinemutu costs £8 or £10, which makes this way more expensive if one is travelling alone. The steamer

fare from Auckland to Tauranga is 30s., and coach fare from Tauranga to Ohinemutu another 30s., so for one person the latter way is much cheaper. In a short time, it is hoped, the railway will be made up to the hot lakes, when, of course, this will be much the most direct.¹

The s.s. *Glenelg* left Auckland about five p.m., and after a calm passage steamed into Tauranga at about 8.30 the following morning, and in an hour's time I was on the way to the hot lakes. Tauranga is a pretty little town, with (at all events at high water) a good land-locked harbour, and a general thriving appearance. There are two lines of coaches to Ohinemutu, and the proprietors will send private conveyances at any time without extra charge.

A little way out of Tauranga is the Gate *pa*, the scene of some severe fighting in 1864. At present the aspect of that pretty, fern-clad knoll is very unsuggestive of bloodshed and massacre. For miles past this place the road lies on high ground, surrounded by little hills and valleys, thickly covered with fern

¹ Since the above was written many changes have taken place in this district. The railway is now open as far as Oxford, and the coach journey is reduced to three or four hours. This has now become the favourite route to the hot lakes.

about two feet high; while down below in the valleys are pretty little brooks to be seen, running in and out of the fern, jumping over rocks, and forming miniature waterfalls in the most picturesque fashion. All this road up to the bush reminded me much of a Scotch moor, as it does not require much stretch of imagination to turn the brown fern into heather, and the character of the country is not unlike some parts of Scotland. Just before we came to the bush, we stopped at the Oropi Hotel to water the horses and have some refreshment, and a chat with the hotel-keeper. A week after this, this hotel was burned to the ground, and not a thing saved. Starting on again, we were soon in the bush, and on the worst road I ever travelled on. One must see a New Zealand bush road to be able to realize what it is. A long, winding track through the thickest bush, where neither sun nor wind can penetrate; the road in some parts consisting of some two feet of solid mud and dirt, without a stone in it, cut up by heavy bullock-drays every day of the week; some of the wheel-tracks eighteen inches deep, into which the coach-wheel goes with unerring precision. Imagine this and a good deal worse, and an idea may be had of the comforts of an "unmetalled" New Zealand bush road. I have

been over some bad roads, consisting mostly of tree trunks, in Australia; I have driven over some very uneven bog roads in Ireland; but I never saw anything to equal the bush road from Oropi to Rotorua.¹ The horses walked almost the whole way, and we had to cling on to the iron frame of the coach to keep in. We went so much over in one place that the driver was thrown out, but the coach remained "right side up," and I managed to hang on.

"There are eighteen miles of this," quietly remarked my driver, as we bumped heavily in a deep dray rut. I was glad when we came to the half-way house, and had an hour's rest and a meal. After that I walked on alone a mile or two, leaving the man to follow with the coach, and I had a most delightful ramble, through some grand bush, full of pigeons, *kakas*, and *tuis*; but I was brought to a standstill by an unusually deep mud-hole at last, and had to wait for the coach. We got out of the bush about five p.m., having taken about six hours to do the eighteen miles, which is considered excellent time; in fact, the driver reminded me all the time that the road was in unusually good condition, only somehow I did not see it. Some friends of mine

¹ This road is not much used now, a new one running through flatter and more open country having been opened.

were upset, coach and all, a few days before I came through, and had to walk thirteen miles through the mud to Rotorua. Almost as soon as we got out of the bush, Rotorua lake came in sight, and the steam from the hot springs of Ohinemutu, and we went bowling over the rest of the road merrily. When we were within a mile or so of Ohinemutu, the smell of the sulphur springs was quite distinct, as the wind was blowing towards us. I was very glad when at last we got to Mrs. Morrison's comfortable Rotorua Hotel, after which I soon made the acquaintance of one of the hot baths, to take away all the aches and pains of the bumpings I had received during the day.

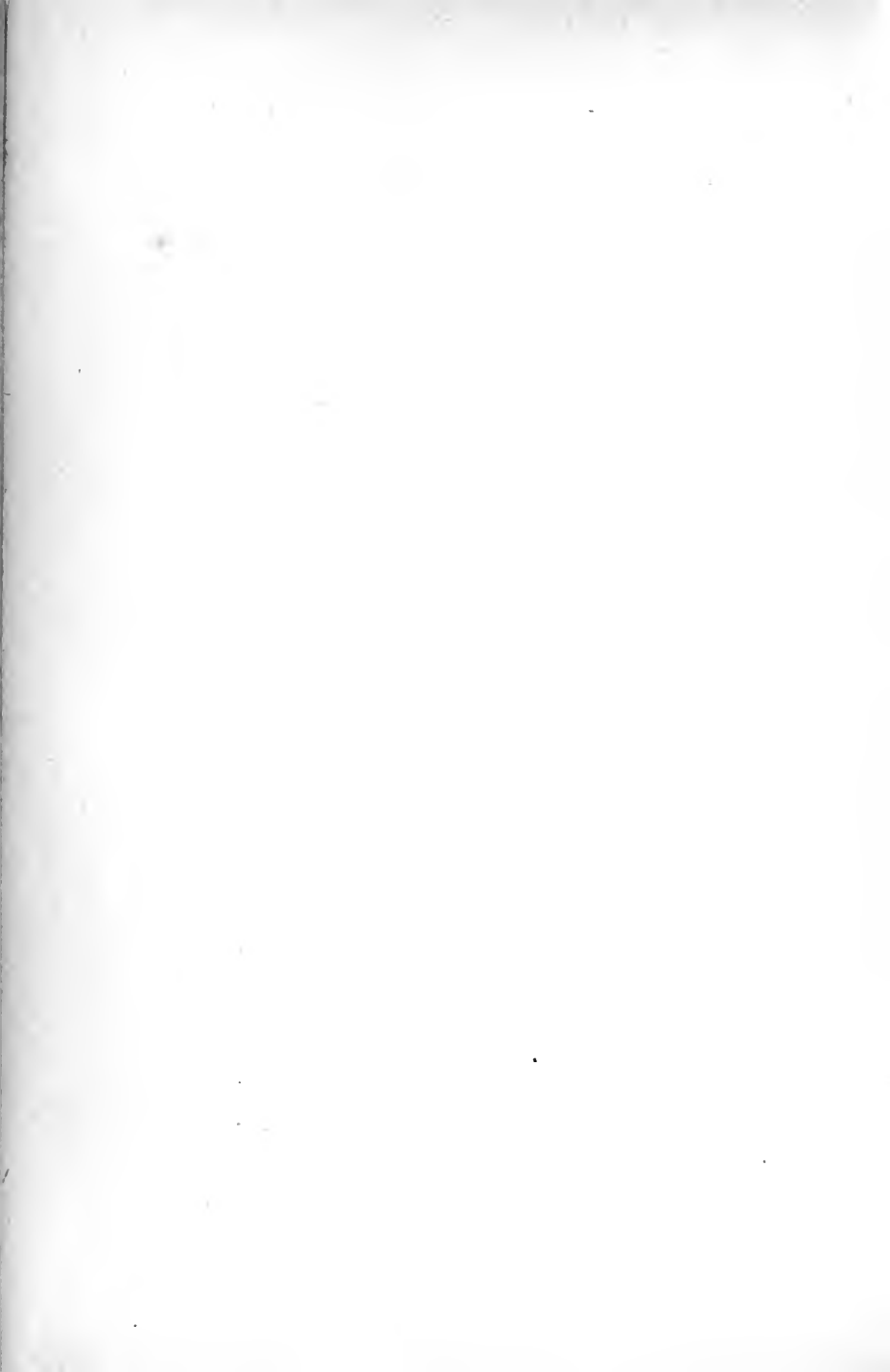
The first glimpse of Ohinemutu by daylight made me aware that I was in Maoriland at last, and that the *pakeha*, or white man, was in the minority. I suppose there are ten Maories to every European in this district, and it is not many years ago since there was not a single white man in Ohinemutu. In bygone days Ohinemutu was a very large Maori *pa*, numbering some thousands of inhabitants, and at that time the site of the *pa* extended one or two hundred yards into what is now the lake of Rotorua. The lake is said to be gradually rising and encroaching on the land, and it is not to be wondered at, considering

the thousands of hot springs that are constantly flowing into it both from the shores and beneath the surface. But native tradition will not allow of such a slow, matter-of-fact cause for the sight of the old *pa* disappearing, and has some romantic legends about it. The general idea among the natives is that the lake rose suddenly, and completely covered the old *pa* and drowned a lot of natives, and this idea is strengthened by the fact of human bones having often been found by divers in the lake, over the place occupied by the old *wharés*. One *pakeha* told me that this is quite true, and that he himself had brought human bones to the surface when diving for *pipi*—a sort of fresh-water mussel, much eaten by the natives. At the present time the number of natives living in Ohinemutu is supposed to be under two hundred, although at the time of my visit this number may have been doubled or trebled by the strangers coming in from a distance to attend the native land court, which was then sitting. These visitors were encamped to the south of the native village proper in tents and rough *raupo wharés*, erected for the occasion.

The site of the present village is close to the water, in the very midst of the famous boiling springs, and facing the north shore of the lake. The native quarters



OHINEMUTU.



are a collection of miserable-looking *wharés* and tents, wooden houses being almost unknown among them for dwelling-houses. These *wharés* are much more comfortable than they appear, and, being quite devoid of furniture of any kind, the single room they consist of is generally large enough for a family; they are a great deal more comfortable, clean and roomy than many an Irish hut I have been into. Maoris despise furniture of all kinds, and always prefer sitting on their haunches to a chair, and they really look quite comfortable in this position. There are some six or eight stores in Ohinemutu, where a little of everything is sold to the natives at exorbitant prices; these and the three hotels are almost the only wooden buildings in the neighbourhood. One long street runs right through the village along the shores of the lake, and is the main road from the Tauranga bush, through the new Government township at Sulphur Point to Whakarewarewa, a settlement some four miles beyond Ohinemutu.

On entering the village from the Tauranga side, streams of boiling waters are seen running down each side of the road, till they join a small cold water stream running into the lake. These streams are the overflow of some large boiling pools, situated close to the side of the road, and the whole atmosphere is strongly impregnated

with a sulphurous steam arising from these pools. The largest of these is some forty or fifty yards in diameter, and is nearly round; it is one vast cauldron of boiling water, supplied by hot springs rising underneath the surface. Round the edge of the pool is a thick plantation of *manuka*, which, like all other shrubs, seems to grow luxuriantly in this atmosphere of sulphur. Farther on towards the village, on the left hand, are a number of hot springs, bubbling up in all sorts of curious places, and round these are a few *wharés* built; this is the commencement of the native village. From Lake House Hotel to the Rotorua Hotel, the opposite end of Ohinemutu, is the village proper. Between the road and the lake are the principal *wharés*, built among the hot springs, which bubble up in every direction. Many of the springs have only made their appearance within the last year or two, while many of those formerly spouting up have subsided and quite disappeared. Cases have been known of boiling springs having arisen right in the middle of a man's *wharé* suddenly, and turned the occupants of the place out, as a boiling pool in the middle of a single-roomed house is apt to be a nuisance. There are springs in this part of the village set apart for cooking, washing, and bathing; in fact, hot water is always "laid on" for these

happy natives, and renders fires quite superfluous. The principal cooking spring only made its appearance some three or four years ago, and since then has been bubbling up continually; here they boil all their food. Within a few yards is another, which has been covered in with stones, and forms a sort of oven, where food is baked or steamed; the potatoes, or *kumaras*, or whatever the food may be, are put into a sort of reed basket and immersed in the boiling water, supported by a piece of stick through the handles, and suspended over the side stones; what could be simpler or more convenient than this? For washing, a stream of boiling water is intercepted, and allowed to run exposed to the air till it becomes sufficiently cool to use; then a little hole is made in the ground, and the washing-tub is ready. For bathing there are all sorts of baths and tubs, but to my mind the most enjoyable is a small arm of the lake, into which run some eight or ten boiling springs. In this place the water can be had of any temperature from boiling to cold, but one has to take care not to go close to the springs where they enter the water, or the result will be a scalding. This arm of the lake is some 30 or 40 yards broad, by some 80 yards long, and forms a splendid swimming-bath. In some places there is 15 feet of water, but the greater part is about 4 feet

or 5 feet deep. Here the natives, of both sexes, spend half the day in the warm weather, and many a pleasant swim have I had with the youth and beauty of Ohinemutu in this bath.¹ The youngsters are all good divers, the girls especially, and could give long odds to the divers of Aden and Malta.

The favourite bath with the natives is a big hole in the ground, some 8 feet by 10 feet, boarded all round to keep the earth from falling in, with a hot spring running through it, which can be diverted in an instant by a little mud when the bath is warm enough, and made to flow away from the bath instead of through it. Of these bathing places there are many all over Ohinemutu, and they are very seldom without occupants. It shows the lazy, indolent nature of the Maori when I say that the elder people seldom bathe in the swimming-bath, arguing, of course, that swimming is an unnecessary exercise, and that they get just as much pleasure from sitting still up to their necks in a small bath as they would in swimming. Many of the men are wonderfully good swimmers, but it is curious how lazy they are when they grow up. The first few times I bathed with

¹ Since the Tarawera eruption this delightful bathing place has had to be abandoned, in consequence of the increased heat and number of the springs flowing into it.

them they seemed rather surprised to see a *pakeha*, but as I sometimes swam there twice a day they soon got accustomed to me, and the youngsters would swim up and stroke my skin, evidently wondering that the white would not come off, and then they would argue which was the best colour, the white of the *pakeha* or the brown of the Maori.

A more frolicsome, light-hearted, happy set of people I never met than these Ohinemutu Maoris. I have seen many different tribes over New Zealand, but I never saw any of them who seemed to enjoy life so thoroughly as the dwellers at the hot springs; the whole place seems to be in a kind of perpetual holiday state. As for work, why, no one thinks of doing any in the winter, and all their thought is concentrated on the momentous question, how to make the time pass pleasantly.

There are no poor people among the natives here; in fact, they boast that they are most aristocratic; and I believe they are all descended from some great chief, whose name they mention with much veneration.¹ At the same time, there are no very rich men amongst them, as there are in some tribes. Most of their

¹ Ko Uwenukukopako is their much-prized ancestor; they also claim descent from Tutanekai and Hinemoa, after whom the village is named.

property belongs to the tribe, not to individuals; and it is this fact which gives the judges in the native land courts so much trouble. The Government is doing its best to "individualize" the land—that is, to settle it on separate people instead of tribes; and when this is done the native land court will be unnecessary, and a great deal of trouble will be saved; and disputes, which have been going on for years, will be put an end to.

But to return to the subject of the springs, from which I have wandered. These hot springs continue all along the shores of the lake, past the Maori meeting-house, now used for the land court-house, in the direction of Sulphur Point. Below this court-house a long thin strip of land runs out into the lake, and on this is the principal burying-place of the district. There are hot springs all round the court-house, and I am told there was one actually within the house, but that it disappeared a year or two ago. The large Maori meeting-house, or *wharé-puni* is a most interesting piece of work inside, but outside it presents the usual ugly look of a long straight building roofed with corrugated iron. Inside it has all the characteristics of the Maori meeting-house of one hundred years ago; a richly carved centre pole supports a gaudily painted roof, while the sides are covered in alternate stripes of carved figures



A MAORI BATH, OHINEMUTU.

painted red, with oval shells as eyes, and ornamented matting. To see an English court of justice held here must be a sorrowful sight to some of the old *régime*.

Just outside the court-house are some of the hot stones on which the natives bask. These are made by covering a hot spring with large slabs of stone, and filling in the openings with earth; the hot steam constantly rising against these stones keeps them always at a pleasant warmth. Here the Maoris may be seen, wrapped up simply in a blanket from head to foot, lying at full length enjoying the warmth for hours together—truly a pleasant, lazy sort of existence. Nearly all the shores of the lake are warm right up to Sulphur Point whether there are springs to be seen on land or not, and many little baths have been made along the shore in the shallow water.

Sulphur Point is, I suppose, the most interesting feature of Ohinemutu, though, to my mind, the name is far too justly earned for the place to be a pleasant one. It is about a mile from Ohinemutu, and consists of over one hundred acres of hot sulphurous ground, situated on a little peninsula on Rotorua Lake; and here there are many boiling sulphur springs and mud-holes, which are anything but pleasant to be near. This place has been let on lease by the Government on behalf of the

natives, and is to be the seat of a great sanatorium. I very much doubt whether any one will ever be persuaded to live there at all, as the smell of the sulphur is most offensive to most people. At all events, the township called Rotorua has been marked out, and actually let on leases of ninety-nine years, but I hear that many of the people who jumped at it at first are now trying to get out of their bargains. There is a doctor there, paid by the Government, and baths are being erected for the accommodation of visitors. The baths were actually put up once; but it was found that they were built directly over some of the sulphur holes, and that no one could live in them, so the building had to be taken down, and is now being put up again a little further away. Only one or two of the baths can be used at present, and there is a man put there to take care of them, and provide bathers with towels, &c. The charge for each bath is 6*d.* The principal one is known as the "Priest's Bath," as a priest is said to have lived for three months close to it, and bathed there daily, being ultimately cured of some chronic rheumatic affection. I have heard of several remarkable cures this bath is said to have wrought, and can quite believe in its efficacy, as it is strong enough to either kill or cure very speedily. Not long ago, an Englishwoman, formerly a cook at

one of the hotels, was found dead in this bath; but as no medical evidence was forthcoming at the inquest, the doctor being away in Auckland at the time, it is not known what was the cause of death. It has the effect of turning the skin quite red in a few minutes, and should the bather have any flesh wound about him it is not likely that he will be permitted to forget the fact in this bath. The pipe that carries away the water from the bath is thickly coated over with sulphur, as also are the stones and any small objects washed by the water outside. The temperature varies from 98° to 102° Fahrenheit. The following is the analysis of Te Pupunitanga, or the Priest's Bath—

ANALYSIS.						Grains per Gallon.
Sulphate of soda	19'24
„ potash	traces
„ lime	7'41
„ magnesia	3'03
„ alumina	21'67
„ iron	1'24
Sulphuric acid	22'12
Hydrochloric acid	3'65
Silica	18'41
						<hr/> 96'77

Another well-known bath is that known as “Madame Rachel's.” This is really a boiling pool, but the water is brought away in an open pipe into a wooden bath, so

that it can cool on the way. It is a very pleasant bath to take, as it leaves a soft enamelled feeling on the skin, which has, I presume, suggested the name. It is called Whangapipirō by the natives.

ANALYSIS.						Grains per Gallon.
Chloride of sodium	69'43
„ potassium	3'41
„ lithium	traces
Sulphate of soda	11'80
Silicate of soda	18'21
„ lime	4'24
„ magnesia	1'09
Iron and alumina oxides	2'41
Silica	5'87
						<hr/> 116'46

There is also a very pleasant bath called the Blue Bath, on account of the deep blue of the water. This is about the coolest of these baths, being only tepid. It is large and deep enough to swim in, and has a small dressing-room belonging to it, which most of the baths are without at present. There are numberless other springs, which will in time, no doubt, be used for baths, but the above were the only ones I experimented on at Sulphur Point.

Te Kauhanga, the pain-killer, and many others, have the reputation of having effected many cures of rheuma-

tism, sciatica, and other ailments; and I have met many people who declared themselves much benefited by a course of these baths. This district is covered with boiling springs and mud-pools, about which, I fancy, not much is as yet known; but Miss Gordon Cumming prophesies that this place will be a "vast sanatorium, to which sufferers from all manner of diseases will be sent to Nature's own dispensary to find the healing waters suited to their cure." This is highly probable; but that they will ever get people to live in the midst of all those sulphurous gases is much more doubtful.¹

Some little distance past these baths is a district known as "Sodom and Gomorrah." It is a sort of hollow in the ground, surrounded by fern and ti-tree,

¹ There is now quite a collection of buildings at the Government township of Rotorua. A hospital has been erected, and houses for the resident doctor, engineer, and officers connected with the district. Two or three hotels or lodging-houses have also appeared in the midst of this sulphurous region, but the people who occupy them are mostly invalids.

The improvement in the baths is really wonderful. A great deal of money has been spent by the Government in perfecting the arrangements for bathing; and now nearly all the springs are enclosed and houses attached. The principal bath-house is quite imposing, and contains several different baths under its one roof. A magnificent concrete swimming-bath has been made, which is filled from the "Blue" bath, and is most enjoyable.

and composed of pumice, lava, and sulphur. There are also some half-dozen boiling mud-pools, possessing a smell compared to which ten thousand rotten eggs would be mild and refreshing; it is well to keep to windward of these pools. This is a great place for people to come to for specimens of sulphur, which can be got here in any quantity. The ground is crusted over with pumice, which, when broken through, displays sulphur in large quantities.

In addition to the baths already mentioned, each of the three hotels has two or more private baths, covered in, for the use of their visitors. The largest bath belonging to the Rotorua Hotel, where I stayed, is a very agreeable one, and at the same time has worked many cures in rheumatic and other ailments. It has none of the offensive smell belonging to many of the other waters. The analysis is—

						Grains per gallon.
Chloride of sodium	39·64
„ potassium	2·73
„ lithium	traces
Sulphate of soda	4·20
„ lime	6·14
Silicate of lime	8·01
„ magnesia	2·20
Iron oxides and alumina	5·14
Silica	7·67
						<hr/> 75·73



MOUTOA ISLAND, ROTORUA LAKE, FROM OHINEMUTU.

The whole of Lake Rotorua, some seven miles long by six miles wide in the broadest part, is said to be supplied by innumerable hot springs, bubbling up into it from the bottom; but, as the extent is so great, the body of water is naturally not affected by it, and it is only round the edge in shallow places where the influence of the warm springs can be felt. The island of Mokoia, situated in the middle of the lake, has also its hot springs. This island is the scene of one of the most romantic of Maori legends—that of Hinemoa and Tutanekai, the Hero and Leander of Maoriana; the warm bath is shown into which Hinemoa got to warm herself after her cold swim of four miles to her lover. Mokoia was also the scene of a dreadful massacre during the Maori inter-tribal wars.

During my stay at Ohinemutu a case of great local interest came on in the native land court. The land in question was claimed by two branches of the same tribe, one being the people of Ohinemutu, the Ngati-whakaue, and the other coming from a distance. Being informed, by one of the judges of the court, staying in the same hotel with me, that there were likely to be some interesting ceremonies connected with the opening of the case, I attended the court, and beheld a curious and highly interesting sight, which I should

have been sorry to have missed. On entering, the appearance of the hall astonished every one. Nearly all the great Ngatiwhakaue tribe had assembled in old-fashioned full-dress and feathers, such as doubtless were worn before the English landed in New Zealand. The women were all sitting in rows on the right side of the hall with some of the chiefs and witnesses, and on the other side were the remaining men of the tribe, all dressed out in something more than their "Sunday best." Men and women all had their beautiful black hair dressed up, and tied round the head tight; and in the thick masses of hair thus formed were stuck innumerable black and white *huia* feathers, with occasionally a long peacock feather here and there. Both sexes wore the old-fashioned mat of finely-worked flax, feathers, and wool, each of which represented some months of quiet, patient labour. Some of these mats were completely covered with the feathers of the peacock, *huku*, and other birds, each feather of which was worked in separately and in perfect order, and many had different coloured wools worked in, in the same way; but the most common pattern was the simple white flax mat, with long black threads at intervals, in rows all over it.¹ Even this, the simplest of all,

¹ Called *korowai*.

represented an awful amount of work, when one comes to think that the whole is made by hand, and that each thread is put in separately as the mat is being made. The men also carried the ancient carved wooden weapons of the tribe, such as are now seldom seen, except in museums—a long dark wooden handle, with a sort of big blade of wood at the end, beautifully carved, while below the blade were wrapped pieces of silk and flax, and, to finish up with, a large bunch of yellow mohair.¹ The effect of all this in the old carved Maori meeting-house was most striking, and helped to give one an idea of what a council of one hundred years ago may have been there.

After the court was opened, the spokesman of the Ngatiwhakaue asked permission for the tribe to sing a song, which was granted, and forthwith commenced one of those weird, monotonous chants of which Maori music seems entirely to consist. One man led the music, and was joined by all the tribe in perfect time and tune, the effect being eminently expressive of what the song was intended to represent—a lament for the death of a celebrated chief. Later on another song was sung, but this time it was introduced *as evidence*, and frequently the court had to allow of

¹ Taiaha.

songs being introduced as part of the evidence, till some one objected to this somewhat unusual course, and the judges put an end to it. I did not see the end of this case, as the natives spun it out to such a great length, one of the Ngatiwhakaue orators being on his legs for more than a fortnight during my stay, and when I left he did not seem to know when he would finish. Everybody was prophesying rows and broken heads for the day that the judgment would be given, and I have no doubt there would be a pretty general skirmish, as the land in dispute was well worth having, being a block of 140,000 acres, and each party considered the other had not a shadow of claim to it. I was very glad of the opportunity the case afforded me of seeing a large assembly of Maoris in all their ancient costumes, in their own carved temple—a sight which I was told by old colonists had seldom been seen to greater perfection than on this occasion.

CHAPTER XII.

ROTOMAHANA.

WAIROA, the place from which this land of wonders is generally visited, is distant some twelve or thirteen miles from Ohinemutu. The sights of Rotomahana can be seen comfortably in a day and a half from Ohinemutu, but to properly appreciate all the wonders of the place, one should take a tent and camp on Rotomahana lake for a week or so. In the summer this is frequently done, and a most enjoyable time may be spent there. There are two coaches running to Wairoa from Ohinemutu, and the fare is 10s. each way; it is a very pleasant drive from Ohinemutu to Wairoa on a fine day; but the roads in winter are about as bad as they can be. The road is in the direction of Whakarewarewa at first, and enters the hilly country soon after passing that district. Till the bush is reached there is little to be seen but fern-clad hills on every side, with

some tolerable mountains in the distance. The bush is very short, only extending about a mile and a half; but has some splendid timber in it, and is altogether very picturesque. The road is fringed by magnificent ferns, the leaves of which are frequently six or eight feet long; while in the bush itself, the *tawa*, the *miro*, and the mighty *totara*, with many others, may be seen growing in great luxuriance; and the *rata* climbing and strangling the largest in its own peculiar fashion. This peculiar creeper commences its growth in the fork of a tree, and grows downward till it reaches the ground. Once on the ground and having taken root, it grows with amazing quickness, and spreads out its arms like an octopus, till the tree is completely encircled, and, as it were, strangled by it. In time it gets almost the thickness of the tree, and completely kills it, increasing and growing till it reaches the top.

Before the bush is passed a lake comes in sight, of such an intense blue as to strike every one with surprise; it is called Tikitapu, or, more commonly, the Blue Lake. The natives have many legends about this lake being the abode of some fabulous monster of the dragon tribe, who used to be employed by one tribe to murder their enemies. The water is about the deepest blue I have ever seen, and the lake itself is picturesquely

situated among the hills. A short distance further on is another and larger lake, called Rotokakahi (Green Lake). There is scarcely a hundred yards between the two lakes, but the level of Tikitapu is some 70 feet higher than that of Rotokakahi.

Tikitapu is without any outlet above ground, but a noisy splashing creek runs out of Rotokakahi across the road into Tarawera lake, forming in one place a very pretty waterfall.

A short drive past Rotokakahi, and the Rotomahana hotel at Wairoa is reached, and very comfortable it will be found, comparing favourably with many hotels which have not the disadvantage of being some fifty miles from the nearest town. The proprietor has to pay 1½*d.* per pound carriage on all provisions and merchandise from Tauranga, the nearest town.

Wairoa is a straggling Maori village, extending over a large piece of ground for so small a place; in this respect it is in striking contrast to Ohinemutu, where the huts are crowded thickly together. The natives are not fine specimens of Maoris by any means, having been quite spoilt by the *pakehas*, who crowd there in the summer to see the terraces. There is a good school there, and the young members of the 'population speak English very fairly, much better than their cousins at

Ohinemutu, which, I believe, is attributable to the fact that the Wairoa natives find less to do, and are glad to attend the school as a sort of pastime. At Wairoa there are no hot springs to bathe in all day long, and no land court sitting several months in the year, as at Ohinemutu; so the young people devote themselves more to school.

There is no place to stay at on Rotomahana, only a few *whares* on the shore of Tarawera lake; so, unless visitors are prepared to camp out, the excursion must be made in one day. The guides are two half-caste women, between whom considerable rivalry exists. They both speak English very well, and are both efficient and obliging guides. On the occasion of my first visit the guide Sophia was engaged to take us, but not till after considerable harangue with the chief were we allowed to depart. It seems that this guide had been out many more times than the other one, and the chief wished for Kate, the other one, to go now; in fact, he said if we did not take her we should not have one at all, and he is king in these parts. But, like true Britishers, we were obstinate, and it ended in our dosing the old gentleman with rum to get him into a good humour, and we departed with Sophia.

A walk of about half a mile from the hotel brought

us to Tarawera lake, where we were met by four boatmen and attendants carrying provisions. A large and comfortable boat was got out for us, and off we went on this beautiful lake. Tarawera enjoys the reputation of being the most picturesque lake in the North Island of New Zealand. It is completely surrounded with hills and mountains of most fantastic shapes, many of them covered with thick bush down to the water's-edge. Tarawera mountain is a grand rugged hill of some 2000 feet, visible from all points of the lake; in the crevices at the top we could see the remains of the last snow.

We had a pleasant sail across the lake of about two hours, stopping at one or two places on the way. In Te Arika, a large bay of Tarawera, we were shown a big rock called Huruwhenua, or "the devil's stone," where it is sometimes the custom to extort money from tourists by telling them that if a small sum of money is not left on the rock as a sort of bribe to the *taipo*, or devil, the boat will be upset. The gentleman to whom the money is entrusted jumps up the rock with it and disappears for a second, then strikes the rock, utters some gibberish, and comes down again with the coin in his pocket or boot, to be converted into rum on the first opportunity. There are several boiling springs along this bay of Te

Ariki, which are said to be highly beneficial to all afflicted with disorders of the blood. At Tahunatorea, where we were landed, is a small Maori settlement, and some more hot springs and a stream of warm water, the Kaiwaka, flowing out of Rotomahana into Tarawera. Two of our party went up the Kaiwaka in a Maori canoe, while the remainder walked overland through the *manuka* and ferns up to the top of the stream, where we had to wait for the canoe to ferry us across. Before getting to the stream we had a view of the white terrace, which, however, was not satisfactory. The terrace looked small, as we were farther from it than we appeared to be. Our friends reported a dangerous passage up the little Kaiwaka, and said they had been nearly upset several times. In one case the native woman punting had fallen down in the canoe, and there are very few Maori canoes which will stand such violent shocks as this.

A short walk past the Kaiwaka brought us to the foot of the celebrated white terrace, or Te Tarata, as the Maoris call it, said to be one of the wonders of the world. It is a huge mass of silica, of dazzling whiteness, standing over 100 feet high, and spreading out fan-like in small terraces down to the level of the shore of the lake, each succeeding terrace



E.W. DAYTON
1885

TARAWEKA MT
WHITE TERRACE

ROTOMAHANA, BEFORE THE ERUPTION

TE TARATA, ROTOMAHANA.

increasing in size, and the curve of the lowest step is said to be nearly 200 yards. The beautiful terraces are filled with small basins, fringed round with a border like white coral of the most exquisite shape and device, and filled with water of a deep sky-blue colour. These lakelets are seen on all the terraces up to the top, where there is a large boiling hole some 70 feet by 100 feet in length. In the centre of this hole is a geyser constantly spouting up, sometimes to the height of 20 feet, while the hole itself is filled to the top with constantly boiling water. The water flows out of this pool and trickles over the terrace, falling down one buttress after another, filling the little basins, and adding one more coat of enamel to the terrace itself. The guides are in the habit of placing small birds, ferns, and any small objects in this water, and in a short time they become covered with a white incrustation, and, if left long enough, become quite petrified. These are sold to tourists for half-a-crown apiece, and the guides make a small fortune out of it in the summer. It is against the laws to pick up anything from the terrace, even a piece of petrified stick; but as the guides help to make these laws, they are, of course, justified in breaking them. The natives take very great care of the terraces, and

any one trying to chip a piece of the enamel off as a specimen, or writing his name on the terrace, is fined £20.

The white terrace is surrounded by *manuka* and fern, the deep shadows of which help to make the whiteness of the enamel still more intense. Whenever the wind is in a certain quarter (north-east) the terrace is dry, the boiling cauldron at the top becoming empty. This happens about once a month, but in five or six hours after the water commences to rise the hole becomes quite full again. On one of my visits the terrace was dry, and I think it looks even better so than when the water is trickling over it. The big hole at the top is some 40 or 50 feet deep, and when empty the most beautiful forms of the enamel are to be seen; when full one can hardly see the water for the dense steam rising from it.

After the white terrace has been sufficiently admired, there are many things on the same side of the lake to be seen. First is Ngahapu, a large boiling well, containing a very active geyser, which spouts up some 20 feet or more, and envelops any one standing near in a warm, moist cloud, which would be very pleasant if one could stand there without clothes, but has the effect of wetting everything through in the

way of garments. There are several other boiling pools, but none so violent as this, which is one of the principal geysers in the district. Following a rough and muddy path through the scrub, we came upon a small edition of the infernal regions—a large mud pool, incessantly boiling, throwing mud bubbles up in a most peculiar fashion; then, what is called the oil tank—a dark pool, with an oily surface of very dark water; then a region of miniature volcanoes, consisting of warm mud, standing some three or four feet high, emitting mud and steam. Next we were shown a small lake, called the “Green Lake,” from the colour of the water; this lake was situated close to the side of a steep hill, the sides of which are covered with hundreds of blow-holes of boiling springs, all constantly emitting steam, shrouding the hill in a thick white vapour. There are several small boiling holes here called “Devil’s hole,” and similar names, which keep up a deafening roar underground, and make it impossible for any one to hear anything else when near them. There is also a little mud heap called Huka or the Porridge Pot, containing a sort of white mud, which the natives eat and seem to enjoy; I tasted some, but it was too suggestive of pipeclay to be agreeable. The place abounds in boiling pools and geysers too numerous to mention, and native

tradition has assigned a tragedy to most of them. Leaving this we went down again to the edge of Rotomahana for lunch, where our natives were busy cooking in the boiling springs. After lunch we got into a canoe and crossed over Rotomahana lake to the Pink Terrace, which is on the opposite side.

The whole of Rotomahana (meaning "warm lake") is tepid, a most delightful warmth to swim in. The lake is about a mile long, of irregular shape, and the borders are covered with rushes, out of which, as the canoe goes through them, fly hundreds of duck, teal, and *pukekos*, or swamp hens. The birds on this lake are *tapu* for shooting, but they may be snared or caught in any other way. When the Duke of Edinburgh was here, he was allowed to shoot a few, but that is the only instance, I believe, of their being shot. I longed for a gun as the pretty black teal flew past us, and had I been armed, all the *tapu* in Maoriland would not have prevented me shooting, although doubtless there would have been a row, as the natives are still very particular in their *tapu* laws. Our canoe was down within two inches of the water as we crossed the lake, and a strong wind was blowing; but we got over safely in spite of the fears of some of our friends, and landed at the foot of Otukapuarangi, or the Pink

Terrace, one of the party having nearly capsized us in a frantic effort to pronounce the Maori name correctly.

Otukapuarangi is smaller than Te Terata, but it is neater and more regular in formation. It is called the Pink Terrace, but in reality is of rather a dirty reddish colour, which is said to be caused by some clay of that colour found on the borders of it mixing with the silicated water as it descends. The steps are much more regular than on the White Terrace, and wider as they ascend, in opposition to Te Tarata, whose steps are narrowest at the top. The edges of the terrace are enclosed with thick bunches of ti-tree, which set it off very effectively. But the great beauty of the Pink Terrace lies at the top. There is a large, clear, still lake, nearly boiling, of the most beautiful blue water, through which can be seen forms like the most exquisite white coral. In the centre a tree seems to be growing, spreading its branches upward in the deep blue water; while from the sides are jutting out similar forms, all like the whitest coral. On a quiet day one can just make out the deep recesses in this lake, showing caverns of alabaster whiteness through the clear water. To my mind this is the finest sight in all this land of wonders. The waters from this pool flow gently over the terrace into some

half-dozen basins, three of which are of good size, and are used for baths. They have each a different temperature, getting colder the farther they are away from the hot pool. In these baths nearly every visitor bathes, and a more enjoyable bath it is impossible to imagine. The baths are natural hollows in the terrace, and the sides are as smooth as glass, and as there are several different temperatures every one can be suited. The guides always bathe with visitors, and though they have bathed there many hundreds of times, enjoy it as much as a fresh comer does. It is the most perfect bath I ever bathed in, and I have been in a good many different ones, hot and cold, in different parts of the world. We were all very sorry to leave the water; I myself could have spent several hours there very comfortably, but consoled myself with looking forward to endless baths there in the summer, and retired into the *manuka* to dress.

There is one feature about the Pink Terrace which is a disgrace to the English tourists. The buttresses are covered with hundreds of names of people who probably thought the only way of letting the world know of their existence would be to write their names on this terrace—a piece of Nature's handiwork about which it has been written, and truly, "anything so exquisite does not exist



OTUKAPUARANGI, ROTOMAHANA.

elsewhere in nature." Unfortunately, instead of the constant stream of water washing the names out, it has formed a transparent enamel over them, and rendered them indelible. But the natives are now always on the look-out for this sort of thing, and woe betide the unlucky tourist who is caught handing down his name to posterity by writing it on the Pink Terrace at Rotomahana!

After our bath we made for the canoe again, and after a pleasant paddle, made for the Kaiwaka, the warm stream that flows out of Rotomahana into Tarawera. Down this we went at a great rate, with a man paddling in the stern, and a woman in the bow with a long pole to keep us out of the banks, several times escaping shipwreck only by a hair's-breadth. The woman was not up to her work, and let the boat's head go into the bank occasionally, and how we kept afloat in that rapid stream I do not know. In several places we had to turn corners where there was not a foot of water to spare by the sides of the canoe; but we glided safely through somehow, till we came down to the Maori settlement again and changed the canoe for the big boat on Tarawera. The men were all ready for us, so we lost no time in setting off back again. They clamoured for rum, which we did not choose to give them, as we had

given them their dinners. So they quietly paddled on, saying we should be several hours late, and that they were not going to hurry themselves. Two of our party were annoyed at this, as they wished to start back for Ohinemutu by daylight, so I told them if they really wanted to get there early, the best thing would be to promise the men a bottle of rum if they rowed well. This we did, and they changed their easy paddle into a sharp, swinging stroke at once, and kept it up till we got back to Wairoa. Going across Tarawera they kept singing in turns, all joining in at the end of a verse, and keeping time with their oars. The Maoris are excellent musicians in their way, and keep time in a manner that would put to shame many a European chorus party.

Tarawera looks grand by the evening light, and every one of our party enjoyed the voyage back across the lake. Our two impatient friends, who were evidently doing as much touring as they could in a given time, started back to Ohinemutu by daylight, and were happy.

The natives' charges in connection with this sight-seeing are rather high, and during my visit the chiefs met in solemn conclave to consider the expediency of still further raising them. They know they have a good paying property in the terraces, and know that a

few shillings extra will not stop the tourists who have come several hundred miles purposely to see them; so they fleece strangers in a most exemplary manner. The charge for being rowed across Lake Tarawera varies from £2 to £1 per head, according to the number of passengers; and as generally all the boatmen have to do is to sit still and steer the boat and sing songs, as the boats can usually be sailed most of the way, it is a nice easy way of getting money. Then there are the guide's fee (12s.), fees for admission to terraces, canoe up the Kaiwaka, canoe on Rotomahana, and various other little charges, ingeniously introduced, which may run up the day's expenses to some £2 or £3 more for each person. But it is cheap at any price. The sight is magnificent, and (what is more valued by many tourists) unique. No one knows how long the terraces have been in existence. Even men of science do not venture to enlighten us as to how long that constant stream of water has flowed over these fairy-like structures, ever leaving coat after coat of silica, till the present gigantic mass has been formed. By boring through the mass and finding the thickness an idea might be formed of its age; but I doubt if the Maoris would allow of this, even for scientific purposes, so sacred do they hold Te Tarata.

It is strange, considering the restless, wandering habits of colonists in general, how few have ever taken the trouble to pay a visit to Rotomahana. Many have I met who have been many times backwards and forwards between New Zealand and the old country, and whose time is their own, who have never seen this wonderland of the southern hemisphere.¹

¹ My two last visits to this district have brought up sad memories. All these wonders are either blown up into infinitesimal fragments, or are buried 100 feet deep in mud. For an account of the awful changes that took place during the night of June 10, 1886, I must refer my readers to a later chapter.

CHAPTER XIII.

OHINEMUTU TO TAUPO.

ANY man who regrets the “good old days” of coaching would be pleased with New Zealand. I don’t mean to say he would get the same sort of vehicles, the same style of coachmen, or the same quality of roads that he had in days of yore between London and Birmingham; but coaching, as a means of getting about, he could enjoy to his heart’s content.

Colonists as a rule when they return home, that is to England—for such they all fondly call the mother country—are apt to leave an impression on the English mind that New Zealand has a perfect network of railways; and talk of the facilities one has for getting about, as if the journey from the Bluff to the Bay of Islands could be made in the same time as from Brighton to Thurso. This exaggeration is perhaps somewhat excusable on account of the very rapid growth of the “iron

way" in New Zealand. The colony has completely disregarded Lord Palmerston's three wants of a new country—"firstly, roads; secondly, more roads; thirdly, more roads still"; and has in many cases left the roads to be made by nature, and spent untold gold in making railways, of which no one (outside the confidence of the Cabinet) has ever been able to see the want or necessity. But a country of 1000 miles in length, and with a population of about half-a-million, however rich it may be, will take many years before its railway system is perfect, and hence some other way of travel must be employed suitable not only to either sex, but also for the transport of personal luggage. There is a splendid service of steamships round the coast, but even in a colony with such an extensive sea-front as New Zealand, all places are not on the sea, so this mode also falls short. The proper colonial way of travelling for a man is to buy a horse and saddle, costing, say £10, ride thirty or forty miles a day till the end of the journey is reached, then sell the animal and pig-skin again for what they will fetch. This is probably as cheap and expeditious a way of getting about as any, but luggage has to be dispensed with almost entirely, which does not suit every one. The true colonial never bothers himself with such an

encumbrance as a change of clothes, or a brush and comb in starting on a fortnight's trip. If he gets wet he hangs himself out to dry in front of the coffee-room fire of the inn he patronizes at night; and as to brushes and combs, they are always provided in every bedroom in colonial hotels, reminding me in this respect of Orcadian inns, where this is also done.

Those who travel with luggage in the "un-railwayed" interior must either do it in buggies or coaches, and as coaches are very much cheaper than hired buggies, there is a very considerable coach traffic wherever there are settlements of any size. The coaches also are very often subsidized by the Government for carrying mails, which, before the days that nearly all rivers were bridged, was occasionally a very hazardous undertaking.

There is no doubt that coach-travelling is an excellent way of seeing a country; and although since my first visit to New Zealand I have travelled many hundreds of miles in coaches in it, and the charm of novelty has fled, and the seats seem to get harder and harder, whenever I pass through new and interesting parts, I thoroughly enjoy my box-seat on the coach.

All the large coaches used in the colonies are hung on leather instead of springs, and are quite guiltless of any glass windows. The roads that they have to

pass over are sometimes terrible even to look at, and steel springs, however good, can never be depended on, while glass would be shivered to atoms at the first rut. On wet days very substantial windows are let down in the shape of leather blinds, but it is only in very bad weather that these are used. The leather-suspension coaches travel very easily, their chief motion being a sort of rolling, similar to that of a small boat at anchor in a very light sea.

On the day of my departure from Ohinemutu I was roused at 5 a.m., and at 6 a.m. was flying through the scrub on a four-horse coach in the direction of Whakarewarewa and the south. We had a team that would be called decidedly good in that district, but to any one accustomed to seeing first-rate horses they would have seemed not altogether perfect. There is hardly any grass in the neighbourhood of Ohinemutu at all, and corn is a fabulous price, so the wonder really is how they can afford to keep anything like a decent horse in the winter-time when they are required so little. When I heard that the team we had was to take us to Taupo, a distance of fifty-six miles, in one day, I began to wonder at what time that day would end.

We started away briskly, and soon reached Whaka-

rewarewa and its boiling pools, and were glad when we got out of the smell of sulphuretted hydrogen which pervades the district. The big geyser had been playing a few days before this, and I was in hopes of seeing it, but this morning it was not performing. This geyser, Waikite by name, is remarkable for its loyalty and courtesy to governors. On the occasion of the visit of the Marquis of Normanby, the then Governor, to Whakarewarewa, Waikite played to the height of 50 or 60 feet the very morning of his visit, although it had been comparatively inactive for four years. It has not played since excepting a few days before I left the neighbourhood, when a native told me it spurted vigorously for several hours.¹

After Whakarewarewa the country is uninteresting and monotonous for a long distance, nothing but dry fern on all sides. Ground-larks and sky-larks seemed to be the only tenants of these parts, as with their exception there was not a living thing to be seen for miles. Farther on, when we came to the *manuka*, a big long-legged spaniel that followed us all the way,

¹ Since the eruption of Tarawera mountain, the geysers of Whakarewarewa have increased wonderfully in power, and now several of them play almost continually from 30 feet to 100 feet high. On my last visit to this place I saw Waikite playing to the height of 80 feet or 90 feet.

put up a good many pheasants, which ought, I think, to increase very rapidly in such a district, as it is almost impossible to get near them; and being so far from any settlement it is scarcely likely that their numbers will be much thinned by sportsmen.

A few miles onward and we sighted a long, flat-shaped hill, rather resembling Table Mountain, which we kept in sight for a long time; in fact, it seemed as if we were never to get away from it. Horo Horo, as it is called, is really a good-sized mountain, standing in the middle of a rather flat piece of country. It is 2800 feet high, but from its peculiar shape does not appear half that height. It is a mountain about which Maori tradition has much to say; but then, now I come to think of it, what mountain, river, or plain is there which is without volumes of legends connected with it?

On all sides of us the dry fern was burning, leaving dark patches on the hill-side and plain, in the midst of the rich brown of the fern which was not quite dry enough to burn. In some places we could see the fresh green shoots just coming through the ground where the old fern had been burnt off.

We met several parties of mounted Maoris, and some of them generally had commissions for the driver

in Taupo or Napier, and stopped us to give voluminous instructions about the purchases they wanted made. Maoris in the outlying districts make very free use of the coach-driver, giving him all sorts of things to do in the towns he visits; and it pays him to do all he can to oblige them, as if anything goes wrong with his coach, and he wants help, the Maoris will put themselves to any amount of trouble to put things right again.

Towards midday we came up to the great Waikato river, the largest in New Zealand; a river which is said to have the finest land in the island on its banks, but which saying is anything but accurate; as, while there certainly is good land on some parts of the lower reaches of the river, the upper part runs through country that would be dear at any price. It is, however, a noble river even up here, which is, I suppose, some two hundred miles from its mouth. After travelling some little distance along the river bank, we lost sight of the water, and drove up a steep hill, round which rolled the Waikato again; and at the bottom of the hill we crossed the river by a substantial wooden bridge, and pulled up at a *wharé* hard by for a rest. This place, which bears the euphonious name of Ateamuri, is the half-way station between Ohinemutu and Taupo;

and the *wharé* is inhabited by two men who keep a small store, and farm a little bit of land; but a more out-of-the-world place to live in it would be difficult to find. In summer, when the traffic is greater, the coach proprietor keeps changes of horses here, as frequently there are four coaches a week between Taupo and Ohinemutu.

The scenery at Ateamuri is very lovely. Just in front of the store is a sharp bend of the river, and a little below is a small waterfall, where the river rushes over and among huge boulders in a most picturesque fashion. About half-a-mile below the bridge is a high rock shaped like a sugar-loaf, with a flattish top; and in former and more bellicose days this formed a fortress of great strength for the Maoris in the district in the inter-tribal wars. The top looks inaccessible, but the natives found a way up, and once up nothing could be easier than to prevent others coming up, as the rock is almost perpendicular for one or two hundred feet. The Maoris called their fortress Pohaturua (the high rock).

After leaving Ateamuri the country is barren and uninteresting for several miles. The ground is covered in every direction with fern of no great height or luxuriance, showing the poverty of the soil; and occasional

patches of flax and cabbage-trees are to be seen. The coach-road passes through a small patch of bush, but it has lost the undergrowth, which is the great charm of the New Zealand forest.

Towards the end of the day we came in sight of Taupo lake, a vast sheet of water, about thirty miles long by twenty broad. The size of the lake evidently impressed the Maoris, as they called it Taupo Moana, or the Inland Sea. Right away at the far end of the lake, towering grandly above a high, snowclad range of mountains, loomed the two gigantic volcanoes, Ruapehu and Tongariro. As we approached the lake from the north the two summits were almost in a line, and could barely be distinguished from one another; but as the clouds lifted for a few minutes and gave us a clear view of the mountains in their mantle of snow, with the gold of the setting sun on them, it was a sight which I shall not easily forget.

We passed one or two small Maori *haingas* in the last few miles, and the noise of the coach brought the natives out in a body; for even the passing of a coach is an excitement for them in their quiet homes.

When within a few miles of Taupo we came in view of the hot springs of Wairakei, which are very numerous. This district will probably prove a formidable

rival to Ohinemutu when the country is more opened up, as not only are the natural wonders of the place very numerous and remarkable, but the medicinal qualities of the springs are said to be of great value. The hot springs continue at intervals from Wairakei up to within a mile of Taupo, or Tapuwaecharuru, as the township is properly called, but there they cease, and there are none in the immediate vicinity of the settlement.

Just before entering Tapuwaecharuru we crossed the Waikato river again, within a quarter of a mile of where it flows out of the lake: and in a short time pulled up at the door of the Post Office to leave the mails and sundry parcels. Up came one of the Armed Constabulary men to the coach, and after saluting the coachman, asked—

“Anything for us, Pat?”

“Case of dynamite,” replied Pat.

“Anything else?”

“Parcel of fuse.”

“All right, out with it.”

And forthwith from under my seat Pat pulled out a box containing 100 lbs. of dynamite, and a parcel of fuse for the same. Now I have a great respect for explosives, dynamite especially; and I don't think I

should have been so happy all day had I known that I was sitting on a case of dynamite. Whom or what the A. C. (as they are generally called) were going to blow up I didn't inquire, but to my unscientific mind there seemed enough to start a small volcanic eruption.

Gallagher's Hotel, where I put up, was full of surveying parties, and a noisy, boisterous set they were. Surveyors and their attendants spend most of their time in camps, but when they do come across a good hotel they generally hold high jinks during their stay. They are, as a rule, a jolly, good-humoured lot; and I have experienced much kindness from them in my wanderings off beaten tracks.

Tapuwacharuru, or Taupo, as the township as well as the lake is generally called, because the English tongue, as a rule, has no time to run round six-syllabled Maori words, is not an imposing place. It owes its existence entirely to being the head-quarters of the Armed Constabulary. It was occupied by a strong force during the more troublous times, and the Government have, very wisely, always kept a body of men there since. The barracks form a great part of the township; there are also two or three hotels, a few stores, and a small number of white men's houses and Maori *wharés*. The township is close down to the edge of

the lake; and a splendid view of the long ranges of mountains away to the south-west can be had from the buildings. Away down the lake Motutaiko, the solitary island of Taupo lake is visible, but it is of small size.

There is probably no other part of New Zealand which has more wonders related of it, and which the Maoris dread more than Taupo Moana and its surroundings. *Taniwhas* of all shapes and sizes are hidden in its depths, and decoy all unwary mariners who venture on its waters; at least so I am told. There is no doubt at all that Taupo lake has been formed by the subsidence of land from the action of Tongariro; and there is still less doubt that there is a good deal of subterranean action still going on in the neighbourhood. Now, where this action is very violent and the water is shallow, the surface of the lake is kept in constant movement. From this circumstance the wonderfully fertile brain of the Maori conjures up *taniwhas* of all kinds, and dreadful are the deeds they have committed in days of old. There are many parts of the lake where the action of springs or geysers under water is distinctly seen on the surface, and near these the Maori will not venture. If you chaff him for his cowardice, he will get out of it by saying the place is *tapu*, since some eight-syllabled chief was

dragged under by a *taniwha* there. If we are to believe all the reports we hear from the "Inland Sea," the water is constantly rising and falling in a remarkable manner, and the level was particularly changeable for some months before the eruption of Tarawera.

It is a curious, weird district this. Away down beyond the end of the lake stands Tongariro, steaming away incessantly; while the powerful internal rumblings occasionally heard are sufficient to make people living in the neighbourhood remember with awe the dark deeds that the old volcano has done many years ago. At the foot of Tongariro is Tokanu, another edition of what Rotomahana was, full of hot springs, mud-holes, and volcanic activity generally. From Tokanu there is one long unbroken line of horrible sulphurous country right through to White Island in the Bay of Plenty. This line runs through Wairakei, Orakei-korako, the Paeroa ranges, Rotomahana, Tarawera, Ohinemutu, and Rotorua, each of which places contains wonders of nature enough to satisfy any one except a New Zealander. This whole district is literally alive; hot springs can be found almost anywhere; steam-holes, geysers, and crumbling sulphurous ground are too plentiful to be pleasant, and too ubiquitous for any

one unacquainted with the various places to venture about without a guide.

Wairakei is but some six or seven miles from Taupo, and is fast becoming a resort of the wonder-seekers. There is a small hotel now, and visitors can stay and see the geysers and mud-holes at their ease. At the time of my visit the accommodation was rather primitive; but tourists are venturing farther afield now than they used to, and accommodation has to be provided. Wairakei has many of the objects of interest that are to be seen at Ohinemutu and Whakarewarewa, and has one or two small terraces of silica in course of formation. But to me I think the two most interesting things were a large pool of white mud ever boiling and bubbling, and a boiling pool of a bright blue colour, some 40 feet \times 30 feet, with the edges of the basin encrusted with lovely white coral-like silica.

Quite close to Tapuwaecharuru is Te Huka, a rapid and waterfall which are well worth seeing. The whole of the Waikato river, which is an important one even here, narrows very suddenly, and runs between walls of rock for nearly a quarter of a mile, the greatest width being about 35 feet. The impetus gained by a big river suddenly narrowing to this extent can be

easily imagined, and when at the end of the narrow channel the water foams over a ridge of rock into a deep pool, the force of the falling torrent must be tested to be appreciated. The Maoris say that many years ago a party of natives were visiting some friends near Taupo, and were boasting of their cleverness in managing their canoes in rough water, when their host said he thought he could show them a stream they couldn't navigate. They agreed to try it, and with a big canoe and sixty men set off down the Waikato. When they got into the channel they found out their mistake, and one man managed to jump ashore, but the other fifty-nine went over the falls in their canoe into the deep dark pool, and haven't come up yet.

It would be unjust to write about Tapuwaeharuru and not to mention "Lofley's," as it is still called, after a former owner. It is an accommodation house a little way out of the township, situated in a pretty little glen, through which run streams of hot and cold water which unite not far from the house. The most luxuriant bathing is here to be enjoyed, in water of any temperature required; while the accommodation is most homely and comfortable. The house is at present in the hands of a Mr. Joshua, who maintains the reputation for comfort that it has gained.

There are many places of great interest to be visited from Taupo, such as Orakeikorako on the Waikato to the north, and Tokanu at the southern end of the lake. Each has its quantum of wonders in the way of hot springs, steam-holes, geysers, &c.; while Orakeikorako and the neighbouring Paeroa range have some of the most treacherous ground I have ever seen. Every now and then one comes across a large patch of hot, crumbling earth, which gives way like a quicksand. In one of these places an adventurous scientific friend of mine spent some time buried above the knees, before he could extricate himself. Tokanu has some of the best hot bathing pools I have seen in the district, several large pools being deep enough to swim in, and only pleasantly warm. In these the natives spend a great part of their time, especially in cold weather.

Tapuwacharuru is a pleasant place to stay in till one has exhausted its sights and wonders; there is so much to be seen in the neighbourhood, but so little in the township itself. It is, however, one of the healthiest places in the island. Lying high above sea-level, and away from the sea itself, which makes so much of New Zealand humid, it has a dry bracing climate, and will, I believe, when the iron way gets

a little closer to it, be a favourite retreat for Aucklanders in the heat of the summer.

Although on this visit my stay in the Thermal Springs district had extended over several months, I was almost sorry to leave Taupo and its surroundings; but I did not say "farewell" to it, but "*au revoir*."

CHAPTER XIV.

TAUPO TO NAPIER.

I WAS called before daybreak on the day of my departure from Taupo, and had the great satisfaction of watching a lovely clear sunrise, and the first streak of morning gold light up the higher snows on Tongariro. It is very seldom that these mountains are clear in the morning; in fact this was the first time I had ever seen them without clouds much before midday. A few soft lines of mist were driving steadily across the base of the ranges, but did not obscure the heights at all.

At six a.m. we were away southward on a good coach, with a team of three horses and a mule. I pitied that poor little mule when I heard he had to help to drag us fifty miles before night; but he didn't want any pity, for he held out much better than the horses did, as it turned out. Before we had gone half

the distance one horse was about done up, but managed to keep on his legs to the end of the journey.

We went away at a great pace at first, but soon calmed down to a steady, business-like trot, which was kept up throughout the day. The road lies for some little distance along the shore of Lake Taupo; and as the morning was especially fine, we had a grand view of the mountains and lake. Ruapehu and Tongariro were in sight for many hours; in fact we seemed to be gradually working round them. As we got farther southward they appeared farther apart; and after two or three hours' drive we had a lovely view of them side by side, not in a line as they appear from Taupo; and one could realize the height of the two rivals (Maori tradition) from their enormous expanse of snow. Ruapehu is 9200 feet high, and Tongariro about 7000 feet; and they make the neighbouring ranges look very small, albeit they are some 3000 feet or 4000 feet high.

I was not alone on the coach, although it was winter-time and scarcely any one travelling. One of my fellow-passengers was an A. C. man in uniform; the other was a young giant in plain dress. The latter got out to walk at every hill and on every opportunity, and walked easily away from the A. C. man, who generally

tried to accompany him. I was somewhat surprised to learn that the big man was a prisoner on the way down to the Napier convict establishment, and that the A. C. man was in charge of him. He had been a member of the A. C. himself, but had been convicted of stealing something from the Maoris, and dismissed the force. His guard seemed to have complete confidence in him, and allowed him to walk on alone whenever he liked, and he was frequently a quarter of a mile ahead. He had plenty of opportunity of making off into the bush if he had wished to do so, but had evidently made up his mind that it would not be a good thing to do, and came back to the coach.

Just before coming to Opepe, a small settlement some fifteen miles from Taupo, a group of natives were waiting to send letters; and among them was an old scamp known as "Te Kooti's butcher," from his having killed and cut up some white people in days gone by at Te Kooti's order. A short time ago he would not have dared to venture far from his *pa*, as he would have been speedily arrested for his misdeeds if he had been seen near a settlement; but now he, with a lot of other ruffians of the same class, has been pardoned, and is allowed to rest in peace. In

1870 a small party of white men were encamped at the edge of the bush near Opepe; and one afternoon a couple of Maoris appeared in the camp armed with bayonets, and in the usual uniform of the loyal natives, and commenced talking to the Englishmen. As they got friendly the Britishers got off their guard, and had no sentry posted, when as they lay on their backs in the sun they were surprised by a party of Hau-hau natives and murdered. Seven men were killed, the remaining two escaped into the bush, where they lived in great privation for several days before they dared to venture to the camp at Taupo. "Te Kooti's butcher," whose acquaintance I had the honour of making, was one of the party that murdered the seven Englishmen. A year or two ago a sort of general pardon was agreed upon for all these wretches, and now Te Kooti, who ruthlessly murdered men, women, and children of his own race besides Europeans, lives in peace and plenty at Otewa on the Waipa river; while his "butcher," whose rotundity is only equalled by that of his old master, lives quietly near Opepe, the scene of one of his choicest massacres; and becoming civilized, comes down to the coach to post his letters—perhaps to his agent in Napier, telling him to invest his incoming rents in N. Z. Government stock,—who knows?

At Opepe we stopped a short time to rest the horses, but soon resumed our journey. We had a very cold drive across the open plains for several hours. The country is scantily covered with the yellow native grass, and occasional patches of scrub. Away to the eastward roam droves of wild horses, but they seldom approach the road. Attempts are made to catch them occasionally, but with small success. When any one does succeed in catching a horse a Maori owner immediately turns up, and demands either the horse or its monetary equivalent; consequently catching wild horses is not a lucrative pursuit.

About mid-day we arrived at a pretty little stream called the Rangitaiki, where we stopped to give the horses an hour's rest, and to eat our lunch. When we were putting the team in the coach again, the mule, which was throughout the gamest of the four, started away for a gallop over the prairie, and took some time to catch, in spite of the heavy harness on its back. On we went again for another hour or so over the flats, and about two o'clock entered a magnificent gorge, through which the river Waipunga flows, and did not leave the gorge again till we reached our stopping-place for the night. I suppose it is some twenty-five miles long, and abounds in some of the most magnificent scenery I ever

saw. Steep fern-clad hills rise on either side of the river to an immense height, and in many places the summits are covered with patches of dark dense bush. Creeks and gullies abound on all sides, and the rushing, roaring, splashing torrent below helps to make up a grand picture of wild nature.

Where we entered the gorge there is a high straggling waterfall, where the Waipunga leaves the flat prairie and falls suddenly several hundred feet into the level of the gorge. The face of the cliff over which it falls is rugged and uneven, and not quite perpendicular; and as the stream precipitates itself over the rock, the water becomes divided by the uneven surface, and forms a dozen of the most delightful little cascades. These mountains would make excellent deer-forests, and it is a pity some enterprising Acclimatisation Society does not stock them. Farther south in the Wairarapa ranges, which are far less suitable than these, the deer are thriving splendidly, and now afford excellent sport to those who live near enough to get at them. As for the Waipunga itself, sure no better river for trout was ever seen. It is full of beautiful, clear, quick-running water, with here and there a deep still pool whose rocks would afford shelter to many a bonny fish; I could almost fancy I saw a fat three-pounder *salmo fario* lying

under the overhanging banks; but, alas! it was an illusion; there are no trout yet in the Waipunga. The various Acclimatisation Societies have done excellent work in stocking many New Zealand waters, but they have not reached such out-of-the-way parts as these.

About six p.m. we came to a densely-wooded part of the gorge known as "the Nunnery," and here we crossed the river by a strong wooden bridge, and after half-an-hour's climbing out of the gorge, arrived at Tarawera. This Tarawera is as peaceful and quiet as its more northern namesake is "eruptive" and "earthquaky." Maori names are very often repeated, even in small districts, which is sometimes very confusing. The quantities of "Wairoas" that I have seen is something astonishing. Maoris have a way of naming a place after some peculiar feature of a landscape, or after some incident which happened there. *Pakeha* readers are cautioned not to inquire too much as to the meaning of Maori names, as some of the latter are scarcely polite, however euphonious they may be. One of our horses could only just crawl up the last hill, being quite done up by the fifty-mile stage of bad roads; but we brought up the team complete, although the coachman several times meditated leaving the tired horse on the road.

A peaceful Arcadian existence must be that of the dwellers at Tarawera. The little township, which consists of something under a dozen houses, is grandly situated on a steep hill-side in the midst of a dense bush; but I can't help thinking that the inhabitants must get tired of their own company occasionally in the winter-time. At the little hotel, which I found surprisingly comfortable, the prisoner we had brought down with us from Taupo was particularly merry, playing the concertina and singing songs all the evening; in fact he was much jollier than his guard, who, however, made no attempt to restrain this curiously-timed merriment.

There is at Tarawera a hot spring, which is said to possess the finest medicinal qualities of any spring in the colony (now I come to think of it, every other spring I ever saw had this peculiarity too); but as it is a little way out of the village, and we had to leave before daylight in the morning, I had no time to investigate it. We were up at five a.m. next morning, but did not get away till 6.30. We had a fresh and strong team of horses, and rattled down the steep sides of the mountain and round sharp corners in a way that was not altogether pleasant, as the road was very narrow, and the corners very sharp, and there was no fence of

any kind to prevent us crashing down the almost perpendicular cliffs, had anything gone wrong with the horses. Our driver tried to reassure us by telling us of a coach and four horses that did fall over one of these cliffs once; but as he concluded his narrative by saying that all that was left of the coach was a heap of dust and a few pieces of iron, I declined to be reassured that way. When we got down to the bottom of the first hill we crossed a creek, and commenced a long steep ascent of four or five miles. We all got out of the coach and walked ahead, but even without our weight it was as much as the four strong horses could do to get the coach up these awful apologies for roads. From the creek to the top of the ridge is a rise of 1255 feet, with scarcely a piece of ground flat enough to stop the coach on to give the horses a rest.

Once on the top of the hill, we had a magnificent view; for twenty or thirty miles in every direction we saw nothing but mountain tops without number, and packed, apparently, as closely as they well could be. Many of the hills were densely clad with heavy bush right to their summits; while others had nothing beyond the monotonous fern, and occasional patches of flax. In the whole view there was scarcely a single blade of green grass to be seen, nothing but several

hundred thousand acres of land untouched by the hand of man. The air was delightfully fresh on the summit, and I sat down awhile to enjoy the fresh breeze and the lovely view. I had not been sitting down many moments when out of the fern came a big brown rat, and trotted quietly up to have a look at me. We surveyed one another for a time, when the rat evidently made up his mind that I was nobody in particular, and that he needn't take any notice of me, and forthwith he turned into the fern again, and commenced to climb up the stems and to perform Blondin feats on the branches. I watched him in silence for a long time, wondering what he was trying to do; it seemed to me that he must have lost his way, and was climbing up the tallest fern-stalks to take observations; anyhow I didn't think he was performing gymnastic tricks for my edification. I was much astonished to see a rat at that altitude at all, as there was certainly nothing that he could eat, except fern-root, unless he descended over 1000 feet. Had he been a *hiore*, or Maori rat, one could have given him a pathetic biography at once. He would have been another "Last of the Barons," one of the few surviving real Maori aristocratic rats, pursued by the vulgar *parvenu* British rat until he had taken refuge at last on one of his own fern-clad peaks,

and there resolved to die, fighting bravely—against hunger. But this would not do at all. The rat himself was the *parvenu*—the British or Norwegian rat—therefore, unless he was on a camping-out expedition, and taking his food with him, I couldn't understand his being there at all. However, the noise of the coach broke up my meditations, and the rat, giving me a look which seemed to say, "Here's some more of these interlopers coming, I can't stand this," disappeared into the bracken.

There are scarcely any native rats or *hiores* now remaining, as they have been killed off, it is supposed, by the brown rat, which is so common everywhere as to be a perfect nuisance. The Maoris look upon the extinction of the *hiore* as an emblem of the decay of their race, and say, "As the English grass is fatal to the Maori grass, and the English rat to the Maori rat, so must the Maori himself be swept off the fern-home of his fathers by the ever-advancing tide of British colonization."¹

We could just make out from the summit of the hill

¹ This last line is *not* a translation from the Maori, which is a remarkably simple and unaffected language. The ponderous sentence above quoted emanates, I am told, from the fertile brain of an emigration tout.

the road we had to traverse some dozen miles farther on across the wide valleys; and in the distance the dark outline of the Titikura range stood clearly out—a range we had to climb before we reached Napier.

The rate we went down that hill was really alarming; the horses were going at a hard gallop most of the way, in spite of dray-ruts and sharp corners. But our driver, although young and somewhat reckless, was well up to his work, and never took the coach-wheels nearer than twelve inches to the edge of the precipices, which is moderately careful driving for a colonial. It had taken us over an hour to climb this hill, but we came down 1200 feet into the next valley in fourteen minutes.

Some few miles farther on we passed several drays, some drawn by horses, but most of them by long teams of bullocks; how we passed them I don't quite know yet—we seemed to be suspended in the air over a precipice, while they were at the bottom of a ditch on the other side of the road. These drays travel very slowly, and the drivers have to camp several nights on a fifty-mile stage.

Farther on we met several large parties of Maoris on the move, all on horseback, the women mostly riding in the same way as their lords and masters. Maoris are a nomadic people, fond of journeying about the

country on visits to their friends; and as etiquette demands that the tribe they honour with their presence should supply them with food in plenty, they have no baggage to bother themselves with.

All the people we passed had letters for our driver; stage-coach drivers have always to act as a sort of perambulating letter-box.

After a few miles of flattish country we came to the Mohaka river just by the Falls. A large stream tumbles over a fan-shaped rock, about 100 feet high, into the river Mohaka. The Falls are not very picturesque in themselves, but the river and surroundings have a great deal of wild beauty, which, however, is not improved by a hideous wooden bridge and a good-sized hotel. On the other side of the Mohaka we had another steep hill to climb which about settled the horses; but not far ahead were the coach stables, where we left the tired animals to their well-earned repose.

Half-an-hour's walk brought us to an accommodation house, where we partook of some wild pork and cake, the usual fare at up-country inns. The flesh of the wild pig, which feeds entirely on fern-root, is vastly superior to home-fed pork, and resembles venison not a little. Before our meal was over the driver was at the door with his coach and a team of really good, strong horses,

fretting and rearing and impatient to be off. The team was a great contrast to the former ones we had had, but we were nearing Napier, and the coach proprietor knew the advantage of showing off a good team in a town. Naturally a man won't send good horses to do a fifty-mile stage, but gets old screws worth from £3 to £6 apiece, and then he doesn't much care if one does get killed occasionally. We went away at a grand rate, our near leader, a chestnut mare well known in these parts, prancing and showing off in great form, and she kept up her liveliness right into Napier.

We thought we had been going fast earlier in the day, but the pace was better now, and the roads seemed if possible a trifle worse. An Englishman has to travel over a colonial unmetalled mountain track in winter before he can appreciate his own well-laid highways properly. Our road was about eighteen inches deep in mud, with ruts innumerable, and at times we thought unfathomable. Over this we did not travel quite smoothly; and at times I heard many an exclamation, not exactly a pious supplication to Providence, from my fellow-passengers as they left their seats and bumped their heads against the roof in passing a bigger rut than usual. Sitting a clever hunter over Leicestershire's biggest fences is not to be compared to sitting a coach galloping down the

Kaimanawa ranges. We soon reached flatter land, and went along more steadily; and about two p.m. we entered a gully between high hills, and between which hills a river also flows; and the road and the river are so mixed up that in the space of eight miles we crossed that river forty-eight times. The river runs through the gully snake fashion, while the road runs nearly straight, hence all the crossings, which are quite unavoidable. The first part of the river is small and shallow, but lower down it gets broad, and after rain deep, and the horses have occasionally to swim and drag the coach, half floating, half rolling, after them. We expected the river to be high, as there had been a good deal of rain during the last few days. Our driver solemnly told us that we were sure to be all right, as, even if the river were high, we had a good heavy load which would keep the coach down. Happily we had no need to test this, as the water was not quite so high as we expected. After crossing this river forty-eight times we were glad to turn our backs on it. It is generally known as the Petane river, but the Maoris call it the Waiohingaanga.

As soon as we were well out of the river-bed we began to see the fresh green willows and grass of Petane, the first green herbage I had seen for some months, as in the Hot Lake district there is hardly anything but the

yellow native grass and fern. It was decidedly pleasant to be driving under a row of fine willows in their fresh spring foliage, with their long branches occasionally sweeping the roof of the coach ; it seemed like suddenly passing out of the tropics into a land of fresh verdure. The little township of Petane is prettily situated on the river bank, with a hill rising immediately behind it. It contains some splendid land, and is the commencement of the great Hawkes Bay district, which supplies a great part of New Zealand with live stock. Hawkes Bay province contains the finest stretch of grass land in the North Island, and is eminently suited for pastoral purposes.

A little farther on and the Spit, as the township around Napier harbour is called, came in sight, and we bowled merrily along for the last few miles of the journey. Our prisoner became very sad as we neared Napier ; I believe he was wishing he had made off into the bush when he had the chance about the high land of Tarawera ; but it was too late now, and on reaching the town he was safely handed over to the care of the warders of Napier gaol, while I turned into the comfortable Criterion Hotel, to be lulled to sleep by the ceaseless murmur of the Pacific Ocean.

CHAPTER XV.

AUCKLAND TO LYTTELTON, *vid* NELSON.

ABOUT a year after I first landed in New Zealand, a longing to visit America seized me; but as I did not know when I might be in New Zealand again, I determined to see as much as I could of the colony before I left it. The Alpine district of the South Island was the chief thing I had left unseen, and that I determined to visit forthwith. I was in Auckland at the time, and just before starting south I met a travelling friend who was busy doing nothing, and him I easily persuaded to accompany me. The east coast of the North Island we had already seen, so we took our tickets from the Manukau, or western harbour of Auckland. Auckland is situated at the narrowest part of the island, and the Manukau harbour on the western side is only some five miles from the Hauraki Gulf, or Auckland harbour proper. The

wonderful Union Steamship Company keep up a constant and excellent service of steamships on each side of the island, the only difference being that on the west coast the steamers have to be smaller, in order to be able to enter the Manukau harbour, which has a dangerous bar. For a new and distant colony like New Zealand, the coastal steamship service is surprisingly good. They have a fleet of nearly thirty steamers, varying from 100 tonners for service on the small rivers, to the magnificent 2000 tonners, fitted with every known convenience.

We left Onehunga, the little town on the Manukau, in the S.S. *Rotorua* shortly after midday, and an hour or so after crossed the dreaded Manukau bar. The big lines of surf and spray breaking over the sands are visible from a great distance, and seem to block up the entire harbour mouth. The passage is very narrow and not an easy one, and we went as slowly as possible through it, and took soundings continually. "By the deep, six," gradually diminished to "and a quarter, three," which was quite shallow enough to be pleasant with a heavy sea running, as we were drawing twelve feet. I have been over the bar many times since then in all sorts of weathers, and can testify to the admirable care always displayed by the captains

of the steamers at this awkward "bit." Away to the north of the bar, where the breakers were thickest, I was shown the spot where H.M.S. *Orpheus* was wrecked many years ago. Not a soul was saved from the ill-fated ship, and she was soon broken to pieces by the surf.

From the Manukau Heads to Taranaki, or New Plymouth, as some interfering Government person has renamed it, we had a pleasant run in spite of a rather heavy swell, and came to an anchor early the following morning. This renaming of places is a most iniquitous practice, and leads to endless confusion. Almost every acre in New Zealand possesses already a Maori name, and Maori names are always euphonious; but in many cases these are ignored by the Government in favour of some English names already in use in half-a-dozen different colonies, as well as in England. Another hideous method of naming settlements founded by men ambitious of handing themselves down to posterity somehow, is to use their own names and add "ville" or "town" at the end of it; hence, instead of some really original and well-sounding native name, we have "Smithstown" and "Jonesville"! Poor Smith! Poor Jones! I'm sorry for you.

But during this digression the *Rotorua* is riding at

anchor in an unusually calm sea for Taranaki. There is no harbour—no pretence of one, but an open roadstead into which the long lines of swell from the open Pacific seem ever to roll. When I first visited this port we were sent ashore in whale-boats, constructed to withstand the severe bumping they frequently got on the beach. Now a long breakwater has been built, and passengers are landed on this from a small steam tug which plies backwards and forwards; and on very calm days the steamer comes up alongside the breakwater itself. We had just time to get a walk ashore, and that was all, and before lunch time we were away again bound for Nelson. Mount Egmont, the mountain-guardian of Taranaki, was not quite clear, but one may pass it many times without getting a cloudless view of its 8270 feet of height. We kept very close to the coast for a considerable distance, and could see much of the land between Taranaki and Wanganui, which was at that time exercising the minds of the land speculators. We were in Nelson by daylight, and the view of “Sleepy Hollow” at sunrise was very beautiful. Why, I wonder, should Nelson be called “Sleepy Hollow”? The other towns in New Zealand have a patronizing way of talking of Nelson and her “sleepiness”; but why the name is not equally suitable

to other colonial towns I have never been able to see. All colonial towns appear sleepy and lifeless to any one accustomed to the worry and bustle of London or Paris, but I do not think Nelson is sleepier than several others.

The sun had not yet topped the high hills at the back of the town when I came on deck, and the bold outline of the higher ranges, clad in the soft mists of the early morning, and standing out against the pale yellow light of the rising sun, was a sight to be long remembered. The harbour of Nelson is somewhat curiously formed; a long natural "boulder bank" entirely protects the town from the effects of the rough seas which are to be frequently seen outside. The entrance is very narrow, and the Harbour Board deem it necessary to supply pilots to guide vessels in and out. The landing-place is about a mile from Nelson, but has a sort of separate town to itself, much in the same way as Napier and the Spit. A pleasant winding walk leads into Nelson, which is beautifully situated in a hollow in the hills which nearly surround it. If it were really a more "sleepy" place than its rivals, I am sure there would be every justification for it, as a more perfect place for an idle man it would be difficult to find. The houses are nearly all built

of wood, and the streets are broad—a typical colonial town in fact. At first sight it is difficult to realize that there is a population of 7315 in the town, so artfully are the many charming residences hidden away behind their tall bushy shelter-trees.

One of the principal industries of Nelson is fruit growing, and there is scarcely a settlement in the colony into which Nelson fruits, either fresh or preserved, do not find their way. If it is a “sleepy hollow,” it can supply large quantities of fruit in a season when semi-tropical Auckland and other towns have to chronicle a failure in their fruit crops. Its beautiful sheltered hills and gardens are quite ideal places for fruit-growing, and I think that Nelson will always take the lead in this industry in New Zealand. There are also a good many hop-gardens in and about Nelson, and the climate is said to be very favourable to the growth of hops. It has long been the resort of men of means who have come from India, and other warmer climates, to settle down with the idea of doing nothing but enjoying themselves, and it is to this fact, I think, that the place owes its *sobriquet* of “Sleepy Hollow.” Because there are a good many inhabitants who are not actively engaged in either businesses or professions, it has been looked upon as a lazy place. A pretty little stream

from the hills flows through Nelson, and after wandering about in picturesque curves through the well-sheltered gardens, empties itself into the harbour. I have been several times to Nelson, and have always left it with regret; there is a homely look and feeling about the place that makes one wish for a more intimate acquaintance.

It was after midday when the *Rotorua* left, and the day being bright and fine, we had good views of the fine cliff-bound coast to the northward. About four o'clock we came to the French Pass, about which one hears so much. It is a narrow passage between D'Urville's Island and the mainland, and the tides and currents seem to be always in a state of conflict in the channel. From the fuss that is made about it I had expected to see something equal to the Iron Gates of the Danube, but the French Pass is child's play compared to it, and although the tide rushes through with great force, there does not appear to be any great difficulty in navigating it, so long as it is done by daylight. The rocky islands are very picturesque, and the passage is altogether very intricate, but there is but little of the danger one reads so much of.

About eight p.m. we arrived at Picton, and as it has

been my lot to arrive at Picton at night-time on each of my visits, and as Picton does not possess street-lamps, my knowledge of the place is small. We landed, and had a walk in spite of it being a wet night, but where we went, or what Picton looks like by daylight, I really can't say. There is a very considerable export of timber from this port; and it also owes a good deal to its being the nearest town in the Middle Island to Wellington. I get a good deal mixed up as to which is the Middle Island and which is the South. Nearly every one speaks of the Middle Island as the South Island, and the term Middle Island is scarcely ever used. Poor little Stewart's Island is ignored, that is all. After a stay of two hours we left Picton, and by daylight next morning were in Lyttelton harbour.

CHAPTER XVI.

LYTTELTON TO INVERCARGILL.

I DID not wake till the early breakfast on board ship was over, and had only just time to catch the morning train up to Christchurch. Had I missed this train I should also have missed the Dunedin express at Christchurch, so I departed breakfastless. At Christchurch I found we had only ten minutes to wait for the express, during which time I managed to get a bundle of sandwiches, and a return ticket to Kingston, available for six weeks, for which I paid the very moderate sum of £5 for first class. During the tourist season railway tickets are issued at reduced rates, and one may travel very cheaply wherever there is an "iron way." With very few exceptions the whole of the railways in New Zealand (some 1700 miles) are in the hands of the Government, and in the summer-time tickets are issued for, I think, the sum of £8, which pass the holder over

all the Government railways in the colony for the term of six weeks. The carriages in use on long journeys, as between Christchurch and Dunedin, are on the American principle, and are very comfortable. At first these carriages were imported from America, but now I believe they make every kind in the Government workshops.

The Canterbury Plains are not interesting to travel over, except, perhaps, to an agriculturist; and before one has been a few hours on them they get decidedly monotonous. Immense areas of yellow grass stretch away in every direction, and there are very few hedges or fences to break up the flat look of the land. Gorse is used a good deal for fencing in Canterbury, and indeed all over New Zealand, and makes an extremely serviceable hedge if it is only kept in order. The usual way to use it is to build a turf bank and plant the gorse on the top, by which means it can easily be prevented from spreading. Where this is not done, and the gorse is not constantly looked after, I have seen miles of hedges which have gone on spreading until they have become twenty and thirty yards wide, of a thick impenetrable mass. Many of the paddocks are of immense size, that is, to an English idea; but in the colonies paddocks of a few thousand acres each are not by any means considered

large. I once asked a Queensland squatter what he called a big paddock; he said they did not consider anything under a hundred square miles very large. This seems incredible to an English mind; but it must be remembered that farms and runs are large in proportion, and any week one may see advertised in the principal Australian papers, runs to let, or for sale, of from three thousand to five thousand square miles.

The Canterbury Plains are well watered, and every now and then the train passes over some wide swift-flowing river, whose sloping banks of shingle and sand are all covered during a spate. The contrast between the English and native grasses is very striking, as the former always seems to look green and fresh by the side of the dry yellow native grass.

It is a weary journey, especially for the first few hours; but after Timaru is passed, the line lies quite close to the sea for a great distance, in fact with a few breaks until Dunedin is reached. At Timaru and Oamaru the train makes short stops, just sufficiently long to enable one to stretch one's legs, which is quite enjoyable after being cooped up in the dusty carriages for so long. I would have liked to have made a short stay at each of these seaport towns, as they are well worthy of a visit; but although I have passed through them three or four

times on the railway, I have never had an opportunity of seeing all I could wish of them. Oamaru has every chance of becoming a very important maritime town, as it is the shipping port for such a large extent of very rich country. I am told that the quantity of grain to be seen on the wharf occasionally, waiting shipment, is something extraordinary. We only had time to see that the town has some very handsome stone buildings, and wide streets. The Oamaru stone is well known all over the colonies for building purposes, and the greater part of Dunedin is built of it; it is rather a dull gray in colour, and after rain looks very dark and gloomy, but I am told it is a very useful and durable building stone.

I do not think the trains make more than thirty miles an hour at any time, but they keep up this pace wherever the ground permits it. While the train is travelling not far from high-water mark on the east coast, one gets a good view of the magnificent range of the Southern Alps on the west side of the island, presided over by mighty Mount Cook, which is 12,349 feet high. The Middle Island of New Zealand, although nearly 600 miles long, is scarcely more than 150 miles broad in any place, and in the centre part is only about 100 miles from coast to coast; so that the high ranges

on the west coast are seen very distinctly from the east.

The latter part of the journey was as interesting as the earlier part was monotonous. The flat plains gave place to beautiful undulating land, and we saw cornfields and, apparently, prosperity on every side. Beyond Palmerston the railway runs through a most fertile and picturesque country, and all the land seemed to be thoroughly well tilled and made the most of; while comfortable little homesteads were quite numerous. At Waikouaiti the country reminded me much of England, every section being occupied and planted apparently, being in this respect a great contrast to the vast tracts of uncultivated land we had passed over in the morning. On leaving Waikouaiti the railway line runs up into the mountains a little, through some very pretty bush scenery; while here and there we passed a small Maori *hainga* by the side of the line. In the Middle Island a Maori village is called a *haik*, whereas in the North Island it is known as *hainga*, or *pa*, the latter word really meaning a fortified place, of which there are now scarcely any in existence. There are scarcely 2000 Maoris in the whole of the Middle Island at present, and those that are there have generally adapted themselves thoroughly to European ways and customs; and

instead of the old-fashioned *whare* of *raupo* and bark, they often possess good weather-board houses.

The line closely follows the shape of a large bay extending far inland, and has to climb some very high cliffs to do this; in places it is within three or four feet of the edge of a perpendicular cliff some 400 feet above the sea; the foundation is solid rock, or it would have been impossible for it to be so close. The cost of cutting through this must have been enormous, and the curious part about it is, that, I am told, the line might have been taken inland a little in a way which would not only have avoided the very circuitous line of the bay, but have obviated the necessity of climbing up to such a height. The view certainly is grand from the top of the cliff, with the long line of breakers several hundred feet beneath, but I cannot think the gentlemen who planned that line determined on taking it round that high cliff for the sake of giving the passengers a lovely view. There must be something in the air; New Zealand railways *will* climb mountains and get into curious places when there is no necessity for it at all; as in the case of the Rimutaka range.

Two of our fellow-passengers were fishermen from the Shag river, probably the best trouting stream in New Zealand. They had been very successful, and were

carrying home several dozen fine brown trout, several of them weighing $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. and $2\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. The talk soon became "fishy," and another of our fellow-passengers related how he had assisted to land a trout of 26 lbs. Trout of 15 lbs. or 20 lbs. are by no means uncommon in Otago, especially in the big lakes, and it is really wonderful how rapidly they increase in weight.

Just before reaching the highest part of the cliffs we passed the great lunatic asylum, which is said to have cost several hundred thousand pounds. It is a handsome structure, and in a superb position; and is still being added to. This set me thinking, what a colony of some 500,000 people should want with such an enormous lunatic asylum! There seems to be something very maddening about the colony: from personal observation I am inclined to think it is the universal and excessive use of whisky which necessitates the enlargement of that gaunt gray structure on the sea-cliff. The worst characteristic of the lower class colonists is undoubtedly their love of drink. We are accustomed to see a fair amount of drinking in England, but the beer-drinkers at home are decidedly mild compared to their Australasian brethren. Beer is used a good deal in the colonies, but the standard beverage of the steady

drinkers is whisky; and the quantity of the fluid that some can get through is astonishing.

Drinking seems to be the one amusement of a section of the lower classes; and they are at it day and night when not in actual employment; and the money they spend in drink would seem incredible to English ears. As sure as one man meets an acquaintance whom he has not seen for a few days, or even hours, almost his first words are, "Come and have a drink." Treating to drink is a universal custom. Whenever a man meets a friend there is no excuse wanted for turning into the nearest bar, as before they have been in conversation two minutes, one is sure to ask the other, "What'll you have?" Many men who can earn £3 per week, and keep themselves on £1, will drink the remaining £2 regularly, and run into debt. The amount of harm done to the constitution by this excessive drinking will be better appreciated in future generations; and the amount of hard drinking one sees everywhere is a reproach to the colonies.

By the time we had left these wonderful cliffs behind it was quite dark, and the lights of Port Chalmers were a welcome sight. From here to Dunedin is a short ride, and we were very glad to get to the comfortable hotel after our long ride of twelve hours.

After spending a day at Dunedin, wandering once more round that charming city, we again took train at an early hour *en route* for Kingston. Before we had travelled very far we were informed that we should either have to spend the night at a station called Gore, or go on to Invercargill and sleep there, as the connecting railway (a private one) between Gore and Kingston was managed so that the trains could not possibly run in conjunction with the trains on the Government line. They doubtless had their reasons for this—in fact I am informed that it was owing to the refusal of the Government to buy up the little private line over the Waimea Plains; anyhow it was particularly inconvenient for the public travelling lake-wards. I believe now the trains run together, but whether the directors of the private company have had their wish, and sold the line to the Government, I do not know. Formerly the journey from Dunedin to Kingston could be made in one day, but we found ourselves under the necessity of taking two days to it. We decided to go on to Invercargill, and take the long way round rather than spend the night at Gore, which was not a particularly inviting-looking place.

Not far out of Dunedin we passed Mosgiel, which is rapidly becoming an important town, owing, I believe,

to the very large tweed manufacture carried on here. The factories are quite close to the railway.

I am not an agriculturist, but I thought that much of the land between Dunedin and Invercargill was the finest I had seen in the colony. On the Taieri Plains, which are celebrated for the richness of the land, the harvest was late, and the crops were mostly standing in sheafs. All the very newest machinery for reducing the labour of man is tried in New Zealand almost as soon as it appears in England or America; and those wonderful labour-savers, the "reaper and binder," are to be seen almost wherever corn is grown. One man in the North Island, who farms a large tract of agricultural land, has about half-a-dozen of every new machine sent out to him to try the moment it appears in the English or American market; and I am told that he has accumulated such an immense quantity of machines of all kinds that, not having room for them under cover, he has been obliged to leave them in the open; and that at the present time a two-acre paddock near his house is completely covered with modern machinery, which has been discarded in its turn to give place to something still newer.

At Waihola is a large sheet of water, which is used a good deal for regattas, and seems a most suitable

place, being a quiet lake without any obstructions. The flat country between Gore and Invercargill is crossed by a good many small rivers, which rise very quickly and overflow their banks, leaving wide margins of mud and shingle on either side of their courses. About Gore the land is not very good; and although there is a great quantity of flax growing on all sides, it does not grow to any great height. Flax is a very good indication of the quality of land, as wherever it grows high and strong the land is sure to be good. There is also a great quantity of the pretty *toetoe* about here, a plant very much resembling what is known as pampas grass. At Edendale we saw some extraordinarily fine corn crops, in paddocks of about 500 acres, the finest I had seen in the island. At this place there is also a dairy factory, which produces a large quantity of excellent cheese of more than local celebrity.

We did not get to Invercargill till late in the afternoon, when we went to the Albion Hotel. Beyond presenting the appearance of a typical colonial town—clean, healthy, with very wide streets, and with plenty of land for recreation—there is nothing particularly interesting about Invercargill. The neighbourhood is perfectly flat, and the town is laid out in long straight streets crossing each other at right angles; so that it

would be difficult to make a picturesque place of it any way.

New Zealand is a great country for photography, nearly every town possessing some able professor of the science; but Invercargill possesses a firm which I have no hesitation in saying have produced some of the finest photographs I have ever seen. Messrs. Hart, Campbell, & Co. have taken a very lovely series of photographs of the Alpine districts of New Zealand, which in the way of artistic photography it would be difficult to surpass. They have also discovered several processes for obtaining particular effects, such as sunsets and moonlight scenes, that several eminent European photographers have endeavoured in vain to get hold of. Having myself a great liking for photography, I was very much pleased with my visit to the firm's premises; and on my return from the Alpine district I carried off a good many representations of views I had seen. I do not know whether the New Zealand atmosphere is especially favourable to "sun-pictures," but certainly there is much most excellent work done in this way all over the colony. Messrs. Burton Bros. of Dunedin have many thousands of views in every part of New Zealand, which are singularly fine from an artistic point of view.

In reply to our inquiries as to what entertainments were going on that evening, we were told that a meeting of the Salvation Army was the only diversion; and although this was not quite what we were inquiring for, we wended our way to the hall at the appointed time. It was my first experience of a Salvation Army meeting, and I expected to be much edified. I imagine that they went through the usual routine on such occasions, and we soon found it rather monotonous, and left; but I cannot help remembering the remonstrance of a big, burly "officer" to two young men of the larrikin element who persisted in interrupting continually. The "officer" left off in the middle of a long and devout prayer at one of the interruptions, and coming to the front of the platform, thus addressed the unruly ones: "If you two fellers don't shut up, I'll jolly well warm yer!" Then he returned to his place and continued his prayer.

The Salvation Army is to be met with all over Australasia, and they seem to get a few followers in every town. They publish a New Zealand edition of the *War Cry*; and the contributions to it and the advertisements of their meetings are occasionally amusing. I cull the following from a Wairarapa paper.

"The Masterton Salvationists are going in for picnick-

ing on Good Friday. A few evenings ago, the Captain, in announcing the event, said, 'We are going to have a picnic on Good Friday. I am sorry to say we shall have no one special there; but the Lord will be with us. God bless you!'"

I determined to go on to Queenstown the following day; but the rest of our party, which had been increased by this time by two Otago friends, wished to spend a day in Invercargill to pay some visits, so we agreed to meet at Queenstown.

CHAPTER XVII.

LAKE WAKATIPU.

LEAVING Invercargill at the unholy hour of 6.45 a.m. by train, on a very wet and miserable morning, I had a somewhat tedious and uninteresting ride of six hours to Kingston. The journey is for the most part over swampy unimproved ground, which one is apt to get a little tired of in New Zealand. Flax swamps, swamp grass, and barren hills form most of the material to be seen from the train, so it was pleasant when the big mountains began to come in sight. After a station called Elbow the country grows mountainous and interesting. Long steep ranges of hills are seen to the northward, a sort of "keep" to the Alp district. The scenery gets quickly wilder, and more barren; the hills being apparently composed entirely of rock, on the face of which very little in the shape of grass is to be seen. As the hills begin to get high and grand, the railway

turns into a narrow pass between them, and at a sudden turn Lake Wakatipu comes in sight.

At Kingston, a settlement composed of about half-a-dozen houses, I found a steamer waiting; and after doing justice to part of a 3 lb. trout from the lake, at the hotel, I went on board. The trout tasted particularly good, all the better perhaps that I had not had any for some little time, but the colour of the flesh was of a peculiar brownish yellow which I never saw in a trout at home.

The captain turned the steamer within a few yards of the little pier, backing her almost into the shore in so doing, and in response to my inquiries, told me that there is 100 feet of water quite close up to the shore in nearly every part of Lake Wakatipu. Many parts of the lake have never been fathomed, but I believe they have never had more than 1400 feet of line out.

The lake is narrow and long, some two or three miles broad in most places, by fifty or sixty miles long, and is shut in on both sides by very steep mountains rising abruptly from the very shores of the lake to a great height. As the steamer started up the lake the clouds cleared off, and left the mountain tops bright and distinct in the sunshine. The sight was grand, and I set to work to guess the height of the mountains which

stood out so clearly against the sky, and finally came to the conclusion that they must be somewhere near 2000 feet. Having done this, I got a map out of the cabin to see how near my estimate was. I have made better guesses at things; I was only about 4000 feet out. I could hardly find a mountain under 5000 feet, and the average height is about 6000 feet! Such is the clearness of the atmosphere in these parts that every crevice on these mountains can be seen right away to the top; and every rock and peak is as clear as if it were not more than 1000 feet high. My visit was in March, towards the end of the New Zealand autumn and the early winter's snows had not yet appeared, so there was no snow to be seen except close to the peaks, and in the crevices where it lies all the year round, a fact which made the height still more deceptive. On the left hand going up from Kingston is a formidable array of peaks all the way up to Queenstown—Symmetry Peak, 6224 feet; Eyre Peak, 6530 feet; Ridge Peak, 5907 feet; Bay Peak, 5494 feet; Mount Dick, 6020 feet; Bayonet Peak, 5213 feet; Cecil Peak, 6474 feet, and one or two others; while on the right hand are several equally high, including Double Cone, 7680 feet, and Ben Nevis, 7650 feet, towering out of a range known as the "Remarkables." It was a most



LAKE WAKATIPU. FROM QUEENSTOWN.

pleasant trip up the lake to Queenstown, steaming so close under the grand mountains, from which every now and then I could discern a stream of water starting from the snow region, winding its way in a tortuous, snake-like fashion through the clefts, several thousand feet above the lake, disappearing for a time in the deep gorges, and coming to light again lower down in a greater volume of water, splashing and tumbling over rocks and into cavelets till it reached the level of the lake.

We put into a little bay a few miles from Queenstown to pick up a couple of passengers from a homestead in the mountains, and had a glimpse of a charming little valley, a perfect Arcadia, where dwelt apparently some happy beings, who were not likely to be often disturbed in their hermit home.

Queenstown looks very picturesque from the lake, although the greater part of it is hidden by a peninsula until the steamer comes close to the jetty. The broken line of neat white houses stands out in pleasant relief against the sombre grays and greens of the mountains that tower above it. From the jetty to Eichardt's most comfortable hotel is only a few yards, and Mrs. Eichardt is receiving the first of her guests before the last few passengers have got ashore. A word of praise to this

hotel. Here right away in the mountains, completely out of the world, one could pardon an indifferent hotel, knowing what must be the difficulty of transporting supplies, etc. from the regions of civilization; but this is one of the most comfortable hotels in the whole of the colony, one that puts to shame many of those in the large towns; wherefore the traveller's debt of gratitude to the kind and attentive proprietress should be large.

Just after dinner I found the sun disappearing behind the mountains, so walked up the Queenstown hill to get my first good view of the lake by sunset. Walking quickly up till I got about half-way, I turned suddenly round and beheld the most beautiful sight I ever saw, or shall see, for such experiences don't come more than once in a lifetime, I think. The sun had sunk some little time behind the mountain tops on the right hand, but was reflected in a deep rich gold on the cloudlets that hovered over the mountain tops on the opposite side of the lake. The mountains themselves were almost in complete shadow; those of the left hand only being lighted here and there by a stray beam of sunlight. The lake itself lay clear and distinct for many miles,

“One burnish'd sheet of living gold,”

and against the lake stood out boldly the picturesque tops of the many groves of Bluegum trees that Queenstown boasts; and still nearer the roofs of Queenstown, and the masts of the steamer at the wharf. The high mountains stood out clear to the highest peaks against the sky, and only a few small clouds broke the long outline of lofty ridges. The higher the mountains the deeper seemed the blues and purples of the summits; while here and there the little gray clouds nestled to sleep in the bosom of the mountains, there to lie till the morning sun should bid them disappear.

The next day I was expecting my friends by the steamer, so I went to the top of the Queenstown hill and watched the steamer puffing along like a toy boat on the huge lake for an hour or so before she arrived at the wharf. The panorama of Lake Wakatipu from the top of the Queenstown hill is very fine. Just at this point it commands a view of the lake nearly to Kingston at the foot, also showing the whole bend of the lake at which Queenstown is situated. Some fifteen or twenty peaks are visible from this hill on the lower and middle parts of the lake, all of them between 5000 feet and 7000 feet; while two or three of the giants at the northern end can be plainly seen on a fine day,

such as Mount Earnslaw, 9165 feet, Mount Edward, 8459 feet, and Mount Aspiring, 9941 feet.

The intense heat of the summer sun leaves but little snow to be seen on the mountain-tops, but here and there in the deep crevices are large patches to be seen; and on one or two of the larger mountains are glaciers of enormous extent.

Near the top of the Queenstown hill I found a small lake—a very small one it is true; but I am told the Queenstown people go up there to skate on it in the winter. The whole hill seems to be entirely in possession of rabbits, which are here in immense numbers. The settlers in these parts have been heavily handicapped by these pests, but are now commencing poisoning operations on a large scale.

When my friends had arrived at Queenstown, we went up one evening to the head of the lake by steamer. The evening was perfect, and the scenery grand beyond description; it must be seen to be appreciated. The huge crags continued on either side right up to the head of the lake. It was all very magnificent, far beyond anything I had expected; even finer than the lower half of the lake. No one should miss the sail from Queenstown to Glenorchy, although so many tourists terminate their trip to Wakatipu at Queenstown.

The most charming scene, I think, on the lake is a narrow gully on the side of Mount Crichton; it extends from the lake close up to the summit apparently, and is clothed on either side by beautiful bush, which extends several thousand feet up; while down the centre of the gully falls a dashing little stream, dropping from rock to rock in dense spray, in the most picturesque manner.

Turning the corner round Mount Crichton, we came in view of the immense mountain that stands like a sentinel at the head of the lake—immense in width as well as height—Mount Earnslaw, 9165 feet. It stands majestically out, and rears its many peaks proudly over the surrounding mountains. As we neared it the setting sun lighted up three or four of its highest snowclad ridges with a beautiful golden light, which, contrasting with the light cool grays of the immense expanse of snow and ice in shadow, made up a most delightful picture.

It was nearly dark when we passed the three little islands, "Pig," "One-tree," and "Pigeon," on the latter of which we landed a sailor who was going to spend the night fishing, but alas! with a net!

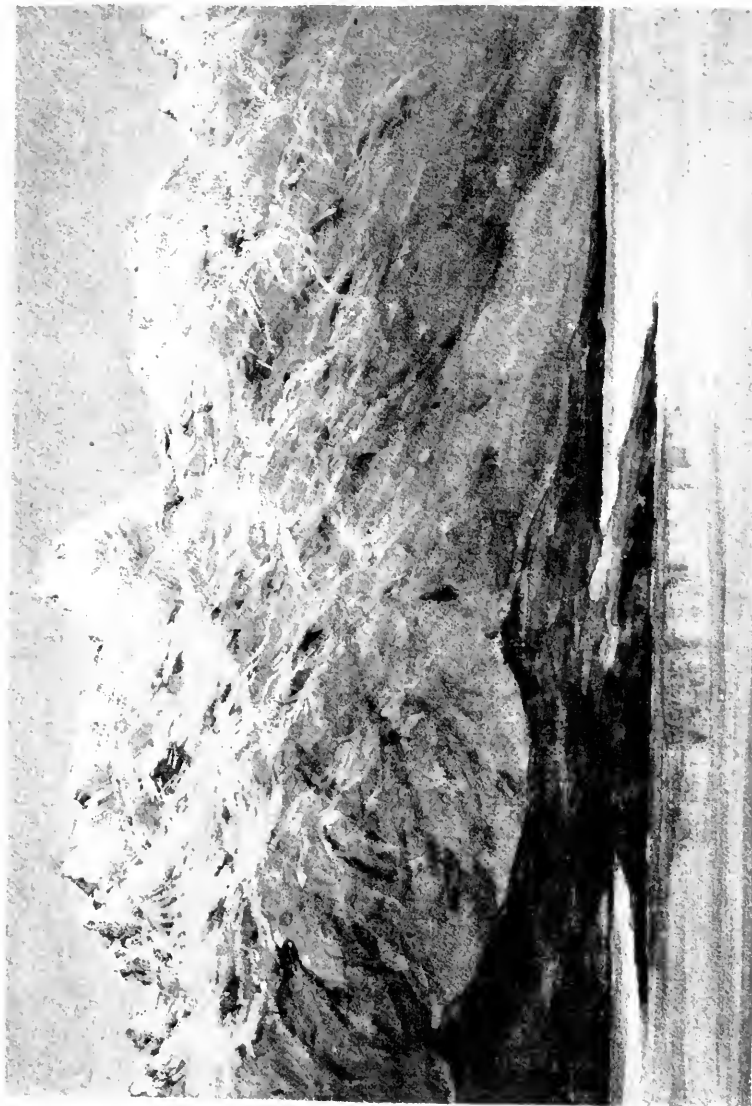
Night closed rapidly on all these delightful scenes, and by the time the steamer stopped at Kinloch it was

quite dark. Another few minutes' steaming and we crossed to the opposite side the lake to Glenorchy, where we intended to stay.

It was quite cold when we arrived at the Earnslaw Hotel, a good-sized wooden house, and almost the only building in the neighbourhood, and we were glad of the roaring wood fires that had been thoughtfully provided for us.

They were pleasant days we had at Glenorchy, but there were not enough of them; for my friends were colonials, and pretended that the colony couldn't get on without them. The weather was on the whole good, and as for scenery, if there is anything in the world to surpass the head of Lake Wakatipu, I think it has yet to be discovered! The huge hills across the lake seem almost to meet those of the Glenorchy side overhead, and shut in the wide lake till it looks like a river flowing down a narrow pass. The Humboldt ranges on the western shore are very rugged in outline, and the changes of light on them afford a constant study of lovely effects.

Mount Earnslaw towers supreme at the north end of the lake, although it has such lofty neighbours as Mount Cosmos, 8000 feet, and Mount Ansted, 8157 feet, and others of equal height. The lake itself is beauti-



"THE REMARKABLES" (HECTOR MOUNTAINS) LAKE WAKATIPU.

fully clear and icy cold, as the whole supply is from the snow on the surrounding mountains. It is said that no one who falls into the lake ever comes up again, as the water is so intensely cold that the body is completely numbed instantaneously, and swimming or floating rendered impossible. I was anxious to test this theory, so I proposed to my friend S—— that he should go overboard, so that we could watch what became of him; but he was a selfish man, and wouldn't make even this little sacrifice in the cause of science; and somehow no one else volunteered.

The pleasantest trip we made was up the Rees Valley. It was a long day's work, but the great beauty of the scenery compensated us for any trouble and long hours. At about 8.30 a.m., after a very substantial breakfast, we started off with the intention of climbing to the glacier on Mount Earnslaw. Our party consisted of four—Harry Birley the well-known Earnslaw guide, my two friends S—— and D——, and myself. We had a pleasant ride of ten miles to the foot of the mountain, round the somewhat circuitous course of the river; through *manuka* and flax bushes, and all sorts of long grasses, in which places we had to trust more to our horses than to our own judgment. The horses were good and willing, and really seemed to enjoy racing

through the scrub and over the sandy flats as much as we did. They went frolicking about, jumping small bushes of their own accord, like so many children out for a holiday; but coming home they suppressed their joyful feelings, and came much quieter—so quietly in fact that we thought they intended stopping to make a night of it.

As soon as we got to the foot of Earnslaw we turned into the delightful valley of the Rees, and for the next ten miles had constantly-changing scenes of the wildest beauty before us. The track lies sometimes on the river-bed, and sometimes on the mountain side through the birch woods, but wherever it goes the scenery is magnificent. Riding at a canter through the log-strewn tracks in the birch forests, with the river several hundred feet below, and the mountain many thousand feet above us, with a jolly and entertaining guide, would have made either of us answer the question, "Is life worth living?" in a very emphatic affirmative just then. In some places a spice of danger added its charm; for where the track is on the steep hill-side with a perpendicular cliff below, one false step of the horses might have sent us down on to the river-bed, 200 feet below. After this came a long ride over river-beds and sand-flats again, bad travelling for the horses, but

they went willingly enough, if not fast; I suppose we crossed the river some fifteen or twenty times on the way up the valley. After three hours' riding, having come about twenty miles, we arrived at Harry Birley's favourite place for commencing the ascent. Mr. Green and one or two other Alp-climbers ascended it from near the Diamond Lake, but Birley prefers the way he has found, and as he has been up the mountain much oftener and higher than any one else he ought to be the best judge. Tethering our horses in a patch of bush, and divesting ourselves of all superfluous clothing, we set off up the mountain through a clearing in the bush caused by a fire. S—— had a pair of strong English boots with big nails, well-fitted for the work, but D—— and I had only light walking boots without nails, so it was rather a mad thing to start at all. Birley and S—— went ahead at a great pace for a while, followed more leisurely by D—— and myself, but before we had got up above 300 feet, S—— called a halt; he wanted to admire the view or something. Birley looked rather blue. But presently after S—— had got his breath again, on we went merrily. Now D——, a man of thirteen stone, was not in condition for Alpine-climbing, and the consequence was that soon after we started he was not to be seen; we subsequently found him lying

at full length on the fern, very comfortable, but vowing he was not going any higher, and wanting to know how far we were from the top! We got him up again, however, but before we had got 1000 feet up, two of the party had had enough of it. S——'s ideas of mountain climbing seemed to have changed considerably in a short time; in short, he wasn't worthy of the boots he wore, and owned he had had enough. D—— was somewhere in the fern, blowing considerably; he asked us to call for him there on our way down. Birley and I looked at one another in silence; then Birley turned sadly on his heel and commenced to descend again. Mount Earnslaw was victorious.

S—— and D—— came to life again during lunch, and felt so lively that we asked Birley if there was not something to be seen farther up the valley. In a short time we were in the saddle again bound for the Lennox Falls, several miles farther on. Some more rough-riding over sand, tussock-grass, and shingle, brought us in sight of the Falls, called after Lord Walter Gordon Lennox, who visited the Rees Valley some little time ago. The fall can be traced up to a glacier, some 6000 feet above the valley. Up there it appears but a very narrow streak of water, but a few hundred feet above the valley it comes tumbling over the rocks in an

immense stream. Turning our horses loose we entered a patch of bush, and had a rough climb over boulders and tree-trunks up the bed of the torrent for some distance; there we entered a charming grotto composed of ferns growing thickly over the rocks, and trees which met overhead and formed a ceiling of green leaves. Through this pleasant pathway we wandered till we came to some huge boulders completely covered with moss at the foot of the falls. The roar of the torrent had prepared us for something on a large scale, but not for such grand volumes of broken water as we saw, falling over a nearly perpendicular rock over 200 feet above us, into a wild dark pool below our feet. In its descent over the high rock the water struck innumerable little projections, sending out showers of spray in every direction. A little more than half way down a colossal rock jutted out half-way across the fall, and turned off a large body of water to the right, thus breaking the otherwise straight line in a very picturesque way. Altogether it is one of the most beautiful falls I ever saw; it reminds one something of O'Sullivan's Cascade at Killarney; but lovely as that is, it cannot compare in size or beauty with the Lennox Falls of the Rees Valley.

It was with considerable reluctance that we turned our

backs on this charming scene, and our horses' heads down the valley again. After two or three hours' riding we arrived at a track that led up to a gold reef that I wished to see, and tethering our horses again, we climbed up the steep ascent to the reef, which is some 2000 feet above the valley. We were welcomed at the top by the miners, and were shown all through the battery. The "Invincible" reef is the property of a small company, and at the time of our visit was said to be about the best paying reef in Otago. The miners have a quiet, monotonous life up in the mountains; their only excitement being the arrival of an occasional dray with flour, tea, &c., for them from Glenorchy, and a visit once or twice a year into the regions of civilization. In summer, they told me, the life is very agreeable, but in winter the cold is very severe, and their wooden huts are but poor protection against it.

After inspecting all the processes of extracting the gold, we said good-bye to the miners, and went down the mountain to our horses again. The poor animals had already done between thirty-five and forty miles with us, and now began to show signs of having had enough; but after riding them carefully for some little time, their strength seemed to return, and once more they went ahead pluckily. It is wonderful how these grass-fed

horses will go through a long day's journey without being any the worse for it.

Riding through the scrub we saw a good many *wekas*, or Maori hens as they are called, a big wingless bird peculiar to New Zealand. It is a darkish brown in colour, and rather larger than a pheasant; and when fat is excellent eating. A collie dog that accompanied us was sent after one of them, and while the bird kept to the scrub he held his own well, as he was very successful at dodging; but when he ventured out into the open the dog soon killed him. I kept the tail feathers as a reminiscence, but as the bird was not fat enough to eat, we had to leave it behind. After this I would not allow the dog to chase any more of them, as I think it is a great pity that birds or animals, which are actually becoming scarce, should be killed for the sake of sport, especially when they are not required for food. The birds of New Zealand have suffered much in this respect; and had a little more thought and common sense been used, we might have still some indigenous birds among us which we shall never see again.

Another two or three hours' riding brought us near Glenorchy again, but it had now become quite dark, and we had to trust to the horses entirely to guide us through the swamps and scrub, which I need hardly say

they did perfectly. When about a mile from home we set fire to a dry cabbage-tree as a signal to the hotel people to prepare dinner; these trees burn brilliantly for some time, and are often used as night signals. The leaves of the cabbage-tree are mostly green, but there is generally a large mass of dead and dried foliage hanging round the stem of the tree which burns readily.

We were almost as glad as the horses must have been to turn into the hotel-yard again, after having ridden something over fifty miles, and done a good deal of walking as well, in the eleven or twelve hours we were away.

The next morning nothing could induce my friends to stir from the sofas. I suggested another try to climb Mount Earnslaw, but the withering, scornful look S—— tried to put on, showed me that that was a sore subject. This we can say of Mount Earnslaw—that we climbed to a height probably far below that which any previous mountaineers attained, and that we took the longest time on record. I feel inclined to give the names and addresses of the two frauds who accompanied me, so that their friends may know their real exploits. As they both belonged to the same place, they probably agreed at once how high they were to say they ascended, and other little matters of that sort. Had it not been

for these stalwart mountaineers, who knows but what Birley and myself might not have made a "highest ascent on record," as every one who had attacked Mount Earnslaw seems to have done? The highest peak of the mountain has never yet been reached by man, although a peak which is only a few hundred feet lower has several times been topped. Here is a chance for some bold and indefatigable members of the Alpine Club, who spend so much time in rarified atmospheres! Birley seems to think that it might be done, but that it would take four or five days to do it.¹

In a creek close to the Earnslaw Hotel the largest nugget of gold yet found in Otago was brought to light, weighing about 3lb.—at least so I was told; but my informant has the reputation of having a powerfully inventive mind, especially when he is not quite sober, which is about six days in the week—so my information may be incorrect. This genius told me a lot of other interesting tales about the neighbourhood, in which he had lived a very long time. I hope they were all true;

¹ A well-known Auckland lady, with her husband and two boys, made a successful ascent of Mount Earnslaw recently. By spending the night in the Rees Valley, they had a long summer's day to make the ascent in, and climbed within 200 feet or 300 feet of the highest point that has been yet reached. Shades of my two mountaineering frauds, obscure yourselves!

but having my doubts about it, I won't commit them to paper.

I went into the gully where this above-mentioned creek is, one day, and explored the bed of the stream thoroughly in hopes of finding a piece of quartz with a trace of gold in it as a specimen, but even this modest wish of mine wasn't fulfilled. I found some yellowish metal running in a thick vein through one stone, but local experts decided against its being gold, and called it some peculiar name which I forgot at once; but they said, as a consolation, that it always indicated the presence of the richer metal. I smashed a great deal of quartz in the hopes of getting a specimen, but all to no purpose. S—— declared I picked up all the stones in the river-bed to examine them, and diverted the course of the stream thereby; but that wasn't true. The reason of his unwarrantable exaggeration was that one of the pieces of broken quartz nearly hit him in the eye, on which he went home saying he didn't like gold prospectors.

A good deal of netting is carried on in Wakatipu Lake, and some enormous trout are taken this way. One would naturally have thought that there would be a law against this; but a gentleman of the long robe, in defending a poacher one day, found some slight

omission in the wording of the Act, by which he not only saved his client, but also made it known that netting to any extent in the lakes was not illegal. A day or two before I got down there, a trout weighing 27lb., and measuring 36 inches in length and 25 inches in girth, was taken out of the lake; and during my stay fish of 24lb., 22lb., 20lb., and 17lb. were taken, with many of about 15lb. This seems almost incredible for *salmo fario*, which have only been a few years introduced into the country. The large fish are not particularly good for the table, lacking something of the richness and flavour of our home-bred trout, but some of the smaller ones are very good, and form a welcome addition to the none-too-extensive *menu* at the up-country hotels.

One morning we watched the men working their nets, but they were not very successful, only bringing one of 13lb. ashore, which they tossed out of the boat as if he were only a quarter-pounder. When they had finished their netting we took the boat and sailed across to Kinloch. From Glenorchy the shores of Kinloch look scarcely a quarter of a mile away, with the big Humboldt mountains right above them, but it is rather more than two miles across, and we had a pleasant run there and back and about the lake, as the wind was obliging enough to blow briskly for our

benefit. Kinloch is about as extensive a settlement as Glenorchy, *i.e.* it consists of an hotel and three or four wooden huts. In the winter these places are quiet, to express it mildly. If a man wished to escape his creditors, here would be a splendid refuge. The hardiest and most persistent dun would, I think, allow a debtor to remain quiet at Kinloch in the winter without endeavouring to molest him.

The few days we spent at Glenorchy passed very pleasantly indeed, and I hope before very long to pay it another visit, when I will have another try to vanquish Mount Earnslaw; but at present we are some 13,000 miles apart.

One raw cold morning the warning whistle of the steamer awoke us, and we knew we had to get up. It was 5.30 a.m., gentle reader, scarcely light, misty and unpleasant generally, but we just managed to scramble on board the boat as she was leaving the wharf. S—— appeared last, as usual, just as the vessel was moving away, with his slippers in his pocket, and a collection of toilet requisites in his arms, while Birley followed with his portmanteau, which he had not had time even to strap up. However, we all just managed to be in time, and forthwith passed a vote of censure on the authorities for despatching the steamer at such an extra-



S. W. R.

MOUNT EARNSLAW, LAKE WAKATIPU.

ordinary hour. It is necessary to start very early though, as we found out afterwards, as the boat has to go right down to the foot of the lake, calling at Kinloch and Queenstown, and to be back at Glenorchy the same night. In spite of the cold the trip down to Queenstown was very pleasant, and the sight of the sun rising and gradually gilding the snowclad peaks one after the other, I should have been sorry to have missed. Three hours after we were at Eichardt's Hotel again, and all felt better. The day was brightening, and the sun already high up, and life seemed worth living again, so we got a buggy and drove off to Arrowtown.

This settlement, one of the creations of the gold discoveries, lies about ten or twelve miles from Queenstown. The road winds prettily round the shore of the lake past Frankton, another "intended" town, which somehow has never been built, and turning away from Wakatipu skirts another small lake, Hayes. The hills were steep and the roads dusty, but the drive was pleasant, and by the time we got to Arrowtown we were very hungry, which was pleasant too. After a good lunch in one of the many small hotels, we walked about the town, and tried to find our way to the reefs, but on inquiry found they were some four miles away, so we did not trouble any more about them. The town differs

little from other mining towns in the colony. The houses are small and the streets dirty, and in the day-time there is an air of intense quiet and do-nothing-ness about it that is appalling. Doubtless when the miners are down from the reefs it loses its sober aspect. The little river Arrow, which runs below the town, is very much discoloured by the gold-washing higher up, and rolls by like a river of mud. After spending an hour or two in the neighbourhood we drove back to Queenstown by way of the Kawarau Gorge, a road in which scenery of the grandest description abounds. Roaring torrents, waterfalls, and stupendous cliffs on either side of the road, rising almost perpendicularly for several thousand feet, form part of a wild scene which no one who visits Queenstown should miss. Coming down one of the steepest hills, we made the pleasing discovery that the brake on our buggy was useless, and we had some little difficulty in keeping the horses from going at full gallop down a narrow road where a false step would have sent us into the river a hundred feet below.

I never could persuade either of my friends to tackle another Wakatipu mountain; Mount Earnslaw seemed to have impressed itself indelibly on their memories, and they seemed quite content to keep to level ground. One fine morning we all left Queenstown together by the

Mountaineer, making our way back to the world very reluctantly. Fine weather again favoured us, and we reached Kingston about 12 p.m., and after partaking for the last time of Wakatipu trout at lunch, we ensconced ourselves in the old-fashioned and uncomfortable carriages on this line of railway, over which we were travelling till nearly eight p.m., when the Albion Hotel at Invercargill again received us.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE WEST COAST ROAD.

I SUPPOSE I must have seen at least a dozen gorges or passes in New Zealand of which I had been previously told that each one was the loveliest of its kind in the colony. I soon got used to this sort of thing, and, in fact, expected it; but now that I have been able to form an opinion from personal inspection of most of them, I do not hesitate to say that parts of the West Coast Road “lick creation,” as brother Jonathan has it, in the matter of grandeur of natural scenery. I was unfortunate in my first attempts to travel by this route, as the first time I made preparations for leaving Christchurch for the west, a heavy rain settled down over the country, which I was told would probably prevent the coach making the whole journey across, as it was in the late autumn—a season when it sometimes rains steadily for ten days, and turns all the streamlets into

raging torrents. A second time I arranged with a friend to leave Christchurch the following morning, when a telegram came in late at night saying that the road had been washed away in places, and that a through journey could not be guaranteed. My friend had not long to stay in New Zealand, and resolved to get as far across to the west as he could, as he would have no other opportunity. He started before daylight alone, as I determined to postpone my trip till a more suitable season, and a few days later I met him in Wellington. He said he did not get very far, and saw nothing but rain and mist. Not thinking this sort of scenery particularly interesting, he stopped at the first accommodation house and declined to proceed any farther, and came back again at the first opportunity. On a subsequent summer visit to the "City of the Plains" I was more fortunate, and was able to admire thoroughly another of the "loveliest pieces of scenery in New Zealand."

An early morning train took my companion and myself the first fifty miles of our journey across the Canterbury Plains to Springfield, the terminus of the railway. Then it appeared that we were to have a good many fellow-passengers, no less than seventeen applying for seats on the coach. This large number necessitated the usual coach being changed for a very large and

heavy one, which could accommodate twenty passengers beside luggage. When the mail-bags and luggage had been all stowed away we mounted to our box-seats, which we had secured a week before, and away we went at a brisk trot towards the hills.

We soon left the plains behind us, and found ourselves in the mountain ranges which continue right away to the West Coast. The Kowai River was the first one that had to be negotiated without a bridge, and we had to cross this in four different places. The road between the crossings was very narrow and cut out of the bank which sloped sharply down to the river. Like most mountain streams the Kowai has a very broad boulder-strewn course, which is only completely covered during a heavy flood. In summer-time these rivers generally divide into several small streams and flow down the deeper channels, leaving the main bed of the river high and dry, but covered with boulders so huge that one wonders how even the mighty power of water could have moved them into their present positions.

Crossing these channels and rocky river-beds is a severe test for the strength of a coach, and nothing but those suspended on leather instead of springs would ever stand many such jolts as they often get in these

places. These channels are constantly changing and deepening, and there is always a considerable risk as to whether the coach will reach the opposite side right side up, or even at all. The best tracks are marked off by men employed on the road by heavy stakes driven deep into the mud and shingle.

After leaving the Kowai behind we traversed a narrow hilly road, and after crossing another stream, arrived at the Porter's Pass Hotel. Not far from the hotel we came upon one of those instances of making valuable use of animal sagacity—the boundary dog. When two sheep-runs, through which a public road runs, join, it is usual to keep a dog at the road to prevent the sheep wandering from one run to the other, as it is often inconvenient and dangerous to put a gate across the road. Poor old doggie leads a quiet life, often perhaps not seeing a human being except the boundary rider, who brings him his food, for a day or two. But it must not be supposed that one dog is always kept at this work. On a large sheep-station a good many dogs are kept, and each one has a turn at the boundary business occasionally.

To the top of Porter's Pass is a very steep road nearly two miles long, up which we had to walk. The road is very narrow indeed, and is in some places cut out

of the solid rock, while the side of the hill is a precipitous cliff of immense depth. These roads are quite without fence of any kind, and one cannot help imagining the possibility of a wheel coming off, and the coach and contents going over these awful precipices.

The top of the pass is 3400 feet above the sea, and from here is a rather sharp descent again into the heart of the mountains. Our driver goes over this at a brisk pace with his foot pressed firmly on the break, and talking cheerily the while; but only those who have done much of this sort of travelling know how his attention is really engrossed with his horses and coach. Were one wheel to come off, or one trace to break, the chances are that the coach and team would all go down the mountain-side to destruction. The man who sneers at his fellow-passenger's timidity in such a place is—well, I won't say what I think him. It was once my fate to be run away with by a team of four horses on a mountain path, but we had a driver who never lost his head, and at length brought up the coach in safety at the bottom of a long hill after several extraordinary escapes from going headlong over the mountain-side. Inside the coach was an individual whom I had previously heard sneering at the dangers of this sort of travelling; but when we pulled up at last in safety, our brave

sneerer was found unconscious. He had fainted from fright.

As our coach swept round the sharp corners we got occasional glimpses of deep dark gorges below us, and of snow-clad peaks ahead, and the scenery became rapidly more interesting and grand. The near mountains were rocky and barren, down which we could mark the track of many an avalanche which had fallen into the valleys below.

About twenty miles farther on we passed a small lake, and soon pulled up at the stables where we had to change horses. It is a lonely life for the attendants who take care of the stables, but they soon seem to get used to it. A little farther onward we came in sight of some very curiously formed rocks known as the Castle Rocks, and not far off is what appears to be a graveyard already made, and with stones erected. These stones are known as the Cemetery Rocks. Not far away from this is an object which for a long time puzzled all passers by—a Canadian snow-gate. When it was first erected, no one could understand it all, so it went by the names of “E——’s *kaku* trap,” which appellation it still retains.

After stopping at a small accommodation house for tea, we continued our journey, and soon came to

the Cass river, a foaming torrent, through which the horses had considerable difficulty in dragging the coach. After crossing, we had to walk up a steep road cut in the face of a cliff, after which we were able to drive along at a good pace again, as the road was fairly level for a while. After passing a small lake, called Grassmere, and fording some rapid streams which run into Lake Pearson, we sighted the broad course of the Waimakariri river, which is here in places nearly two miles wide. It is only during heavy winter floods that this huge space is covered by the river. In summer time the stream divides, and runs through a number of sma'll channels, many of which, however, are deep, and have very strong currents.

The road has been cut out of a cliff that overhangs the river, and up this we had to walk, as it was in places very steep indeed. The wall of rock out of which the road has been cut rises almost perpendicularly from the river, and when we were on the highest part, we looked down several hundred feet to the river which was almost immediately below us. Then we got on to the coach again, and the horses went at a great rate along this narrow shelf. Frequently the corners we had to turn were so sharp that we could not see in the least what was before us. We had all by this time

perfect confidence in our driver and his team, and were able to enjoy the glorious views that we had in front of us at every turn. At last we got down to the level of the river, and after fording many small streams flowing into it, we arrived at the settlement of Bealey at 8.30 p.m. Here we found a comfortable hotel, and after a stroll round, admiring the majestic peaks just tinted by the sun's last rays, while the full moon rose behind them, we turned in to a good meal which, after our drive, we were quite ready for.

At three a.m. next morning we were away again, and our first duty was to cross the great Waimakariri, which is here about a mile broad. Once safely over the many torrents into which the river was then divided, we entered a small patch of bush, and soon found ourselves close to the Bealey river, which we had to cross four times in a short distance. The wreck of a coach that had met with an accident some time previously, was pointed out to us, and reminded us that serious casualties do sometimes occur. From here we had a long climb up to the top of Arthur's Pass on foot, and on our way were able to admire at leisure the magnificent mountain scenery with which we were surrounded. We had a capital view of the celebrated Zealandia Waterfall, which falls from a great height into the "Devil's Punch-

bowl;" and we would gladly have spent a few hours in wandering about the lovely gullies that here abounded on all sides. In this locality the bush grows nearly up to the top of the mountains, and even when we had reached the highest part of the ridge, 3000 feet above the sea, the bush rose high above us on every side.

From this ridge there is a view of extraordinary beauty to be seen; on one side we look down on the rugged, mountainous country over which we had been travelling; while in front we have our first view of the Otira Gorge, which is declared by many far-travelled writers to contain some of the wildest and most magnificent scenery in the world.

Far, far below us is a very small silver streak, down to which we have to make our way; this is the Otira river, which runs away towards the West Coast. At first sight it seems almost impossible for our great coach and five horses to get down to the road which we now catch sight of by the side of the river, unless they roll bodily down to it. But while we have been wondering how we are ever to get down to it, the coach tops the ridge, and the jolly driver shouts out to us to resume our seats. We are not left long in suspense as to our mode of progression. As soon as

we are all seated, the driver, putting his foot hard down on the brake, starts his big team down the steep and narrow road as hard as they can go. How the coach keeps to the road as the horses go full swing round sharp corners with the harness touching the bank on the inner side of the road, and the outer wheels within two feet of a fearful precipice on the other, is more than the most confident passenger can understand. In places the road is cut out of the solid rock, and of course so long as the coach keeps on this there is not much danger, but there are places where the road is soft and crumbling and supported by stakes driven into the bank, and beams bolted to the rock, and here of course there is additional danger.

There are many little streams that form small waterfalls from the rocks above down on to the road; then crossing the road they leap again down the steep mountain-side, making a succession of little cascades. One of these streams is called the Shower Bath, as it is almost impossible to pass it on the road without getting sprinkled.

The scenes which we were now passing through beggar all description, and must be seen to be understood. Whichever way we turned were pictures of the wildest beauty; in front, behind, above, and below

us were such wondrous views of mountain, forest, and water, as are only to be seen in New Zealand, and, I think, in their full perfection in the Otira Gorge.

It did not take us many minutes to descend 1500 feet into the gorge, and in spite of the dangers of the road we should like to have lingered long with those exquisite views before us. When we arrived at the bottom the grand bush-clad hills seemed almost to meet overhead, and we almost grudged the time spent in having breakfast at an accommodation house, while the horses were being changed.

Continuing our journey we crossed the Otira river, and passed into some magnificent pine forests, where the undergrowth was very thick and impenetrable, and the tree trunks were covered with delicate mosses and ferns from the ground up to the highest branches, which showed the remarkably humid nature of the locality.

Our next changing place was Taipo, where we noticed a novel and beautiful garden fence of the trunks of tree-ferns. It is a very common thing to fence ground with these stems where tree-ferns are very plentiful, and placed upright and close together they form a strong and durable fence; but here the stems had thrown out leaves and made the fence into a lovely row of tree-ferns,

seven or eight feet high, which again attested the moist nature of the neighbourhood. Over the Taipo river is a wire bridge constructed of the very lightest materials, over which passengers have to pass, while the empty coach crosses this dangerous river lower down. One has to walk very carefully across this bridge, as it sways from side to side in an alarming manner, and only one person is allowed on it at a time.

The road now lies for a long distance through thick bush, in which we see occasionally signs of returning civilization in the shape of settlers' homesteads by the roadside. After driving alongside the great Teremakau river for some distance, we came upon occasional patches of cleared bush, and one or two sawmills at work, and we knew we were near the mining towns of the West Coast.

When we looked back at the rough and dangerous state of the journey from Christchurch to Hokitika, even at the present day, it made us think that the desire for wealth must have been very great indeed, when such numbers of miners made their way across the Alps, over rivers, and through forests, twenty years ago, before a road of any kind, or even a track, had been made.

"It will never be known," says one writer, "how many men have perished in these wild mountains and

rivers without a fellow-creature near or any witness of their fate but the lofty rocks and towering pine trees. Thousands came to this district year by year in pursuit of wealth, forsaking the comfort of their homes, to lead a life of wild excitement ending in madness or death, or to perish alone in these desolate places."

The first settlement we reached was Dilmanstown, a rough and dirty-looking place, with all the objectionable characteristics of a gold-mining town. A little farther on is Kumara, a place remarkable even among mining settlements for the number of its "hotels" and drinking-shops. Powerful jets of water play in all directions against the soft gravelly cliffs, wearing them gradually away, and washing the earth and soft stone down to the sluices where the precious gold-dust is caught. Waimea, which is the next settlement beyond Kumara, is one mass of these water-jets, sluices, and water-races; it is one of the oldest of the West Coast digging towns.

After passing through Stafford, the next signs of civilization were the church and school of a Maori village, where dwell the remnants of the once-numerous West Coast tribes. They own a good deal of land about here, and live in comfort and ease. A little farther on and we arrived at five p.m. at Hokitika, the

once wealthy capital of the West Coast mining district, and our journey westward was finished.

Hokitika is a town which has seen better days, and its wealth and population have of late years much diminished. At the time when the West Coast gold-mines were at the height of their prosperity, Hokitika witnessed such a wild prodigality and lavish display of wealth, such as perhaps no other town in the colony has ever seen. Gold was found in immense quantities, and fortunes were made sometimes in a few weeks. Hokitika was thronged with publicans, merchants, and shop-keepers of all descriptions, all doing a tremendous trade, as these *nouveaux riches* spent their gold almost as quickly as they got it. Those were fine times for everybody, and the "old hands" of the West Coast sigh pathetically when they talk of them now-a-days. There are now in Hokitika a great many unoccupied buildings, many of which have been allowed to fall into a dilapidated state. Hokitika is built on the shore of the West Coast, and on the river which gave the name to the town. The harbour is small, and not a safe one, while it is also difficult to enter. Very large quantities of timber are exported to Australia and other parts of New Zealand, the timber and gold industries forming the chief trade of this part of the West Coast. Some of those people

who oppose Lord Palmerston's famous *dictum*, and appear to think that the first thing that a new colony wants is railroads, are trying to get a railway constructed from Springfield to Hokitika, through these wonderful mountains and gorges. There is already good communication by sea, and nothing whatever to warrant the enormous expenditure that a railway would cost, both to construct and repair; and I sincerely hope that these ridiculous people may not be permitted to increase the already enormous debt of the colony for such a purpose.

We commenced our return journey to Christchurch in very different weather to that which we had enjoyed in our westward trip. Thunderstorms and heavy rain gave us very little chance of sleeping during our last night at the Empire Hotel, as the roof was of corrugated iron, and the noise of the heavy raindrops on it was like a powerful "drum accompaniment" to the peals of thunder. We were up at 4 a.m., and after a hurried breakfast, took our seats inside the coach. Our driver was as jolly and unconcerned as usual, and clad from head to foot in oilskins, laughingly defied the storm. The small creeks which we had passed unnoticed before were now rushing torrents, and everywhere the signs of the heavy rains were apparent. The Teremakau

river had risen as only these mountain streams can rise, and large trees and heavy drift-wood were spinning down the stream at a terrific pace.

At Dilmanstown we got a fresh team of horses, and were told that there was very little chance of our getting through in such weather. At an accommodation house some miles farther on we were again told of dangers ahead, but our driver announced his intention of taking the mails through if it could possibly be done, so on we went again. Seven miles farther on we came to the Rangitata, a narrow river which had risen tremendously, and which was declared unsafe to cross, and there were worse ones beyond. We took the horses out of the coach, and managed to turn it round ourselves, as the road was too narrow for the horses to do it. All this time the floods were rising, and three miles of the road back to the accommodation house were covered with two feet of water. We had to stay at this house till the following day, as the waters still continued to rise. During the evening the rain ceased at intervals, and as these mountain torrents fall as rapidly as they rise, we hoped to be able to get on next day.

Starting soon after 6 a.m. the following morning we got across the Rangitata in safety, but soon came up to the Waianini, which our driver declared unsafe at

the usual crossing. After getting off the box to prospect the stream, he found a better place and decided to attempt it, and we got over without accident, though no one knew quite how. After this we had a long stretch of fairly good road, although its banks were broken in places, and uprooted trees and broken telegraph-wires testified to the violence of the storm. At the Taipo we once more crossed the swaying wire bridge on foot, but the coach could not cross the river, and we had to transfer ourselves to another one with fresh horses on the other side. In the middle of the Taipo on a big boulder-bank stood a cart. Its owner had attempted to take it across the river the previous day, but having got it to the middle of the stream, had to cut his horse loose and swim to shore. For several hours he anxiously watched the rising waters, and when they got as high as the axle of the cart he gave it up for lost; but fortunately at that point the waters commenced to go down.

We were here told that men had been at work all night attempting to clear the road, but that in one place it had gone bodily into the river. We drove as far as the road was wide enough to turn the coach round if necessary, then our driver mounted one of the horses and rode on to see if we could get through. He

was gone about an hour, and then came back and said he would take us forward. After about three miles we came to one of the obstructions; an immense tree had fallen into the river from the bank above, but the roots completely blocked up the whole road. By dint of much cutting at the roots with axes, and blasting the rocky side of the road with dynamite, a passage was at length made wide enough for us to squeeze through. The previous day we were told that the Teremakau has risen right over the road and the flat places, but it had now returned to its proper channels.

The views down the river were very lovely; the discoloured torrent running between steep banks of the richest foliage, all glistening with moisture; the long stretch of thick bush rising high up the mountain sides; while far away beyond all this rose the snow-clad peaks of some of the Alpine giants, occasionally hidden in soft sweeping mists.

When we continued our journey we took the roadmen with us to extricate us if necessary from other predicaments, and it was not long before we required their assistance. About fifty yards of the coach-road had fallen into the river, leaving only room for a foot-passenger to walk. The men cut away the bank, and made a sort of rough road for the coach down into

the river, up the bed of which it floundered till it had cleared the gap in the road, then it mounted to the road again. We were detained in several other places while the road was being mended, and had great difficulty and no little danger in crossing the Otira river, after which we were very glad to reach the accommodation house about 5 p.m., having had nothing to eat since 6 a.m.

Here they told us that the road through the Otira Gorge had suffered terribly from the storm, and would not be ready again for coach traffic for at least six weeks, so we could go no farther that night. Our driver, after a hasty dinner, got a horse and rode forward to see what he could of the state of the road. Meanwhile my friend and myself made up our minds to stay where we were till the next coach, and to spend the time in seeing a little of the Gorge if the weather would permit us. The next morning the rest of our passengers departed, and we walked up the road to see the extent of the damage done. The road was in many places almost washed away by the numerous streams which had descended on it from above, many of the supports and materials used in constructing it being left bare.

We spent two days in this place, seeing as much

as we could when the weather allowed us; and we made the acquaintance of a man who kept the toll-gate in the Gorge, a life not exactly calculated to please a Londoner, as he was.

£10,000 a year is voted for the maintenance of this road, which seems rather a large sum for a stretch of a hundred and thirty miles or so; but any one who has seen the road after a severe storm will only wonder how it can be kept up on that amount.

Leaving again early in the morning, we all started to walk up the steep Gorge in the midst of heavy rains. The weather was bad throughout the day, and once, in the neighbourhood of Porter's Pass, we had a long drive through a heavy snowstorm, which impeded the horses a great deal, and made them slip continually. Such weather in summer time is very unusual, but it enabled us to see parts of our route in their winter and summer aspects.

We did not get back to Springfield till long after the last Christchurch train had gone, and although we were not sorry to return to the land of railways again after our long interview with nature's most magnificent wilds, we did not relish having to spend the next day, which was trainless Sunday, in such an uninteresting town as Springfield.

Early on Monday morning we started for Christchurch, having immensely enjoyed the coach-ride across the Island, in spite of its occasional hardships and dangers. A few days later we heard that a nasty accident had taken place in one of the rivers: that the coach has been upset, two of the horses that did their work so well had been drowned, the mails carried away, and the passengers rescued with great difficulty.

CHAPTER XIX.

WELLINGTON TO WHANGANUI.

TRAVELLERS by the old coach-road over the Rimutaka ranges tell us that the views obtainable from the railway are nothing like so fine as were enjoyed in the "good old days" before the railway was laid down. It must have been a grand thing to live in those times, if we are to believe all that is told us by the old fogies who will persist in talking about the "good old times." I believe that their idea is to make young people believe that it is worth while being old, if only to have seen the sights of, and to have lived in, those truly remarkable days. But, I don't know, I somehow prefer to read about bygone days rather than to be old enough to know all about them from experience. Personally, I am quite satisfied with the present glorious views that are to be had from the train passing over the Rimutaka on a clear summer's day. When I first looked over those

miles of forest-clad valleys and mountains, from the height of the ranges, I thought it was one of the loveliest sights I had ever seen; and although I must have travelled some 100,000 miles since then, I do not know that I have seen anything of the kind to surpass it. Europeans frequently complain of the dull monotonous colour of the New Zealand bush; and after their own bright-tinted, deciduous foliage, it is undoubtedly a little monotonous; but the variety of tint in the foliage to be seen on the Rimutaka hills leaves nothing in my opinion to be desired. After skirting Wellington harbour on the north side the line commences a very long, and, at first, gradual ascent; but after several picturesque little settlements are passed, the ascent becomes very steep, and the speed of the train very slow. A great deal of the bush land on the south side of the ranges is being cleared, and houses are springing up rapidly; but when once the summit is reached, and the train commences to descend again, there is very little sign, except in the railway itself, of man's interference with wild nature. Fresh valleys are constantly coming into view as the train sweeps round the sharp corners, all thickly covered with the densest bush, so dense that man could hardly penetrate it except with the aid of an axe. Not far from the summit is a gully, where, some years ago, a train was

blown bodily off the line, and down the mountain side.¹ An enormous timber fence now marks the scene of the accident, and was placed there to prevent the recurrence of such an extraordinary fatality.

The train moves down the mountain side at a rather rapid pace, and the level of the great Wairarapa plains is soon reached. These plains form one of the great pastoral districts in New Zealand, and contain land of as good a quality as any in the colony. After a good many stoppages at small townships, the train arrived at Masterton, which was at the time of my visit the terminus of this railway. Lately the line has been opened up a considerable distance farther. Masterton, the second largest inland town in New Zealand, is the thriving head-quarters of the large pastoral and agricultural district which surrounds it on all sides. The town has apparently been cut out of a mass of thick bush, as is the case with almost all Wairarapa settlements. It contains about 3000 inhabitants, and consists mainly of one long street, at one end of which is a bridge over the pretty little river Waipoua. The Waipoua in summer is a most harmless, inoffensive-looking stream, but the Waipoua in winter flood would hardly be recognized as

¹ A similar accident occurred only a few months ago near the same spot.

the same river. It rises in the Tararua ranges, which bound the southern side of the Wairarapa "valley," as it is often called; as the "valley" is perfectly flat, and many miles in width, I think the name of "plain" is more appropriate.

In this part of the country I have spent a good deal of time, and have seen a good deal of the genuine farm life of New Zealand. When things go well, that is when wool is high and cattle and sheep will fetch a fair price, I cannot imagine a pleasanter life for any one fond of the country than to be a farmer or run-holder in the Wairarapa. But there has been everywhere a dark side to the picture for some time past; wool has not been high, and stock has been selling at prices, which, if we are to believe some cattle-breeders, would not make farming pay if the cattle were in the first place stolen, and then fed on somebody else's pasturage. We can but hope that it will not be necessary to resort to the above-mentioned expedients, as somebody must come off badly. The climate of the Wairarapa is particularly healthy, and resembles that of Hawke's Bay a good deal; and Hawke's Bay, like a good many other places, possesses the finest climate in the colony.

The inhabitants of Masterton do not consider that the amassing of wealth is the only thing to care for in

this world ; they manage to get a good many different sports and amusements into their ordinary business life. Like the residents of every town in the colony, they are considerably given to horse-racing. Within a distance of fifteen miles, I think, there must be nearly a dozen race-courses, on which races are held apparently just as often as they can be crowded in without interfering with each other. Of course there is a good deal in connection with this sport which is not pleasant and healthy ; bookmakers, and men who take to keeping race-horses for profit, are objectionable beings anywhere ; but there is a large portion of the population of the colonial country districts who attend meetings simply from the love of sport and the excitement, and to these people racing is a godsend, taking them away from their thoughts of wool, corn, or contracts, as the case may be, and giving them an enjoyable day in the open air. Coursing has been taken up a good deal by these dwellers on the plains, and in an earlier portion of these pages I gave an account of a week's coursing that I once participated in here. Rabbits are much too plentiful, and their increase is jealously watched by an Inspector, whose duty it is to see that all requisite measures are taken to keep them down as much as possible. Rabbit shooting can be had almost anywhere,

and with the aid of ferrets some capital sport can be enjoyed. But the sport which the Wairarapa residents are particularly fortunate in having so much of, is pigeon shooting. I do not refer to trap-shooting and gun clubs, but to murdering the magnificent *huku*, or wild pigeon, in his native bush. When the berries are on the forest trees the pigeons come down into the bush on the plain in a reckless way; and being sufficiently stupid to sit and be shot at time after time without moving, a great many of them fall a prey to the guns of "sportsmen" who are not necessarily "good shots." The ludicrous way one of these big birds will look calmly about him without offering to move when he has been shot at, must be seen to be believed; but even their patience can be exhausted. I once saw a rustic fire seven times at a pigeon in the trees above him without hitting it; but at last the pigeon grew disgusted at not being hit, and flew away after the seventh shot. I have shot a good many of these birds, which are splendid eating, in the neighbourhood of Eketahuna and Woodville; but I could not bring myself to fire at them as they sat in the trees, and was looked upon as a fool in consequence by the pot-hunting individuals who had not the same scruples; by standing just outside a clearing I managed to hit a good many as they fled from one patch of

bush to another. Altogether I am inclined to think that the Wairarapa (known among the old colonials as the "Waidrup") is a favoured locality, and its residents are to be envied.

My journey northward to Taranaki lies for the first stage or two over the same ground that I described in a previous chapter when *en route* for Napier, so I will ask my reader to consider that the long bush ride has been gone through again, and that we are at Woodville, where roads branch off east and west. Taking the westerly road, I left by coach at 10.30 a.m. the morning after my arrival at Woodville, fully prepared to enjoy the ride, as the road to Palmerston North (the then terminus of the Whanganui railway) lies through the celebrated Manawatu gorge. We were not long in coming to this much-vaunted piece of scenery, and I was not disappointed by the reality after reading many wonderful accounts of it. The road lies for the most part high on the very steep south side of the gorge, and is very narrow, and entirely without any protection against the possibility of a coach being upset over the side and down into the Manawatu river, which thunders below. The two sides of the gorge are thickly covered with bush down to the edge of the river, and one wonders how some of the big trees have obtained a hold

on the masses of rock which they appear to be growing on. The road is, in many places, 200 or 300 feet almost directly above the river; and landslips are constantly taking place, which for the time make the track quite impassable. Gangs of men were busy at work clearing away the fallen earth and stones as we went through; and in one or two places we had not more than six inches of solid ground beyond the outside wheels in passing places where slips had not been quite cleared away. Coach-drivers are always on the lookout for landslips and fallen trees, and every well-equipped coach carries an axe and a spade to clear the road in case of necessity. The gorge is about two or three miles long, and in spite of fierce gusts of wind that met us all the way through, I enjoyed the ride and the scenery particularly. At the end of the gorge we had to cross the Manawatu river, here a wide, swift stream, and the coach was driven bodily on to a great punt that was waiting to ferry us across. On the other side of the river we pulled up at the Manawatu Hotel for a short rest. From Manawatu to Palmerston the country is rather flat and uninteresting, though the land appeared rich, and large flocks were not uncommon.

Palmerston lies on a small flat plain, and is a straggling town of apparently no particular commercial

activity, although I am told it is really a busy place, and increasing rapidly in size. After wandering about the town for an hour or two, I started off by train to Whanganui. The first part of the railway journey lies through some very pretty bush scenery, and later on through some fine undulating fernland, which continued until darkness prevented my examining the country any longer.

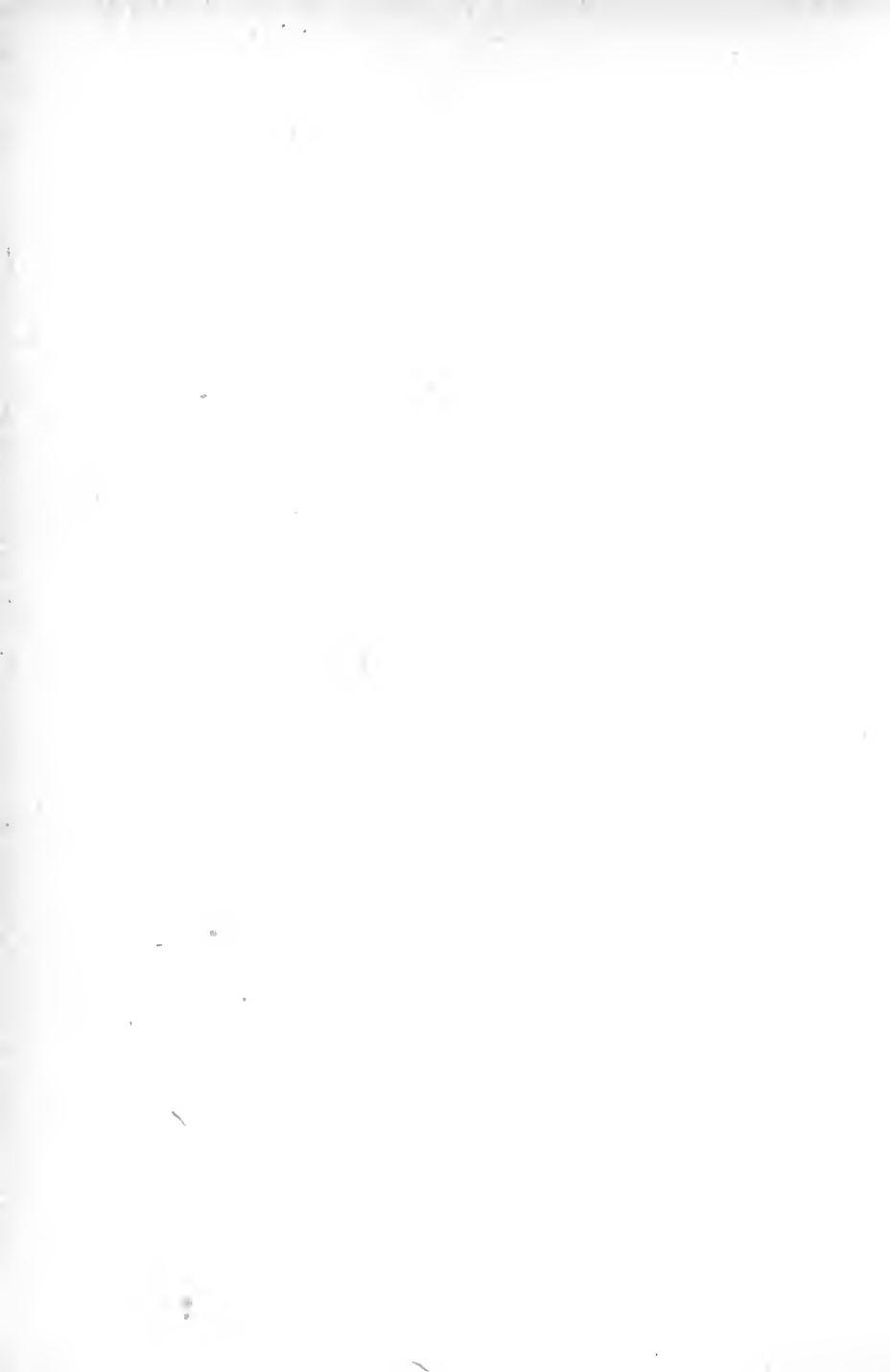
Whanganui was reached about ten p.m., and I turned into the "Rutland Arms," with the pleasing thought that I had no need to turn out early the next morning to continue my journey. Whanganui is a neat and well-built town, that gives one the impression of being a busy, thriving settlement. It is built nearly all of wood, on account of the rather frequent earthquake shocks that are felt there. The town is some little distance from the open sea, but stands immediately on the fine river which gave it its name. The river has an awkward bar, and only vessels of small tonnage can cross it, but for those it is a most convenient place for loading and unloading, as the wharf is almost in the centre of the town. Between the town and the sea is a low range of hills which protects the former from the boisterous weather that is often met with outside. The river is spanned by a handsome iron bridge nearly 200 yards

in length, which is said to have cost £32,000. Although situated on a flat, Whanganui is not without a good deal of picturesque beauty, which is greatly enhanced by the broad river and the range of hills opposite. From these hills, small though they are, a lovely view of the Whanganui valley can be had, and hill after hill, mountain after mountain, comes in sight, till, far away to the northward, the lofty snow-clad summit of Ruapehu can be plainly seen, although nearly eighty miles away. The clearness of the atmosphere is very often extraordinary in New Zealand, and I have frequently from the town of Whanganui made out every spur of Ruapehu, and apparently every small ravine, by the aid of an ordinary field-glass.

For the first three or four miles up the river there is nothing very striking in the way of scenery, but after that the hills get rapidly higher and the bush thicker; and the noble old stream, not apparently less in breadth till one gets many miles up, seems to have worn its way through the loveliest scenery in New Zealand. On the banks of the Whanganui it has been my good fortune to spend several delightful months; and the scenery instead of palling on me after long acquaintance, seemed to develop fresh beauties with every sunrise. Living some distance up the river, far beyond the haunts of



MAORIS CANOEING ON THE WHANGANUI.



men—except perhaps some audacious picnics, whose paper-bags and camp fires told of their having occasionally visited my host without an invitation — paddling about the deep still river in a Maori canoe, and occasionally visiting the natives, who have *haingas* at almost every bend of the river, we seemed to be living the old-world life that has been so eloquently described by the inimitable author of *Old New Zealand*. Alas! that I should have ever left that charming district to return to a sordid, money-grubbing world again!

CHAPTER XX.

THE WHANGANUI AND THE KING COUNTRY.

I HAD spent several months on the lower Whanganui river, but found it difficult to get very far up to explore the country, unless I made up my mind to camp out and live with the natives. No pleasanter place to any one fond of quiet country life, fresh air, and exercise on mountain and river could well be found than this neighbourhood. The river is about two hundred yards broad and rather sluggish, planted on both banks with willows, to keep the soft banks from being washed away by the high winter floods. No better river for canoeing do I know, and many are the days I spent on it, quietly paddling along its banks, sometimes with a gun in the canoe, for duck of many kinds frequent its sheltered shores under the overhanging willows. The Maori canoe is admirably suited

to such work, and when one once gets accustomed to the mode of paddling, it is wonderful the ease with which the heavy mass can be propelled. The smaller canoes are generally about 18 inches or 20 inches in breadth, tapering to a point at each end, and from 15 feet to 30 feet long, and as they are all what is known as "dug-outs," or of one solid trunk of "totara," it may be imagined that the weight is very considerable. No other kind of boat could stand the rough wear of the river, for snags are plentiful, and one never knows where they may be found, as they are constantly being moved by the big floods; and for the first twenty miles the tide runs up strongly, and the canoes get left half on the mud-banks and half in the water in a way that would strain an ordinary boat in a very short time. The paddle used is generally about 4 feet 6 inches long, and single-bladed, and is a very convenient tool to use. It was not by any means my first essay at this sort of paddling, and I was soon quite at home at the work, to the astonishment of the Maoris of Kaiwhaiki, a *pa* nearly opposite where I was staying. I intended, if I could find no other way, to join a party of natives returning up the river, and take my chance of getting through the King Country and out again to civilized parts; but fortune threw a much pleasanter plan in my

way. When I was busy walking the hills and valleys for pheasants in the first few weeks of the season, I one day heard that my friend Mr. R——, the surveyor of the North Island Trunk Railway Line, was at Upokongaro, and would in a few days start up river, through the King Country to Auckland. I immediately sought him out, and a hint as to my wishes brought a very kind invitation for me to accompany his party. I need not say with what alacrity I prepared to leave in a couple of days' time. Scarcely a single white man had been through the heart of the King Country, although many had made the attempt and had been turned back. Mr. R—— himself, while surveying for the Government, had been turned back several times, and even shot at for trying to get through, but, by a quiet persistence and constantly returning to the charge, had at last got through, and made the survey of his road, and when I met him was on his way up again to make further surveys for the line of railway. What is known as the "King Country" has been, until the last few months, closed to the white people ever since the Taranaki war, and has been very jealously guarded by the natives, as a sort of reserve where they would admit no Europeans. Mr. R—— was the first man to get through, and the natives, rather admiring his good-

humoured persistence, had behaved, with some few exceptions, with considerable kindness to him. He said he now believed all resistance would be at an end, and the country would be gradually opened up.

Just before we left, Mr. B——, a well-known Dunedin photographer, asked permission to join the party, having brought letters of introduction from the Government to Mr. R——. One afternoon a huge canoe appeared at Upokongaro, with a considerable quantity of stores, three white sawyers, who were being taken up to build huts on the railway line, R——, B——, and about ten Maoris. R—— sent the canoe forward, and remained with me at Upokongaro to witness an excellent performance of Gilbert's *Palace of Truth*, at a private theatre; and in the morning we walked over the hills, and caught the canoe up at Parekino. By river the distance from Upokongaro to Parekino is about twenty miles; but a Maori showed us a short cut through the bush, by which we reached it in about five miles. Pita, our guide, had been engaged to accompany us up the river, but we had kept him back the previous evening to guide us through the bush. Pita had improved the occasion to imbibe more of host Kennedy's whisky than was good for him, and his talk was a little unsteady; but an hour's walk in the cool morning air

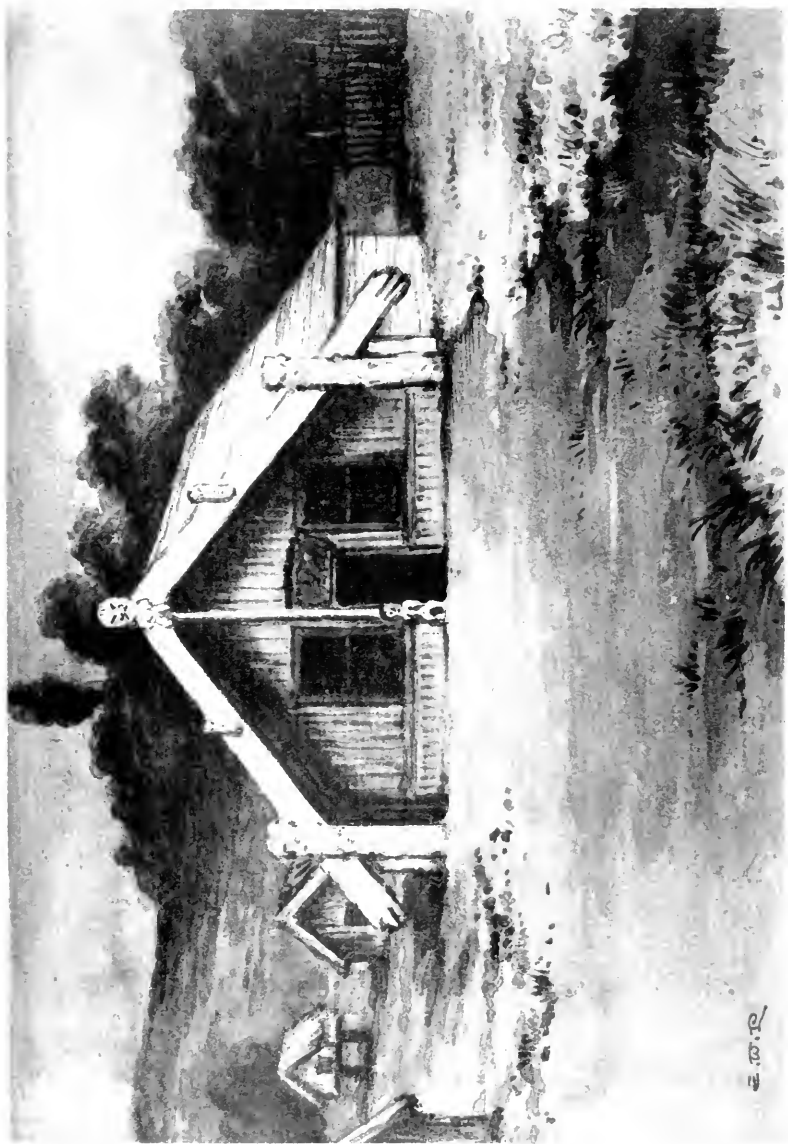
soon sobered him. About nine a.m. we came in sight of the canoe, and soon after met B—— on the road with his camera; he had wandered away to get some views, while the natives got a meal ready. We were soon all down at Parekino engaged in a feed. The natives of the place were very anxious that we should stay an hour or two that they might cook us a good “square” meal of pork and potatoes; but we declined, as we knew our up-river journey would be long enough without unnecessary delays. B—— had succeeded in getting some good shots at the *hainga*, a very picturesque one, and also some good groups of natives; but he was very much disgusted because the native women would not allow themselves to be photo’d unless they put on their best European garments, utterly refusing to be made immortal in everyday attire.

After leaving Parekino a few of our party walked on the river bank through light bush, as the canoe was heavily laden with stores, and the rapids were strong. I was only too willing to walk, on the chance of getting a pheasant. We had not gone many hundred yards before the crow of the cocks became frequent, and soon one got up before me at a convenient distance, only to come down again at the persuasive eloquence of No. 4 shot. The track did not last very long, and

the walking soon became very rough, and several times we crossed the river when we saw better walking ground on the other bank. About four p.m. we reached a small *pa*, where we got an extra canoe, and divided our forces to lighten the load, taking with us a native, Paora, who was to be our host for the night at Atene. We did not get to the latter place till nearly dark, and found ourselves masters of the situation. The *pa* was quite deserted, all the natives being away down river at a feast at Aramoho, so we took possession of the cleanest looking *wharé* for ourselves, and the *wharepuni* for our men, and after a good supper we turned in. Our *wharé* was only 8 feet by 6 feet, and about 3 feet high at the eaves, so we three grown men had none too much room.

The next morning was showery, but we were astir soon after daybreak. During breakfast we were much amused by the antics of a half-grown pig which had its head firmly fixed in one of our big preserved meat tins, and try all he could, was unable to get it out again. Knowing that he might go into the river or fall into a hole, being unable to see, we tried to catch him and release him, but he was too sharp for us and would not be caught, so we left him trying to solve the problem of how to extract pig's head from

a can of New Zealand mutton. Half of our party started to try and find a short cut while I stayed with the canoes. The river was low and the rapids frequent and swift, and in one or two cases all the Maoris had to get out into the river and pull the canoe over shallow places. The walkers joined us some little way up, having only killed one or two small birds. The rain came on thick about midday, and we decided to stay the night at Koriniti (Corinth). In the afternoon the weather cleared up again, and we got some sketches and photos of the pretty *pa*. The youth and beauty of the place were bashful, and the old folks averse to making foregrounds for pictures, but by dint of much coaxing in our most mellifluous Maori accents (B—— knew seven words, which he used with great effect), we got our own way. Koriniti is a very large Maori village, with several irregular streets, and *wharés* of all shapes and sizes. There is a very handsome *wharepuni*, carved inside and out very grotesquely; a good deal of the inside work is panelled however, but there is a lot of genuine old Maori work, both in carving and flax-plaiting. We stayed the night at the house of a half-caste, who was very hospitable, and who next day accompanied us in the canoes.



W. B. L.

"HURIWHENUA," KEPA'S COUNCIL HOUSE AT RANANA

We made an early start the next morning, but travelled slowly, as we had not far to go to our next night's stopping-place. The river was in many places very lovely, and we frequently stopped to photo and sketch, and admire the scenery. Karatia (Galacia) was an especially lovely bend, and here we stopped to visit some friendly Maoris on the hills.

Ranana (London) was reached about midday, and, after getting some dinner ready, we gave up the idea of going on further that day. After a good meal, mostly contributed by our new friends the natives of Ranana, we took possession of Major Kemp's *wharé*, which was empty; but, finding it particularly dirty and cold, we only used it to store our packs in, and resolved not to sleep there. Major Kemp—or Kepa, as he is called by the Maoris—is a Maori chief of very considerable power. He has, like many other natives, adopted a European name, which, however, his people are unable to pronounce, as no Maori can pronounce two consonants together; so to them he is Kepa, which is the nearest they can get to it. B—— soon got his camera out, much to the amusement of the small fry of the place, and had endless opportunities of getting good views of the interesting village and the inhabitants. The glory of Ranana, however,

is a large *wharepuni*, known as Huriwhenua. This is the meeting-house of Kemp's council, where he assembles his chiefs to discuss the affairs of his nation and neighbourhood. It is not an old house at all, but contains many excellent pieces of old Maori carving, which have been collected at great expense by Kepa himself. Kepa built Huriwhenua at his own expense, and it cost him over £2000. The house is about 66 feet long by 26 feet broad, and 20 feet high at the ridge-pole. The sides are very handsomely plaited, Maori fashion, *i.e.* thin strips of wood plaited over with flax and the leaves of the *ti*, and dyed various colours so as to make regular patterns on the walls. Unfortunately, the roof and outside are unmistakably *pakeha*, the roof being of corrugated iron, and the outside of weather-boards. Finding our small *wharé* too cold, we adjourned to the big house for the night, and stretched our blankets on the *whariki* that the thoughtful natives brought us. Before going to sleep we all set to work to write up our notes, by the light of a candle stuck in the socket of an old-fashioned bayonet, which weapons generally serve the King Country Maoris for candlesticks. Huriwhenua was an imposing bedroom, and we went to sleep reflecting that it was not

every one who slept in a room 66 feet long and 20 feet high.

In the morning we left for Hiruharema, which is the Maori way of pronouncing Jerusalem. R—— accompanied us, but intended to return to Ranana the same day. The wind was high and the rapids very swift just below Hiruharema, and the canoe in which R—— and his men were, capsized, and they got a good drenching, having to wade waist deep to get their canoe put right again. At Hiruharema is a small Catholic nunnery, where some half-dozen nuns are taught the Maori language and customs before being sent into the world on their holy mission. R—— introduced us to the two fathers and the sister superior, and from them we received every kindness during the two days we spent there. The order is a French one, and priests and nuns were one and all French. It seemed curious to find this little establishment of the Roman Catholic Church right away up on the borders of the King Country, miles and miles away from civilization or European settlements. The priests have worked great good in the neighbourhood of Hiruharema, the natives being the quietest and most respectable of any that I have seen. We were overwhelmed with kindness by these good French ladies

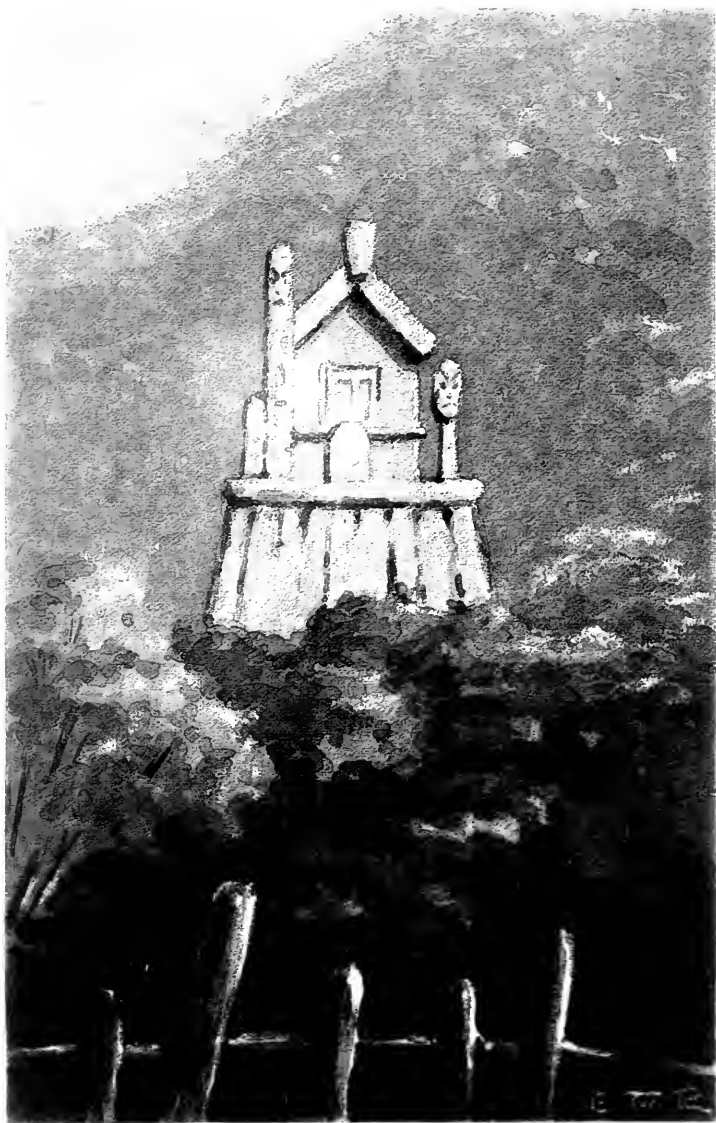
and gentlemen, the priests insisting on our leaving our Maori quarters, and sharing their comfortable rooms with them. They even gave up their bedroom to us, and slept on mattresses on the floor of their sitting-room. The bedroom contained a single bed and a mattress on the floor, and I, as the younger man, insisted on B—— taking the bed. My mattress was exceedingly comfortable, but when B—— tried the bed he found the mattress stuffed with *toe* canes, and only a single blanket between him and the canes. Didn't I bless my modesty in choosing the mattress on the floor, and didn't I chaff B—— about doing penance! It appeared that the soft mattress had been taken off the bed and put on the floor, as the fathers had only just sufficient bedding for their own use. However, I gave B—— all my thick blankets, and he made himself comfortable on them, but it was a long time before I forgot his expression of astonishment and dismay when he first felt the *toe* canes. On the following day we expected to be able to proceed up river, but when I went to hunt up Ngatai to see about starting, he said it was too rainy a day, too much water in the river, and half-a-dozen other things wrong. It was evident the Maoris wanted to stay the day, so, as they had worked well up to now, I did not press it, and

we made up our minds to spend another day at "Jerusalem."

B—— asked our hosts if they had any objection to photography on Sunday, and when they said no, he set to work willingly. I have a notion that some photos would have been taken whatever the answer had been, but, as the priests had treated us so kindly, he thought it right to ask. A Maori woman called out to him that he ought to be ashamed of himself working on Sunday; but, as she was hoeing potatoes at the time, the remark fell flat. B—— sprained his leg in the forenoon, and had to be doctored by Sister Marie Joseph, who is a very accomplished physician. We attended mass at the convent, and saw two young Maori boys in thick hobnailed boots, and clad in gorgeous white and gold raiment, carrying incense trays, and we wondered more and more at the progress of civilization. Sister Marie Joseph was most un-nunlike, being very chatty, and in every way a most sensible and kind "sister superior." She told us of all her experiences on first coming to New Zealand; how she had to learn English first and then Maori, and it was from the half-castes that she learnt English, and these good-for-nothing rascals taught her all the slang and bad language they could. She is an excellent Maori scholar, and has written several books in that language.

She also speaks fluently English, Italian, and Spanish, besides her native French.

We got away next morning about nine a.m., our hospitable entertainers coming down to the river to see us off. The river was high, and we seemed to be in a perpetual rapid, and progressed slowly. We soon entered a sort of gorge, where the high, perpendicular sides of rocks were covered with trees, ferns, and moss down to the water's-edge. The scenery began to get very grand—a distinct change from the lower part of the river, where the banks are more sloping and muddy. Every few hundred yards we passed lovely little waterfalls, which had worn each a groove through the solid rock by the constant dropping of the water. About twelve p.m. we came in sight of Pipiriki, where we stayed the day. This, the scene of a great battle, is situated at a very lovely bend of the river, and is one of the most interesting Maori *haingas* I have seen, as it contains no house that is not pure Maori workmanship. The natives were very friendly, and much interested in B——'s *whakaahua* business. A *tangi* took place for one of our boatmen who was a native of the place, and had been away a long time. The stalwart Patu was discovered sitting huddled up in his blanket in a most mournfully-dejected attitude, this being his rôle in the *tangi*, while several old hags



TOMB OF A MAORI CHIEF, PIPIRIKI, KING COUNTRY.

gave him a series of very dismal chants, and all the time they were blubbering like so many naughty children. Were I a Maori, I would get Tawhiao to grant me an Act of Parliament by which I might dispense with *tangis*, as I should otherwise soon die of melancholia. Our tinned meat had come to an end, and none was to be had at Pipiriki, not even a lanky "Captain Cook," so we dined on bread and jam. We had a small *wharé* to ourselves, but it was too small to light a fire in Maori fashion, so we did not sleep well, and were glad to be up at daybreak and continue our journey. About three miles up we passed a *puia*, or warm stream, flowing into the river. Here we saw some blue mountain duck and a good many teal, also several shags busily fishing.

At three p.m. we arrived at Ti Eke, a small *hainga*, very beautifully situated on the river. We pitched a tent as all the *wharés* were full, and on beds of *manuka* we slept well, in spite of heavy rain, which fell all night. There was a *tangi* for Ngatai and Patu, which lasted a long time; Ngatai looked very bored at it all, and evidently wished that *tangis* might be abolished in his case. In the evening was a *hauhau* service in Maori, and immediately afterwards a long *horrero* to welcome Ngatai and his men. Ngatai spoke in reply in a very dignified manner, as became a great chief. He told me before-

hand that there was to be some speechmaking, and he made me a comfortable lounge next to him. The *wharé* was very hot, and I would gladly have stayed there, but when every one turned in for the night there was scarcely room to stand, men, women, and children being huddled together in a promiscuous way. In the morning a mad girl arrived from up river; she was very good-humoured, but kept up a continual chatter of gibberish. The natives told us she sometimes ran away into the bush, and lived on fern-root until she was caught again. The day was showery, and we had some difficulty in getting the Maoris to start. We got to Tukipo by about 12 p.m., and then Ngatai said he thought we had better wait the night, as we were at the entrance of a steep gorge, and there was no camping ground that we could reach till after dark, so we stayed at Tukipo, having done about two miles only in the canoes.

We had heard our men talking about some place near where there was a large *pa*, and we wondered why they had not taken us there instead of to Tukipo, which consisted of a *wharepuni* and two dilapidated *wharés*, inhabited apparently by two hags and a very old man; but we found that the neighbouring *pa*, Utapu by name, was a hotbed of *hauhawism*, so much so, that Ngatai

thought it better not to take us there, in case the natives should ill-treat us. But we were not going to pass by this rebel *pā* without a visit, and so off we set over the hills. B—— carried his camera, and before we had got half-way spied a pretty view of the river that he wanted to immortalize, so we stopped, and I asked a native who was passing to condescend to make a foreground for the view. As soon as he comprehended that he was wanted to have his great person photographed, he turned on us and gave the most awful snort of disgust and rage I ever heard, even from a Maori. B—— did not like the look of his eye, and did not ask any more old fellows to have their photos taken for a long time. Arriving at Utapu we found a large, well-situated village, densely populated by the dirtiest lot of Maoris, both physically and morally, that we had yet seen. However, it was a novelty rather to be rudely treated, and we persisted in seeing all we could of the *pā*. The old chief, whose *wharé* is said to contain a better selection of theodolites than any shop in New Zealand (all taken from surveyors), would not come outside when he heard that two strange *pakehas* were admiring his village. He threatened to shoot my friend R—— the surveyor, if he ever came on his land, and to take all his instruments; but R—— can be stern too; he has several times visited Utapu since this, and always

carries a revolver; but the loud-talking chief somehow was never at home to carry out his threat.

We left our objectionable friends at Utapu before sundown, and returned to Tukipo, where our men had taken all our blankets into the *wharepuni*. The women of the settlement prepared us an enormous meal of pork, potatoes, and some green vegetable I did not know; and we felt glad that we had some sort of roof over us, as the rain commenced to fall heavily soon after we got back. B—— seemed rather uneasy at having to sleep in the same *wharé* as some twenty Maoris—men, women, and children; but he got used to it before the end of our journey. This night we had to put up with rather a greater heat than usual, as they lighted two large fires inside, and closed all the windows and doors, and B—— didn't sleep much in consequence.

When Maoris are visiting one another they never think anything about food, as everything is provided for them by their hosts. Our men had to wait till nine a.m. the next morning before their breakfast was ready, while we were ready to start at 7 a.m. We got away about ten o'clock, and made good way till 4 p.m., without a stop for dinner. About midday we came on a camp of Maoris on the way to Tangarakau. Patu jumped ashore and rubbed noses with them, and carried off half a wild

pig that they had killed. We were now in the gorge which we had heard about as being so beautiful, and were not by any means disappointed. The river had narrowed considerably, and now ran between walls of rock 20 feet high, covered over completely with bright green mosses. On the top of the rock grew thick masses of scrub and heavy bush, which stretched away upwards to the top of the almost perpendicular hills, often 500 feet high. The rock is of a very soft, clayish kind, and is worn by the innumerable streamlets coming down from the hills into the most fantastic shapes, often looking like the buttresses of an immense elm tree; while once I saw a perfect Gothic arch formed by a stream of water which had divided about 20 feet above the river, and had worn two deep furrows down to the water's-edge. The bush was not very high as yet, but was very dense, and occasionally we saw large hills covered completely with groves of huge tree-ferns. We were now nearly eighty miles up the river, and, except in the gorge itself, the river had not narrowed much, while the scenery was increasing in grandeur every hour. Our Maoris wanted to stop about 3 p.m., but we objected strongly, as there was no suitable place near to pitch a tent, and the weather looked threatening, so on we went past a large creek called the Whangamomona,

and after another two miles we stopped on a small grassy flat, a few yards square, and commenced to pitch our tent. We had only just sufficient flat space to camp on, the perpendicular walls commencing within a few feet of our tent; but the place was large enough to possess a good-sized name—Mangatoatoa. Our tent was only 18 inches above the river, which ran very swiftly; so had it rained heavily at night we should probably have had the river as our couches, as the water rises very rapidly on the Whanganui, on account of the thousands of streams that feed it. Our Maoris would not have a tent, although it was raining pretty hard, but they erected the fly of their tent as a shelter on the rainy side, and sat round a huge fire all night.

B—— complained of cold and general “uncomfortableness” here, and, seeing he had got a severe chill, which had better be stopped at once, as, in case it should develop into anything worse, we were not likely to see a doctor for six weeks or so, I sought out a certain black bottle which R—— had thoughtfully given me for medicinal purposes, and made B——, a strict believer in temperance, take a good strong dose. This fortunately stopped all the feverish symptoms, to my delight, as I did not wish to have to play doctor to my companion. Our natives saw the black bottle, and, to their credit be



THE GORGE OF THE UPPER WHANGANUI, KING COUNTRY.

it said, that, fond as they are of anything in the way of spirits, they never, after I told them that it was only there for a *rongoa*, made any attempt to take it on the sly, although they had any amount of opportunities.

After a breakfast of half-cooked pork and coffee without milk, we got away soon after daybreak, and travelled for several hours through the same grand scenery as the day before. The waterfalls seemed to increase in number and beauty. In most cases they have each worn a sort of cave or grotto for itself, which has become overgrown with thick masses of ferns, tree-ferns, and many beautiful plants, until the water is only partially seen through the rich veil of green. Soon after starting we passed the Tangarakau river, whither our Maori friends were bound who gave us the wild pig. The water was swift, and we did not average more than one and a half miles an hour. The greater part of our way we had been poleing instead of paddling; but in many parts of the gorge the sides were too slippery for a pole to rest on, and the poles would not touch the bottom, so we were reduced to paddling occasionally.

About midday we passed Ohauora, a small *hainga*, but did not stop. A couple of hundred yards further we passed a large cave in the rock some 20 feet to 30 feet square, and very high, where we could have

spent the night very well, but our natives were in working humour, and we would not suggest stopping. Some distance farther on we stopped to light a fire and boil a "billy" for a midday meal, but soon went on again. Tuke, one of our men, assured us we could walk for a mile or so on one side of the river on a ridge of sand and stones, so we set off to do so, glad of a chance of stretching our legs, but soon found that what he called *he rodi pai tera*¹ was a mass of boulders and tree-trunks. After another mile or two in the canoe the scenery changed a little, the hills being barer than any we had seen for some days, some even consisting of nothing but fern, which we thought a pleasant change after seeing nothing but thick bush for so long. We almost began to hope we should see a little flat land some day. About 4 p.m., after a good day's work, we got to Tahereake, a *hainga*, consisting of one dilapidated *wharé*, and three old Maoris. They were very friendly, and we pitched our tent in their corn paddock, while the Maoris slept near us under a fly. Potatoes were plentiful, but nothing else, so we made a good vegetarian meal, and slept well on the leaves of the tree-fern.

¹ A fine road that !

CHAPTER XXI.

THE WHANGANUI AND THE KING 'COUNTRY (*continued*).

AFTER an early start next morning, we reached a rapid called Tarepokiore, which is by far the worst on the Whanganui river. It is formed by a large landslip which fell right into the river, diminishing it to less than half its proper size. We got out of the canoes, and took out our luggage in case of an upset, and carried it over the landslip to quiet water. Then the natives stripped, and set to work to drag the canoe up. Patu, our herculean helmsman, calmly smoking a pipe, then got into the canoe and was pushed out into the breakers, a long and strong tow-rope having been fastened to the bow of the canoe. After half a huge tree that was lying in the water had been sawn off to make room for the tow-rope, the rough water was passed, but there was a fall of about two feet to get the canoe over, the water running about seven or eight miles

an hour. All hands hung on to the tow-rope, for on it depended the safety of the canoe; had the bow turned ever so little broadside to the waves all our strength would not have saved it, but, with Patu's help, we managed to keep her head straight and pull her through, though it took over an hour to make twenty yards. The natives called the land all the bad names they could think of for tumbling down, as before the slip it was quite an easy reach. The men were pretty tired and we agreed to turn in at Whakahoro, which we reached a little after midday. Here there were plenty of *wharés*, and a large one was allotted to us, but as it had spaces of about two inches between each piece of wood, it proved rather draughty. The *kainga* is a large one, and the natives were very friendly and good-natured, and those of us who could understand their language sat with them at a *korrero* until a late hour. In the morning I found I had made an impression, as I was invited to stay at the *kainga* as long as I liked, but I declined rather regretfully. One of our Maoris, Tuke by name, left us at Whakahoro, as we found that was his home; we were sorry to lose him, as he was the merriest of the party.

We started late next day, and, after punting for a mile and a half, we put in at a small *kainga* for Ngatai

to deliver a letter from the Government to a big chief. I asked who the chief was, and was told that Topine te Mamaku lived there. On receipt of that information, I said we would stop at Tawhata for the night, as I particularly wanted to see as much as possible of this renowned chief. Mamaku is one of the best known chiefs of the old days—one who gave us a great deal of trouble some forty years ago. He had long since turned friendly, and had been baptized into the English Church.

I found the old man seated in front of a small tent in which he lived, talking gaily to Ngatai, who is his nephew. Ngatai introduced me to him, and as we shook hands he said he was glad to see a *pakeha* at his home at Tawhata. Presently the rest of our crew came up, and we all sat round while they read the Government letter to the old man.

Topine, as he is now generally called, is a very old man, with white hair and a very shrivelled skin. I put him down at between ninety and one hundred years old; but, old as he is, he carries himself well and upright, although he does not walk about much. I asked the men how old he was, and, after a long consultation, I was told he was one hundred and sixty years old; but Topine himself indignantly denied it, and said he was only one hundred and twenty. He wore nothing but one thin

blanket, although the weather was cold, and he always sleeps in a tent. B—— and I sat round the fire with the old man and his friends for several hours. He asked me to have my tent pitched close to his, which I did, and was very comfortable. Some of his people asked me to stay at Tawhata, and not to go away with the others—a proposal which I had sorrowfully to decline. Early next morning, as I was dressing, I heard a cheery *Tenakoe!* and turned round to find that old Topine, an earlier riser even than I, had come to pay me a morning visit.

Half a mile from Topine's tent was another small *kainga* of *wharés* made of rough pieces of wood, which seems, as we get farther up the river, to be the usual custom. Here we found a native rope-walk, where they made excellent rope from *muka* or native-dressed flax. I obtained specimens of the rope, which is really first-rate, being plaited in a very intricate manner to increase the strength. We intended to have left Tawhata soon after daybreak, but old Topine insisted on our waiting for some *taro* and potatoes that he was having cooked for us, so we had to make a second breakfast, which our men were nothing loth to do. Our friends came down to the canoes and waved adieux to us as we started.

The last few days the land on the river banks had been getting less and less hilly and devoid of bush, and

now was fine undulating country, with good flats here and there. Soon we came to Kohura, where the remains of a once large *pa* were visible. Dozens of *wharés* of all sizes and a big mill were standing empty and forsaken, the natives having all gone up river to live. The Kohura river falls into the Whanganui, close by the deserted village, tumbling over a shelf of rock some six feet high, and forming a very pretty cascade.

We landed on a shingle bed about midday and boiled our billy, but did not stay long. Our men were getting rather tired of canoe work, and looked forward anxiously to our arrival at Taumarunui, where our river journey was to end.

In the afternoon we passed through a rapid called Paparoa, which is, after Tarepokiore, the worst on the river. The river narrows very much in this place, and runs between two walls of rock, forming a very swift channel for a few hundred yards. We all got out of the canoes and towed them, leaving one man in each to steer with a paddle. At the top of the rapid is a very fine waterfall, some 200 feet high, where a small river empties itself into the Whanganui, over a rocky hill. We got to a *pa* called Whenuatere about 5 p.m., and expected to stay the night, but found that it was deserted, and the Maoris, finding they could not get any more food by

staying there, proposed going on again and making the most of the daylight. We travelled till it was nearly dark, and then camped in the bush in a very awkward place. Rain came on heavily as we got to our camp, and had it not been for the shelter of the bush, we should have had a very wet night.

At Tawhata, after much bargaining, we had bought a pig for £1, and when our camp fires were once going, we commenced to cook our purchase, sitting up to the, for us, late hour of 8 p.m. for the purpose. Early in the morning the Maoris were astir, and anxious to be off, so we started by 7 a.m. The last people we met on the river told us of two canoes that were ahead of us on their way to Taumarunui, and our Maoris were anxious to overtake them, so they worked long and well. We overhauled these canoes during the morning. The occupants had been camping on a shingle beach, not very far from our camp, so they joined our party up river.

It rained heavily all the morning, and when about midday we reached a long flat beach called Omaka, we decided to camp there, and all disembarked. In about twenty minutes seven tents were standing on Omaka beach, and seven fires burning, and it looked quite a busy settlement. The rain continued steadily,

and we gave up all hopes of getting thoroughly dry that day.

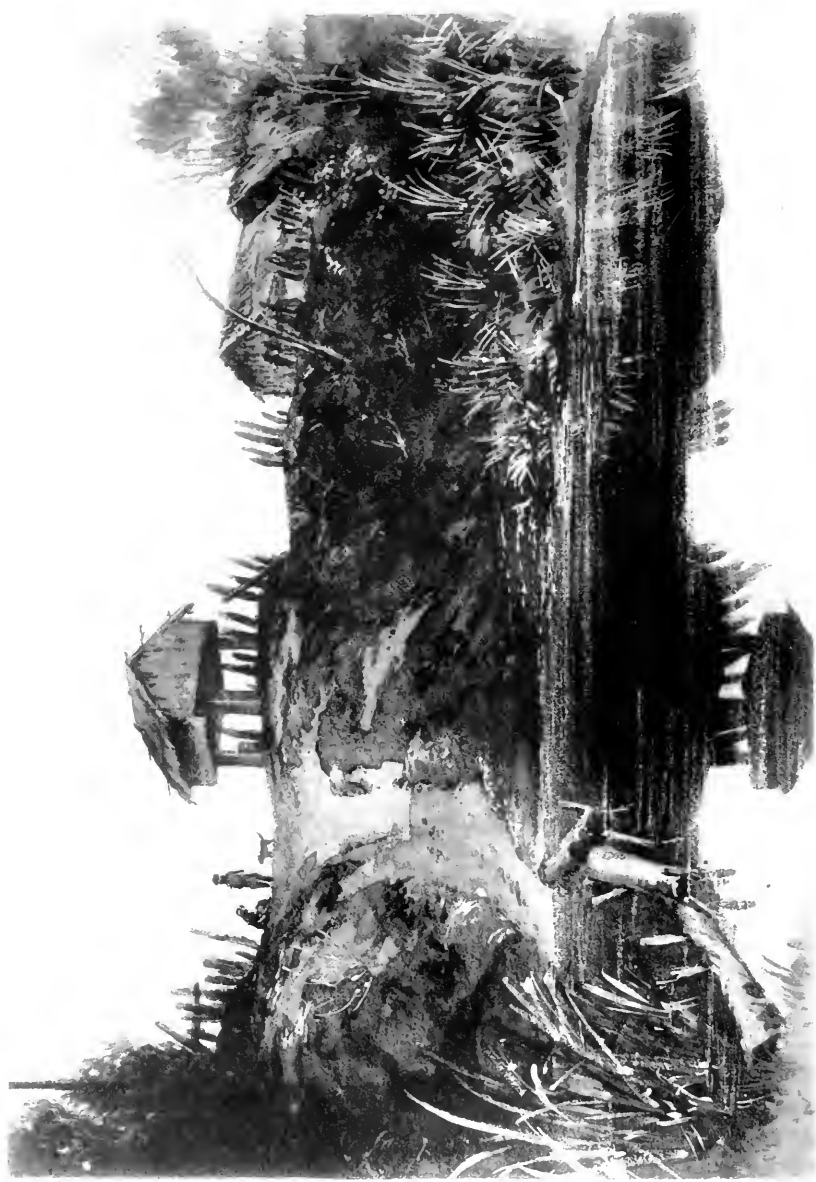
We found that one of the two canoes contained several Taranaki natives, of a very superior class, one or two of whom could talk a little English. These people rang a bell in the evening, and tried to get the natives to attend a Maori service; but very few would leave their firesides. I went visiting in the evening to all the tents, and found the Maoris all very friendly; but they had very little to say to any one out of their own particular parties.

By daylight the camp was astir, and by 7.30 a.m. every one was ready to start. Before that time I had had time to take a good look round the neighbourhood for any likely spot to find gold, as it was at Omaka that Beard's party found gold "colours" in 1884; but all to no purpose—I could find no indication of it whatever. Everybody and everything was pretty wet from the last night's rain, which was very heavy; but, knowing that Taumarunui, the long-looked-for, was near at hand, we did not care for the wet.

My canoe was the first to get away, and the natives worked with a will. The land on either side of us was bare of bush and mostly fern-covered, looking

rich and undulating without high hills. It was not long before Taitua, our helmsman, commenced saying, *Tenei te whenua i a au* (that is my land), which he continued to do till we arrived at Taumarunui. We passed several very bad rapids, long shallow reaches of very swift water, extending sometimes for 400 yards. Just as we were getting ready to go through one of these, two large canoes full of Maoris came dashing down stream, but they pulled up on seeing our men, and indulged in considerable nose-rubbing with them. About 12 p.m. we came to the junction of the Whanganui and Ongarue rivers, at which point lies Taumarunui. We went up the Ongarue for a mile, and then landed, and, having got all our goods out of the canoes, erected a tent to cover them till they could be carried across the flat to the *hainga*. After getting something to eat and drink, we started off in a grand procession for the "town," about half a mile distant.

We found about twenty *wharés* and two *wharepunis*, all very poor and rough, generally made with rough pieces of timber, and by no means rain or windproof. Our men took up their quarters in the *wharepuni*, while I succeeded in getting the owner of the newest *wharé* in the place to relinquish it for B—— and myself,



as we knew we should have some days to wait. This *wharé* was 8 feet by 6 feet 6 inches and 4 feet 6 inches at the eaves; the door was 2 feet 6 inches high and 18 inches broad. B—— stands 6 feet 2 inches high, and the first few attempts he made to get through that door were well worth seeing. We got some clean *whariki* from the natives to cover the earthen floor, and proceeded to make ourselves as comfortable as possible. Having arranged our traps and blankets, we set about seeing the *hainga*, and the inhabitants, who were to be our neighbours for a week or two.

Passing up the "High Street" of this primitive locality, we came upon a group of Maoris doing a *tangi* on a somewhat large scale. The Taranaki natives who had come with us were new to the place, and had to go through the usual process of weeping and moaning which constitutes the chief elements of a Maori welcome. Ngatai, Taitua, and the rest of our crew ought to have done some *tangi-ing* too, but they had probably had enough of it in other places, and, when they came to their own lands and houses, they probably said "*Taipo* take the *tangis*," and disappeared into their *wharés*.

We soon finished our inspection of Taumarunui, and agreed that it was the dirtiest, worst-built, worst-

drained *hainga* we had yet seen. All the *wharés* were built of logs of wood roughly hewn and split, and put up side by side without any regard for small spaces of two inches width that might be between. As a fence we allowed it to be a success, but as the wall of a dwelling we judged it second-class. We had ample opportunity of giving an opinion, too. An hour after we arrived it began to rain, and shortly after we had thoughts of making our beds sufficiently buoyant to float in case the rain continued. The roof of our *wharé*, which was made of bark, let in too much light and rain, and one of the first things we did was to take our waterproof ground sheets and put on the roof outside, and then put *manuka* poles across to keep them down, by which means we kept the larger part of the *wharé* moderately dry. Of course the sides were not waterproof, but we were getting used to such trifles, and didn't bother about that. The natives, having been told by Ngatai that we were great *rangatira*, were very friendly and kind, and didn't look down on us quite so much as a Maori usually does on a *pakeha*. Shortly after we arrived we saw a long line of horsemen approaching by way of the Whanganui river, and soon we saw they were all laden with pork. The men had been away pig-hunting, and were now returning with

six pack-horses and eight saddle-horses, each carrying the half of a wild pig on either side of the saddle.

Our first night in our *wharé* was a success, and we slept better than we had been able to do in our moving camp for weeks past. We found reason, though, to be grateful to our waterproof ground sheet, which we had slung over the roof, as it rained nearly all night, and the uncovered parts of the roof let in the water considerably.

The attractions of Taumaruni were scarcely sufficient to occupy our attention until the arrival of R——, whom we had agreed to wait for. He was coming overland from Ranana, and could not arrive for ten days or a fortnight. R——, however, took his camera about with him, and used a great number of plates the first few days; after which, not having many left for the latter part of the journey, he spent the days lying on his back, and wishing himself back in civilization again.

I wasted a good deal of time after pheasants with a gun that R—— had lent me; wasted, I say, because, although there were plenty of birds about, no scientific calculations could enable me to counteract an unfortunate twist in the barrels which the gun had, and the birds got away with their bodies untouched mostly; it was not till one of the natives produced a gun, very

ancient but without any angles in the barrel, that I was able to do any execution among the "longtails." Pheasants seem to be increasing very rapidly in all the wild parts of New Zealand, and in a few years the sport will undoubtedly be first-rate. The country is mostly so wild, and the scrub so dense, that there is no fear of the birds being exterminated by the hand of man, however ruthless and unscrupulous his means may be.

Pigs are plentiful enough some dozen miles away from Taumarunui, but are rather difficult to get at. The natives generally make a raid on them once a month or so, and get a considerable number at a time; and as they only returned from one of these expeditions on the day of our arrival, I had no opportunity of joining in one of their hunts, as I would have liked to have done.

We had not been long in the place before we found that there were two very distinct and bitter parties in it. Ngatai, our helmsman, owns the long range of hills to the westward, across the Ongarue River; while Taitua and his brothers own all the hills and land to the east and south-east of the settlement, and between these two rival landowners is bitter rivalry. Not wishing to show any party feeling in the matter I made

friends with both sides, and was well treated by every one. The sawyers that we brought up with us were soon at work cutting down a big *totara* on the hill above the *hainga*, and we saw but little of them. They lived in two tents near our *wharé*, and we generally had meals together when the men were not at work.

One day, when B—— and I were alone, we found ourselves short of bread and biscuit, and as Ngatai, who keeps the keys of R——'s store, was away, I said I would bake a loaf, as we had all the requisites. Hitherto I had looked upon bread as an unnecessary article of food in my camps, but having plenty of time on our hands, B—— and I thought we would make some, and surprise the sawyers. We did both these things. We had a camp oven, and soon had a roaring fire under it, B—— turning his attention to the stoking business, while I turned up my sleeves and dived into the flour-bag. I had no notion how to begin, but didn't consider that an impediment. A tin of baking powder gave some directions, but not many; these I followed, and guessed the rest. The bread looked rather curious when ready for the oven, but I thought it couldn't be far wrong anyhow. We turned it into the oven, shut the lid close, and then heaped hot ashes on the lid as we had seen our sawyer friends do; then B—— made up a roaring

fire, and smothered the oven with burning wood. B—— knew how to bake, at least he said so, but he preferred to do the stoking business to making the bread; stoking he thoroughly understood, anyhow. After half-an-hour I got fidgety about my loaf, and said I wanted to look at it, but the stoker wouldn't hear of it—said it would spoil the loaf to take the lid of the oven off; so I gave in, and waited for another quarter of an hour, when I announced my intention of taking the lid off whether B—— liked it or not. I did so, and my first impression was that we had forgotten to put the loaf in; then I thought it must have filtered through the bottom of the oven, but on close inspection we found it. It wasn't just the usual colour of bread—it was something much superior, B—— guessed; he said it must be extra good, because it was so dark. I ventured to remark that I thought it was about baked enough; B—— agreed that it didn't seem to want doing any more. Then a Maori came and looked at it, and laughed; he also seemed to think it was done. It was just black—nothing more; not a good glossy black crust, but a thick, dull-looking layer of jet. The Maori turned it out of the oven, and it was just a little darker beneath than it was at top. I looked at the stoker, the man who knew all about baking and stoking,

and he said he thought we had better get rid of the loaf before the sawyers came home. Just then they came in sight; it was too late; so we sat down and waited. We were relieved to hear them say that it did look a bit overdone, but that with a bit of scraping it would be all right. I left them scraping, and in about half-an-hour came round that way again. They were still scraping, but said there was only another half inch of black to come off. When they had finished, it was a splendid loaf—looked so anyhow, only somehow no one cared to taste it first to see how it was. At last some one suggested giving some to Ngatai's wife to try (she had been an invalid for some weeks), and if it did not hurt her we might safely eat it ourselves. We did this, and, as the Maori woman was alive next morning, we ate the bread ourselves, and it really wasn't bad; but I consider that my first attempt at baking was marred by an over-officious and ignorant stoker.

In the evenings I often went to the *wharepuni* to watch the natives playing cards, and to listen to their amusing but not always polite conversation. As the *wharepuni* gets hot they throw away the greater part of their clothing, and look a thoroughly wild and excitable people, as they really are. The game they play most is *euchre*, and the stakes are wax-matches,

which are far more useful to them in their wild neighbourhood than money. It is a fine sight to see their splendid eyes flash with excitement and victory on carrying off the splendid pool of twenty wax matches! The lights used in these *wharepunis* are pieces of charred *manuka* floating in a bowl of the fat of a wild pig, and the smell from these primitive lamps is most offensive.

B——'s camera and my sketches received a good deal of attention from the natives, and opinions were divided as to which was the most interesting to watch—the camera with all its mechanical arrangements or my colour-box. I had something to show them in my sketches; but B——, who never developed his plates, had nothing but his camera to show. However, I think he was the favourite. They did not think anything of my sketches, because they would not look equally well upside down, or sideways, or in fact from wherever they happened to be standing. I sometimes had a ring of them all round me criticizing, and then some one standing directly in front of me, would place his finger on some object (which of course he saw upside down), and say he didn't know what that was meant for, and then a peal of derisive laughter from everyone would express their contempt for the *pakeha's* work. I have



NGAURUHOE. FROM MATAHANEA. KING COUNTRY.



often been struck with one thing with the Maoris, and that is that, although I have met many thousands of them in different parts of the country, I never saw one who ever made any attempt at drawing of any kind; the tattooing of chins and ornamentation of paddles and doorposts seem to be the highest form of their art.

After we had been at Taumarunui nearly a fortnight, I one day heard a shout from Ngatai's son, Kongi, "*Te Rokepata haere*," and half a mile away we saw our friend R—— trotting towards us at the head of half-a-dozen pack-horses. We were glad to know that we should not have to wait longer at Taumarunui, and, after two days spent in settling up with the natives, and packing up our goods in as small a space as possible, we awoke one day at sunrise, and soon after said good-bye to our friends at Taumarunui. Our cavalcade was imposing, as, besides R——, B——, and myself, we had a white man, whom R—— had brought, Tokanu, a Maori friend, Hinaki, and his brother, and another Maori to help with our three pack-horses.

At Taringamotu, the first settlement of any size that we came to, we dismounted to give our horses a rest, and for B—— to get a few photos. But at Taringamotu the natives did not seem to like the *pakeha* intrusion

at all, and, in language neither Parliamentary nor gentle, B—— was sternly forbidden to take views of the people or their *wharés*. R—— told us these people had always been difficult to get on with, sharing the dislike of old Taumata, the Utapu chief, to all intrusion into their territory. We crossed a river at Taringamotu, and commenced ascending a long bare hill about 1000 feet high. From the top of this range, called Kereheme, we had a magnificent view of the huge volcanic range, Ruapehu, Ngauruhoe, Tongariro, and Hahungatahi being all perfectly clear in the bright sunlight, while in the foreground a vast tract of undulating country, partly covered with bush, and partly fern, was to be seen as far as the eye could reach. After a short halt on the hill, we rode down the other side pretty briskly until we came to the Ongarue river, which we had to cross. It was about 100 yards wide, and the water very nearly came over our saddles, but we all managed to keep pretty dry. A short distance beyond the river we passed Te Koura, a small *kainga* of about a dozen *wharés* and three *wharepunis*, but not a soul there, unless pigs have souls. A mile beyond Te Koura we left the pack-horses in charge of the men, and rode on at a good pace till about 5.30 p.m., just after sunset, when we crossed the Ongarue river again. It was only about

50 yards wide here, but as deep as our last crossing, and B—— and R—— both got wet, but I managed to escape.

About 8 p.m. we crossed another river, the Ohine-moa, where B—— again got wet; and a few yards farther on we came to Waimiha, a good-sized settlement. It took some time to stir up the inhabitants, as they had turned into the *wharepunis* for the night; but at last a big, fat, good-humoured-looking woman came out, and cleared out a big *wharé* for us, and cooked us a meal; and then half the settlement came round our camp-fire for a chat. It was 2 a.m. before we turned in, as I found my blankets had got wet in one of the rivers, and had to sit up and dry them. Next morning our hostess, a chieftess of great influence, insisted on preparing a big meal for us, and we had to wait till 10 a.m. for our breakfast. This lady, Kahu Topune by name, is wealthy, and possesses great *mana* among the natives; and I was astonished to see the deferential way in which they behaved to her. She had a husband, Ngaparu, who was also very kind to us; but he was as deferential as the rest to Kahu. The old lady wore a handsome *korowai* (ornamented flax mat), which I persuaded her to sell to me before I left. At Waimiha I accidentally met a Taupo chief whom I knew, and who knew many of my friends; and so we did not get away till after midday.

R—— wished to visit the camp of one of his surveyors, near Waimiha. So, as we had made such a late start, we decided to make that our camping-place for the night, and after a very rough ride of several miles, we arrived at Ohinemoa (called after the river). The camp was a large one, and had been standing nearly six months, and, with all its comforts, seemed like a fine hotel to us after our rough camps of the last few weeks. As about half the hands had lately moved on to a new camp, we found plenty of room for us, and enjoyed the large dry tents and excellent cooking amazingly.

We were up at daybreak next morning, and away by 7 a.m. up a long steep hill on a very bad road. Presently we entered a thick bush, and for two hours were riding single file down a narrow bridle-track between magnificent *totara* trees. The track was particularly rough, and in many places very steep, but our horses put their feet together and slid down the clay banks without mishap. Through the bush we came upon a rich fertile valley, called the Mangapehi, and after ascending another range, descended into the valley of the Mokau. The Mokau would make a splendid trout stream, being clear and rapid, with an abundance of deep holes. Leaving this, we next rode into the Waiteti valley, after passing through a delightful patch

of bush about a mile long. During the morning we had three rivers to cross, the Mokau, the Mangapehi, and the Paratikona, the Mokau being the only deep one, and that was but some 25 yards broad. About 2.30 we came in sight of the survey camp, but found hardly any one there, and rode straight on to Te Kuiti. Te Kuiti is a large *hainga* founded by Tawhiao about four years ago, on the banks of the Mangaokewa stream, and protected from the north by a high range of hills. The place was almost deserted, there being only some forty or fifty natives there, so we had a large *wharé* to ourselves. A *wharepuni* here, built by Tawhiao, is well worth seeing, as I believe it is the largest in the country, and one of the best decorated. The native carvings on it are very fine, likewise the plaited flax in the walls, which has been ingeniously worked in Maori designs. A dead pig was lying rotting in the sun in the centre of the *hainga*, but the smell did not seem to be offensive to the Maoris.

The next morning R—— and I were away early, as we wished to get to Kihikihi the same night, and we had over forty miles of rough roads before us. B——, who had suffered from the continued riding, elected to stay behind with the pack-horses, and stay a night on the way. Soon after we started we met a Maori who had

been riding since daybreak, and he said that one of the rivers we had to cross was very high and swollen, so, as we did not care to get very wet if we could help it, we turned back and started by another track. We soon passed Te Kumi, where Mr. Hursthouse, one of the Government surveyors, was chained and imprisoned by the old fanatic Te Mahuki. Soon traces of civilization began to appear again in the shape of a rough weatherboard house belonging to some Maoris; and about midday we got to Haerehuka, where we went to deliver a Government letter to the chief Taonui. Here we found a large party of Maori aristocrats assembled. In a large clean *wharé* was old Manga, as his people call him, or Rewi Maniapoto, as he is known to the world—the biggest chief in New Zealand so far as rank is concerned. He had come from Kihikihi on his way to Waitara and Parihaka. He is a most intelligent old gentleman, with a very quiet manner and voice, and gives one the idea of being what every one allows him to be, a brave, honest, straightforward, and intelligent man. His wife, Te Rohu, and his young daughter, Te Kore, were with him; also Te Wetere te Rerenga, the great Mokau chief, and his brother Te Rangituataka. Te Wetere is a very shrewd-looking man, who knows a little English and insists on airing

it. Taonui Hikaka, the man we had brought a letter for, was also there as host. Every one seemed very fond of old Manga, and paid him a good deal of attention. After an hour or two's chat with the party, we rode on, and soon came to Mara-e-o-hine, a well-kept farm belonging to a half-caste named Hettitt, where we were very kindly treated, and introduced once more to such luxuries as plates and knives and forks. R—— had several horses running on this farm, so we captured two and turned ours loose to enjoy a well-earned holiday. My new steed was rather extraordinary. I was told I should have to spur him to make him go at all, but that if I spurred him much he would "clear out" with me. Happily I struck the happy medium, for he went well, albeit, with a mode of progression entirely original—a sort of hop, step, and jump.

We crossed the Mangarongo stream where it was rather deep, and then had a long ride through fernland, of which there are many hundreds of thousands of acres in this neighbourhood. About 5.30 p.m. we crossed the Puniu river, thus leaving the "King Country," and cantered up to Kihikihi and civilization. From Kihikihi we drove over to Alexandra to see the great Wahanui, our companion being Mr. Hursthouse, who was the

hero of the Te Kumi affair. The burly Wahanui and his family welcomed us to Alexandra, and, after a long chat we left for Whatiwhatihoe to see Tawhiao, the so-called king, but who really has no more influence over the Maoris than some half-dozen other chiefs. Tawhiao was at home, having recently returned to Whatiwhatihoe in a sulky fit, in consequence of some railway works still being carried on in his "dominions," in spite of his royal prohibition. We met him strolling about in a white blanket and a blue Tam o' Shanter, looking a fine, tall savage as he is; but he objected to being seen by *pakehas* in this guise, and forthwith retired to put on his royal garments, which, since his visit to London, consist in a tall, black silk hat, black frock-coat and trousers, black gloves, and an umbrella. He shortly appeared in these garments, looking like a methodist parson out for a holiday. Whatiwhatihoe is a very large and scattered Maori settlement, consisting of several hundred *raupo* and wooden *wharés*. It is built on the high banks of the Waipa river, on an extensive flat, and is a very uninteresting place. It is, however, clean and healthy-looking, and in this respect a striking contrast to the settlements we had recently been through in the interior of the King Country.

The North Island Trunk Railway, which has already been commenced at both ends, is destined to run through a considerable part of the country I have described; and if it is destined to destroy romances, and cause Maoris to give up their own picturesque garments for "chimney-pot" hats and black frock-coats, it will, at any rate, open up a large tract of country containing excellent land, timber of extraordinary size, vast opportunities for sport, and some of the most lovely scenery in the world.

CHAPTER XXII.

TARANAKI.

ON one of the most exposed parts of the West Coast of the North Island is situated the pretty town of Taranaki, or New Plymouth, as it is called. This constant repetition of names in use all the world over, is as ridiculous as it is confusing, and the sooner it is stopped the better. All the rest of the great and bustling "cities" of the colony have a most patronizing way of trying to snub New Plymouth. "The dullest hole in the colony,"—"Nothing whatever to do there,"—"Half the population spend their lives in bed, because if they get up there is nothing to do." A kind Wellington friend was good enough to give me the above particulars before I had visited New Plymouth myself. I can't say I found his estimate of the place correct; in fact I have a great liking for this "slow old hole," and I am quite sure that many other towns have very considerable reason to be

envious of it. Its one great want is a good harbour; but that the inhabitants have tried to remedy by building a massive breakwater, which has already been a great boon to the place. Instead of going ashore in open whaleboats, as was the usual thing until the breakwater was built, passengers are taken on board a steam-tug and landed at the breakwater, where they find a train all ready to take them into the town; and in fine weather the services of the tug are dispensed with, and the steamer itself taken alongside the breakwater. Not very long ago, too, the approach by land from Whanganui was not very convenient, as the railway was not completed; passengers had to get out of the train at Manutahi and drive a dozen miles or so to Hawera, where they picked up the railway again. All this is done away with now, and the railway runs from Whanganui right through to New Plymouth; and altogether I think New Plymouth is a town that will before long leave some of the others that are accustomed to allude to it as a "slow old hole," far behind. There is an enormous extent of rich land in the neighbourhood of the town, which is as yet covered with dense bush, but when cleared will help to make Taranaki one of the most important pastoral districts in the colony. At the present time I believe there is a great deal more land cleared,

and greater numbers of stock on the land, than any one living outside the province has any idea of. New Plymouth is a quiet, unassuming place, and has not done so much to attract immigrants and settlers by exaggerated reports as some districts have. But it seems to me a very good sign that the settlers are perfectly contented with their choice of a country, and rarely evince any disposition to leave it.

The town is built close down to the sea, and almost on those wonderful black sands which contain in some cases as much as 75 % of iron. It is a bright, homely-looking place, with good gardens and shelter trees everywhere. The houses are almost all of wood, and being nearly all painted a very light colour, give the town a vivacious appearance when seen through the luxuriant foliage which abounds round almost every house. Away at the back of the town an enormous extent of bush is to be seen, spreading away up the slope of Egmont, the mighty mountain that rules over these parts. Egmont itself is a curiously regular cone, and in fine weather can be seen from immense distances. From the higher lands in the Whanganui valley, I have often seen it at a distance of seventy or eighty miles, and from the same place Ruapehu, which is rather closer, would be also very distinct. Egmont is a one-peaked mountain with

an enormous and almost circular base, the circumference of which is about sixty miles; there is a low range of hills jutting out seaward on the western side, but with this exception the cone is a regular cone. I have seen Egmont from every side, and whichever way it is viewed it is a wonderfully imposing mountain; but I think one gets a truer idea of its proportions when travelling on the eastern side, where the railway runs within four or five miles of it.

Almost due west of Egmont, and close to the sea, is Parihaka, the largest Maori *hainga* in the colony. Here lives the great Te Whiti, the Maori prophet and fanatic. He has an immense influence over the people, and is a most clever and mischievous old charlatan. Occasionally the spirit moves him to stir up his people to rise up against the *pakeha*; and forthwith his followers proceed to pull up the white man's fences, and camp on his ground, a proceeding which is generally stopped by a large body of armed constabulary being marched into the district. Te Whiti has been imprisoned once or twice by the Government for thus inciting his followers to outrage and lawlessness; but the old rascal doesn't mind the imprisonment very much, except that he is not allowed tobacco; and he has got a few hints in Wellington prison as to how great people should live,

which he has adopted on his return to Parihaka. He has a good weather-board house to live in, and since his return from gaol insists on having knives and forks and clean table-cloths, instead of dipping his hand into the stew in genuine Maori fashion. With the exception perhaps of Wahanui, Te Whiti has more influence over the natives than any one; and as he generally uses his influence the wrong way, it will be a good day for the Maoris when they dance and eat at the *tangi* of the greatest of *tohungas*, Te Whiti.

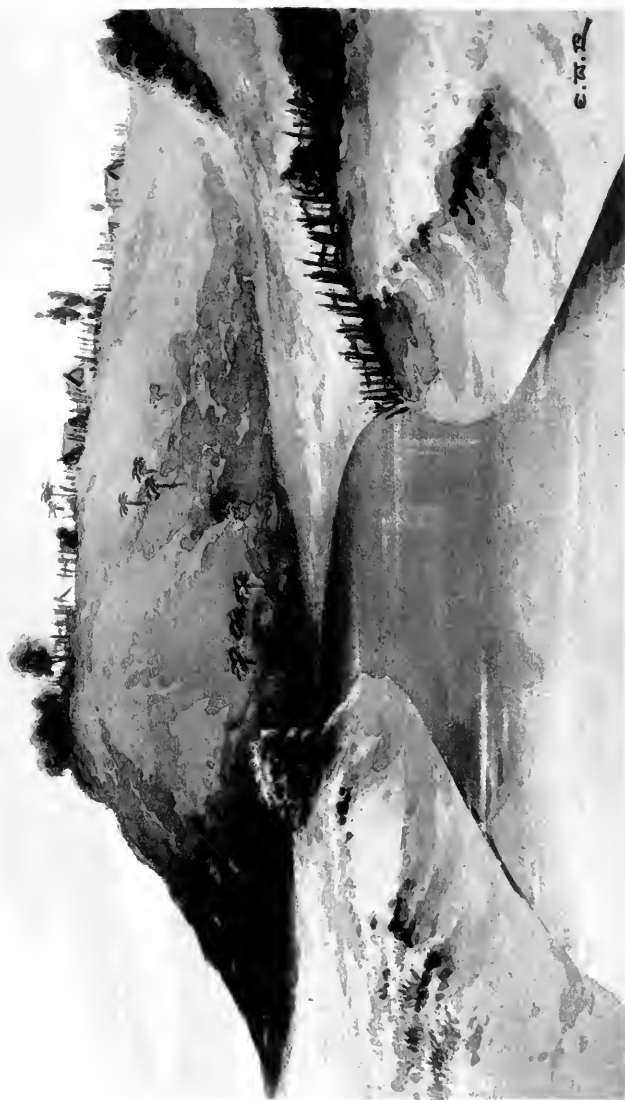
Parihaka was, a few years ago, in a disgraceful state as regards drainage; and the Government, determining to improve the sanitary condition of the place, pulled down a lot of the oldest *wharés*, and turned a good many of the owners out to seek new quarters. The place was overcrowded to a tremendous extent at times, and the condition of the place told very much on the health of the people. Now things are much better, and the settlement is much more orderly. Seeing that even the great Te Whiti was not allowed to have everything his own way, some of his adherents began to think he couldn't be quite such an omnipotent man as they used to believe, and a good many of his followers departed from Parihaka. At one time the number of visitors who had brought their household gods and possessions with

the idea of stopping permanently at Parihaka, was so great that the Government deemed it wise to stop these immense gatherings, and, marching a strong force of armed constabulary to the spot, all the visitors were compelled to leave and return to their homes. I used to know one old Whanganui chief rather well, who had been "evicted" from Parihaka; he had an unfailing belief in the great prophet, and was so much affected at having to leave his idol that, on landing at Putiki, at the mouth of the Whanganui, it was with the greatest difficulty that his friends got him back to his *pa*; and he altogether refused to have any of his mats, his *korowais*, or any of the clothing that he had been using at Parihaka, brought back to his home. These effects lay about on the shore for some little time, till some one added them to his collection of Maori curios. But the old chief was true to his word.

To the north of New Plymouth is a country teeming with old Maori associations. In the neighbourhood of Waitara and Urenui are the remains of old *pas* without number, and near them some most interesting Maori relics have been found. I have spent some little time in this district, and nowhere have I seen more to interest me in connection with the old life of the Maori. On the Waitara, Urenui, and Mimi rivers are the

remains of great numbers of old *pas*, showing that at one time it must have been one of the most thickly populated districts in the island. The remains of the old walls of the *pas* are still standing in many places, and the position chosen for these strongholds shows no mean skill in the science of defence. The walls consist in long and heavy pieces of split wood being stuck up on end, as closely as the unevenness of the wood allowed, and being tied together with the unbreakable supplejack, or *kareao*, as it is known to the natives. Deep ditches were dug in every available place to check the advance of an invader; and altogether one would imagine that it must have been a difficult thing to attack one of these well-defended positions without fire-arms.

There is but a narrow strip of land along the coast as yet utilized by Europeans, the more inland districts being completely covered with the thickest bush. Wandering about these bush-covered hills with a *pakeha-Maori* who had spent nearly all his life in the neighbourhood, I was shown the rifle-pits and other defences made by the Maoris to check the advance of the white men into the interior of the country. Here too we hunted about well for the *kiwi*, which is comparatively common, but without success. The *kiwi* is a night bird, and is seldom seen about during the day; but my guide knew of



E. B. B.

A PA ON THE URENUI RIVER.

several disused sawpits, into which the *kiwis* occasionally tumble, and are unable to get out again. We saw the deep scratches in many places where the birds had been trying to climb up the perpendicular walls of the pits, but there were no *kiwis*. It was also in vain that we poked into every hollow stump with sticks in the hope of finding one : everywhere we saw the holes which they make with their long beaks in the ground when hunting for worms, but the birds were not visible. A *kiwi* was killed by a dog in my host's garden before I left, and a few weeks afterwards a live bird was captured and sent up to me at Auckland. It lived for about two months in company with another of its own species which had been a prisoner over a year, and then died, without giving any reason for so doing.

I also paid a visit to the White Cliffs, where at one time a very large force of armed constabulary was kept, but where at the present time there are only two or three members of the force. Some years ago the natives, in one of their belligerent moods, wishing for an outbreak of hostilities with the *pakeha*, murdered a clergyman named Gascoyne in cold blood, knowing that it would cause a row of some sort. Since then, at the instance of Te Whiti, there have been several risings against the authority of the Government. These are generally

commenced by the natives marching on to an Englishman's farm, pulling down his fences, and commencing to plough up the land. These little games have been stopped with a strong hand the last few years, and probably there will not be any more such disturbances, especially if Te Whiti will be good enough to die soon. But some years ago the Government thought it necessary to erect a blockhouse at Paranini, or the White Cliffs, and to build barracks and houses for a considerable number of men. These are now untenanted, and are rapidly becoming uninhabitable. The White Cliffs, from which the place derives its name, are a succession of almost perpendicular bluffs rising from about high-water mark to the height of 900 feet. The rock is a very light gray colour, and at a distance, with the sun shining on it, has the appearance of dazzling whiteness. It is a charmingly situated place, and it seems almost a pity that the houses there cannot be utilized and a settlement formed; but it is a long way from civilization, and most of the land in the neighbourhood that is cleared is owned by one man, and used as a sheep-run. There are still a good many natives living near Paranini, and a great many pass through the place on their way to the Tongaporutu river and the Mokau settlements; but they are generally very orderly, although perhaps

not to be trusted too implicitly. The road from the White Cliffs to Urenui lies through the above-mentioned sheep-run, and for a short distance on the sea-shore—both very inviting places for a canter—and our ride of about twenty-six miles was most enjoyable.

Waitara, which is situated not far from the mouth of the river of that name, is a bright little township which is endeavouring to do a little shipping trade of its own, instead of sending everything to New Plymouth to be shipped. The steamers of the Northern Shipping Co. run up the Waitara river when the tide permits, and take a great many cattle and sheep up to Auckland from this place.

It seems a great pity that the railway line cannot be continued beyond New Plymouth and Waitara to join the Waikato line, and so connect Auckland, the largest city in the colony, not only with the south, but also with Taranaki and the magnificent land to the east and north of it. As the railway is planned, and in fact being carried out, there will be no connection at all between Taranaki and Auckland without first coming down to Marton and then going over 100 miles north again through Whanganui and Hawera. The difficulties can scarcely be greater than they are by taking the line through the King Country; and the distance from Te

Kuiti (to which place the Northern line is now open) to Marton is nearly double the distance from Te Kuiti to Waitara. It is to be hoped at least that a junction will be speedily effected by a branch line from Waitara to Taumarunui, or some other suitable place, to obviate the necessity of travelling from Auckland to New Plymouth *viâ* Marton and Whanganui.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LABOUR.

JOHN CHINAMAN is not at all appreciated in the colony, for the simple reason that he is too industrious and too steady. He can work long and well, and live on very little, and is content to go on working even if the rate of wages declines a little now and then, which is more than a good many of the British labourers in the colony will do; wherefore John Chinaman, by reason apparently of his steadiness and good sense, has made himself objectionable to the drunken, agitating class of labourers that is too common in New Zealand, until these have clamoured to have him excluded from the country, under the shameful pretext that he is taking the bread out of their mouths; and ministers have yielded to the clamour, and have imposed a tax of £10 per head on every Celestial entering the colony.

The colonial labourer has said, "I am not going to work longer than so many hours a day, or for less than so many shillings; and I'm not going to let any man come to the colony who will!" and he has been patted on the back by some Ministry or other, who said to him—

"Quite right, John, quite right, we agree with you, and if you will give us your vote at the next election, we will stop Chinese immigration."¹

¹ Since this was written the Australian Colonies have had another fright over the arrival of a handful of Chinamen, and the various governments have yielded to the clamour of their masters—the working classes—and have contrived to make it still more difficult and expensive for a Chinaman to land in Australasia. In forcing this legislation the working man is owning that he *will not* work hard enough to compete with the Celestial, for it is absolutely ridiculous to suppose that he *cannot* compete with him if he chooses. This does not make one feel proud of one's countrymen. No one would wish to see a large Chinese population in Australasia; but at present the proportion of Chinese is ridiculously small, and increasing very slowly. In New Zealand there are only about 4,500 Chinese in 600,000 inhabitants; and as the chief want of the colony at the present time is population, it seems very extraordinary to throw every obstacle in the way of the immigration of a few Chinese, who are in many ways most excellent colonists. Increase of population to take up the land, and to lower the high wages of the working classes, is universally admitted to be the chief want of the colony; and here we have a case of ministers backing up the people to stop the very thing which is most wanted. It *is* a queer world!

The Chinese make bad colonists in one way, as they spend very little, and ultimately take all their earnings back to China. But I would like to see a few more Chinese in the colony, if only to stir up the overpaid and far too independent labourers of our own nationality to a little real activity, and bring the high wages down to what they ought to be, and must be before very long.

Once in the colony he is not going to be turned out in a hurry either, so he has already made himself almost indispensable. Who supplies all the vegetables in Dunedin, Christchurch, Wellington, and Auckland, or any other town of decent size but John Chinaman? There are very few townships without a few acres of neatly kept garden ground, where a quiet little colony of Celestials attends to the vegetable wants of the community, and laughs in its sleeve at the European labourers, who prefer to go on strike if they can't get the 7*s.* or 8*s.* a day they think they ought to have, rather than work for 6*d.* a day less.

There seems to be a growing disaffection in the colony as regards wages that is not pleasant to contemplate. Young men come out from Europe thoroughly imbued with the idea that they are going to get 8*s.* or 10*s.* a day all the year round, and if prices happen to fall and they can't get more than

6s. they consider themselves badly treated, and led by older colonists, go out on strike, quite forgetting that even the lower wage is double or more than double what they could get at home.

I cut the following out of a recent New Zealand paper: it speaks for itself.

"Three hundred emigrants recently arrived in Tasmania by the *Cape Clear*, were engaged within a week, and within a month got up a strike for increased wages."

This is Tasmania, but New Zealand can show similar cases. As the population of the country increases, the rate of wages will decrease, so the sooner labourers learn to accept the inevitable the better.

A thing that generally strikes strangers very soon is the fact of omnibuses being without conductors: this is one of the effects of high wages. As it is possible to manage without a conductor, they do not employ them, but have the American Omnibus system. A little glass box is placed at the end of the car, in such a position that the driver can see what is in it, and passengers have to deposit the exact fare in this as soon as they get in. Change is always to be had from the driver, but money once put into the glass box cannot be taken out again till the box is unlocked at the 'bus Office.

The English labourer has a worse enemy to contend with in the colony than any Chinaman—I mean Drink. One would have thought that having to pay 6*d.* for every drink, as is the case in the colonies, would have had some effect in checking the habit, among the labouring men at least; and so, in a way, I believe it has. I think it has had the effect of making many men, who have not been accustomed in the old country to drink to excess, total abstainers; but with men who have been used to “tall” drinking at home, the extra 4*d.* they have to pay for their glass of beer does not in any way seem to affect the quantity consumed. I have heard many cases of men who are excellent labourers and in receipt of £3 a week, spending £2 of this regularly week after week in drink; and it generally ends in the whole of the wages going in drink, and the man’s getting into debt for the actual necessities of life. Of course this sort of thing can’t go on very long; £2 worth of bad spirits every week—whisky is the usual drink—will soon tell on any constitution, and the man either reforms, or kills himself in a very short time; too often the latter. Up country, away from the towns, it is difficult to get drink, and consequently the men are generally very sober and hard-working; and station-hands and shepherds will

often go for twelve months together without getting drunk, or in some cases without touching alcohol, until they receive their employers' cheque for the whole year's wages. As a rule they have everything found them on the station, and having no occasion to spend money on themselves, frequently receive the whole year's wages, perhaps £50 or £60 in one cheque; then the farce, or tragedy, I hardly know which to call it, begins. They obtain a few days' leave and ride solemnly down to the nearest town, take up their quarters in an hotel, and after having given the cheque to the landlord, never leave the place as long as he will continue to supply them with drinks. They offer drinks to all their friends and every one who comes near them, and will drink themselves as long as they remain sensible. This performance generally ends in the hero being robbed of everything he possesses while in a drunken fit, and the landlord turning him out of doors, saying that he has had full value for his cheque, after he has been there a few days. The man himself does not know how much he has spent, and often does not know to within a few days how long he has been "on the booze" as it is termed, but has to go when the landlord tells him, as he has been foolish enough to give all his money up on his first arrival. This

is called in the Colonies “jumping down a cheque;” and I have heard of men, who have “jumped down” not only their cheques, but everything they possessed, and have had to sell the clothes off their backs to get back to their employer’s station again.

Sober men who can resist this peculiar habit make a very good thing of it, as their expenses on the stations are almost *nil*, and they frequently put by as much as £50 per annum, till they can get together enough to buy “that little piece of land” that every one has his eye on in New Zealand. Then they are happy; and if they remain steady there is no doubt of their doing well. For a steady English labourer the colony is simply a Paradise; with the high wages of the present time, a working man who saves his money may become as wealthy as any one in the land.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SPORT.

ONE of the first things a traveller to a new country inquires for now-a-days is sport, and there is no doubt that "It's a fine day, let's go and kill something," is very suggestive of the instincts of a modern Englishman. A very large percentage of the innumerable questions I have been asked about New Zealand have had reference to shooting and fishing; and as I have been from a very early age strongly addicted to sport in every shape and form, I have taken a great interest in the doings of Acclimatisation Societies, &c., in the colony where I have recently spent so much of my time.

Before the introduction of European animals New Zealand could boast of no four-footed animal larger than a dog, and there seems to be some doubt whether even he was not introduced into the colony at a very early stage. Already there is a little sport

to be had with a rifle. Red and fallow deer have been introduced, and have done exceedingly well in several districts, especially Nelson and Wellington. Away in the back ranges of the Wairarapa the red deer are increasing fast, and grow to a great size and weight. I have seen several fine "royal" heads that have come from that district, and a good number of stags are shot every season now, as any doubt as to their not multiplying has quite disappeared. In the Whanganui province a few stragglers have also been seen, but have generally been shot by the small farmers who could not resist the chance of having a haunch of venison. On the estates of several gentlemen in the Wellington province deer-stalking is annually enjoyed, but as all the land is in private hands there is no free shooting. In the islands of Kawau and Motutapu near Auckland there are also red and fallow deer, and permission to shoot one or two may be occasionally obtained from the courteous proprietors.

Another source of sport for the rifle is the cattle which have strayed away into the bush and become wild, and bred in the wild state. In former years a good deal of fun was to be had this way; but now the land is being taken up so rapidly that the run-holders are not so often surrounded by thousands of

acres of unoccupied land as formerly. If a man shoots a wild bull now-a-days, an owner, real or self-constituted, is pretty sure to turn up and claim damages. Bulls that have been bred in the bush are extraordinarily wild and decidedly dangerous; and besides doing a great deal of harm to a run in the way of breaking through fences, they generally manage to entice some of the quiet cows away with them to the hills. Naturally there is a very strong feeling against these intruders from the farmers, and if the animals are not known to belong to some one in the surrounding country a council of war is held, and the bulls are condemned to die. But killing them is not quite so easy as condemning them, and if the sportsman who happens to meet the monarch of the wild herd face to face is not a particularly cool person, and armed with a repeating rifle, he will probably have a rather exciting time of it. Of course they may be stalked or disposed of from a distance, as their large carcasses form such a fine target, but my experiences of wild bulls is that they do a little stalking too, and nine times out of ten they see you before you see them. In some of the more out-of-the-way ranges of the Wairarapa, Whanganui, and Taranaki, these wild animals are often yet met with; but a good deal of caution is

necessary not to shoot the prize bull of your host's neighbour.

But the commonest form of sport is with the ubiquitous wild pig. Since Captain Cook first put his pigs on shore as an experiment they have increased in a quite extraordinary way. There is hardly any part of either island where they are not to be met with now, and they afford no end of excellent sport of a rough description. They are generally hunted with a pack of dogs, and the men generally carry a strong spear, or big knife. A good deal of shooting is also done, but rifles and dogs do not do well in the same hunt, as the latter are quite as liable to be shot as the pigs. It is certainly good sport to go out with a pack of really good pig-dogs, and to see the scientific way in which they manage their prey. Pig-dogs are of every breed and mixed-breed under the sun; but perhaps the best I have seen have been the offspring of greyhounds crossed with dogs of more strength and weight. A pair of well-educated animals will single out a big pig, and one going on each side will attach themselves so affectionately to his ears that he is generally only too ready to give up all thought of escaping by flight, and will watch his opportunity, and flinging his tormentors away from him, plant

himself firmly against a big tree and stand at bay. Then it is a difficult and dangerous task for the dogs to get another good hold on him, for his tusks are sharp, and he will rip up dog after dog who attempts to close with him. At this juncture a well-handled spear is the best weapon to give him his *quietus*, but it is by no means an easy thing for the hunter to drive his steel well home, as the brute is ever on the alert to cover his vital parts, and to attack his assailant in his turn; added to which the thickness and toughness of his hide is something incredible. Out in the open fernland a herd of pigs will often afford excellent sport for a rifle, but in the thick bush it is a dangerous weapon to use unless one is hunting alone. The Martini-Henry Government-pattern rifle is generally used for pigs, as it is found that lighter weapons are almost useless against the two inches of horny hide that an old boar is often provided with. For cattle shooting a Winchester repeater is the best weapon to use, being quite heavy enough, and admitting of several shots being fired in rapid succession, which is very often necessary in the case of a charging bull.

Of smaller game, hares are increasing very rapidly, too rapidly by far many farmers are beginning to think, with the example of the rabbit before them. However,

they have not much to fear from the hare, as he does not disappear underground like his lowlier connection. Coursing is practised in many parts now, and near one or two large cities proper coursing paddocks are arranged; but coursing generally is carried on in the open in all sorts of country, and is a rough and enjoyable form of sport.

Of rabbits it is not necessary to say much. Australia and New Zealand have been trying for years to kill off the myriads that the colonies are infested with, but without success. Any one who could devise some plan to exterminate the rabbit would realize an immense fortune, and earn the gratitude of Australasia for ever. I have always been fond of rabbit shooting, and with a couple of good ferrets have had many days' excellent shooting on the open rabbit-burrowed hills. There is one great charm about this—that one is always welcome to shoot rabbits to any extent almost anywhere in the colony. On all large stations a considerable gang of men is always kept, whose sole duty it is to keep down the rabbits as much as possible. This is done by using poisoned grain; and the rabbiters, who live mostly in tents, move their camps pretty frequently in order to give the vermin (as the rabbits are called) no chance of increasing in one part of a run while the rabbiters are

engaged on an opposite side. Rabbits are recognized as a national evil, and "Rabbit Inspectors" are appointed by Government in each district, whose duty it is to see that occupiers of land do their utmost to keep the rabbits down. If the owner of a run neglects to persecute the bunnies to the satisfaction of the Inspector, he is summoned before the resident magistrate and fined.

Pheasants are now pretty plentiful everywhere, although owing to the vast extent of country that they are scattered over it is impossible to make big bags. To be able to do any good at pheasant shooting, it is above all necessary to have a good dog. The ground is usually so thickly covered with fern, or *manuka*, that birds have every chance of running until they can rise out of range, and unless one comes upon them suddenly they will generally do this. A good retrieving spaniel is about the best dog for the work, and with the assistance of one of these, a good walker may get his two or three brace in many an out-of-the-way place "away from the haunts of men." I have shot pheasants in many localities—near towns, and in the heart of the "King Country"—and from my own observation I am inclined to think that they are much more numerous where men are not. The climate is so particularly suitable to the rearing of young birds that no artificial

help will ever be required; and as food of many kinds is to be found in all parts, the birds naturally prefer districts where they are not likely to be molested by the *pakeha* and his *tupara*. Partridges and grouse have been several times introduced, but either the climate or the food is not suitable to them, and they have not bred; and I think the imported birds have died out pretty quickly.

Duck of many kinds are very numerous, and excellent eating; and near any large swamps, such as the Wairarapa Lake or the marshes behind the town of Napier, the number of ducks, wild swans, bitterns, &c., that one may see there almost at any time is extraordinary. Two of the commonest waterfowl are, I believe, peculiar to New Zealand—a big, heavy-flying, bright-coloured bird, called a Paradise duck; and the very common swamp hen or *pukeko*. The latter is a dark blue bird, with long red legs and beak, that rises slowly and flies steadily, and is consequently very easily shot; the number of these birds that are shot for practice by embryo sportsmen and left to rot is very great, and it is quite time that something was done to prevent the wholesale slaughter.

Californian quail have been introduced and have done well in many districts; but on account of the

thickly-bushed, well-sheltered land which they prefer, it is always difficult to get at them. I have shot them in the Whanganui district, where they are rather plentiful, but the quickest of snap-shooting is necessary to make a bag. Among the residents of the bush are the *kuku*, a magnificent pigeon, more than twice the size of the English wood-pigeon; the *kaka*, a large parrot with rich brown plumage, and excellent eating; the wingless *weka*, or wood-hen, which the Maoris catch with a noose at the end of a stick, but which is rapidly becoming scarce on account, I believe, of the large numbers killed by dogs, who take great pleasure in hunting them to death. The extraordinary *kiwi*, a bird without wings or tail, and covered with a long slender feather, rather resembling the quill of a porcupine, and the tuneful, ubiquitous *tui*, or "parson bird," must not be omitted from the list of bush residents, although they do not come within the limit of this chapter.

The English brown trout (*salmo fario*) has been most successfully introduced into New Zealand, and grows to enormous sizes quite unheard of in England. While I was staying on Lake Wakatipu a year or two ago, a trout of 28 pounds was netted, and this is by no means a solitary instance of fish of this size being taken; while 15-pounders and 20-pounders are comparatively common.

But New Zealand-bred trout never equal the English trout for sport; the immense quantity of natural food always available renders them very shy of taking an artificial bait; and when hooked they do not play as long or as vigorously as the average English trout. There are not many places where they will rise to a fly, and the monsters will not look at any bait offered them, however tempting, and so they come to their end by being ignominiously hauled in by a net, instead of fighting bravely at the end of a gut trace. The Shag River in Otago is the best water in New Zealand for trout fishing, and excellent sport is here to be had both with fly and minnow. There are many other streams in Otago and Canterbury that have fair fishing, while in the North Island the Wainui-o-mata, near Wellington, is perhaps the best trout water. Taranaki possesses a good many trout in its streams, also Whanganui and Auckland, but these have been imported more recently than the Southern ones, and have not yet had time to grow to any size. On my journey up the Whanganui river, I was asked to try and find out what had become of the numerous trout that had been turned into it, but it was not till I had gone some 130 miles up it that I heard of any indications of them; and there the Maoris told me of a strange fish they had frequently caught of late in

their nets, which by their description must have been trout.

Salmon and salmon-trout have been introduced into New Zealand waters time after time, but without much success, as there is hardly any authenticated instance of *salmo salar* or *salmo trutta* having been seen of any size. Down in Otago I was somewhat amused to find the very misty notion of the habits of the two latter fish among people who were supposed to be *au fait* with *salmonidae*, and I was several times solemnly told of huge salmon-trout having been caught in mountain lakes, into which it would be an utter impossibility for a fish to make its way from the sea.

A most interesting work on the fishes of New Zealand has recently been compiled by Mr. R. A. A. Sherrin, by order of the Government, and to that book I would refer any reader who may wish to study the various kinds of sea-fish at length, and to learn as much about them as is at present known. Sea-fishing is to be had on every coast in plenty, and fish of every size may be caught from a sprat to a shark. I have assisted in making some tremendous catches of sea-fish, especially schnapper (*Pagrus unicolor*), which are extraordinarily plentiful about the coasts of the North Island; but I have also been out long, long days when hardly a single fish was caught;

it is the same all the world over; but I am quite sure that the amateur sea-fisherman will be pleased with New Zealand waters.

New Zealand, in its early history a country singularly poor in material for sport, is rapidly emerging from that state through the exertions of the various acclimatization societies; and although there is no what is called "large game" in the colony, it has the corresponding advantage of being free from any obnoxious animal. Snakes have never been known in New Zealand; and a couple of rather rare poisonous spiders are, I believe, the only objectionable insects resident there.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE NATIVE RACE.

THE Maoris are supposed to have been in New Zealand between five or six hundred years. Where they originally came from is a matter of uncertainty; but that the race and language are singularly akin to those of many of the South Sea Islands, there can be no manner of doubt in the mind of any one who has seen both races. Until the English missionaries and colonists devised one for them, the Maoris had no written language of any kind; consequently all the traditions of bygone centuries have only been preserved by their repetition from generation to generation. A Maori memory is a marvellous arrangement in my idea; an Englishman would be said to be possessed of a good memory if he could remember pretty exactly the whole events of his life from his early youth; but a Maori doesn't stick at

his own life, but remembers accurately the whole events of the lives of some twenty generations of ancestors. Doubtless the constant repetition and discussion among themselves of the events of their ancestors' existence; fixes the traditions firmly in their minds; but it is really wonderful how several old fellows of a fast-disappearing type—proud and haughty nobles—will tell the same tale of their ancestors, and not vary it in the slightest detail. Curiously enough, the Maori has no idea of the immense value of a little exaggeration; if he were to improve on his tales every time he tells them, ever so little, what wonderful romances would there not be of the dead and eaten ancestors!

The present race is very much looked down upon by the old "man-eaters," who are never so happy as when talking over their "good old times;" yet the Maoris of to-day are a fine stalwart people, and physically and intellectually are capable of taking a high rank among men. It is difficult to say what they might have been if we had not tried to civilize them; they would have been a manlier race at any rate. The virtues of civilized life have no charm for the Maori at all, but the vices he has taken to all too readily; consequently civilization cannot be said to have been a success with them. When they were allowed to eat and kill one another

without being prosecuted for it they thrived wonderfully, and so far as we can tell, the population increased rapidly. At the present day, when even the mightiest chief in the land is not allowed to hit a lowly man over the head with a *taiaha*, they are supposed to be decreasing rapidly. At one time it is supposed that there were 200,000 Maoris in New Zealand, but they have gradually come down in numbers till the census taken in March, 1886, only tells of 41,627 men, women, and children. That they are decreasing fast at the present time is doubtful, but at any rate they are not increasing. Until the last few years it has been quite impossible to arrive at anything like an accurate computation of their numbers; and even now in many cases they refuse to furnish details, being under the impression that the Government wants to know their numbers in order to impose some new tax upon them.

The Maoris have been thinned out a great deal by several imported diseases; these are, I believe, their worst enemies. Curiously enough, several diseases, like measles and whooping-cough, which English children nearly all go through without harm, are very often fatal to the Maoris, not only to the children, but to the grown-up men and women. Another of their worst enemies is consumption. Great strong men will,

between the ages of twenty-five and thirty, often succumb to this fell disease in a few months. I cannot help thinking that European clothes have to answer for a good deal of this. There is no more careless person in the world than the Maori; he will walk across a river, or into water at any time at the slightest excuse, and as to changing his wet clothes, the idea never enters his head. When the Maoris wore blankets, or *korowais*, they could be as amphibious as they liked without harm, as a loose garment like a blanket could be thrown on one side at any moment; but civilized garments are not quite so easily disposed of. In my canoeing trips with the natives, I have seen them get into the water waist deep, half-a-dozen times a day, and each time allow their wet clothes to dry on their bodies; no wonder that they suffer from consumption. Another thing which increases this disease is their habit of sleeping in *wharepunis*,¹ with windows and doors tightly fastened, and often a fire burning in the hut at the same time. The heat of these places is tremendous, as I know by experience; and going straight out of one of these into the cold air of early

¹ These large houses intended for the use of visitors or any one not possessing a *wharé* of his own, are built slightly below the surface of the ground, in order to keep them warmer.

morning is sufficient to give any one all the chest diseases under the sun.

Another of their enemies which they owe to our colonization is Drink—they all, men, women, and children, take kindly to this, and there is an immense deal of harm done to the race by it. There seems to be a positive pleasure to a Maori in getting drunk; and although the liquor supplied by innkeepers to them is very much watered, the Maori is all too often able to enjoy this pleasure. I once saw a Maori that I knew walking up and down the verandah of an hotel, and looking very much disgusted about something. On my asking him what was the matter, he told me he had had thirteen glasses of whisky, and *couldn't* get drunk. Maori children begin drinking whisky (if they can get it) about the same time they begin to smoke, *i. e.* as soon as they can hold a pipe.

The Maori of to-day is a lazy “loafer.” His wants are very few, and if he has not the wherewithal to supply them, some of his *hapu* have, consequently he has no occasion to work. In his own *hainga* he lives in a *wharé* of *raupo* or bark, which he can make himself in a day or two. He usually has his patch of ground on which he grows potatoes, *humara* or *taro* as the case may be, and as his wife does all the work in

the way of cooking, &c., all he has to do is to eat, and grumble at his wife if the things are not well cooked. I don't mean to say that the Maoris of the present day are vegetarians; but they very often have to be so; but when meat is to be got, then they do not believe in vegetarianism. I have been often amused at Ohinemutu to see some old natives sending round every morning to a store for a tin of preserved meat for breakfast. *Tempora mutantur.*

Since tattooing has gone out of fashion with them, one of their chief outward characteristics is lost. Formerly it was the custom for every one who wished to be "anybody," to submit to have pieces of their faces chopped out in all sorts of fantastic patterns; but now this has been given up. The operation is so painful that the present generation have voted it unnecessary. The Maori method of tattooing is different from any other, I believe; the lines are made by small pieces of flesh being pinched out between two *pipi* shells, and into these lines the blue dye is rubbed. This process is so painful, and makes the part operated on swell up so much, that only a portion of a face could be done at one time. The being who was undergoing the process was often unable to see for a day or two, on account of the swelling of the flesh in the

neighbourhood of the eyes. Formerly the men had the whole of their faces tattooed, and the women had their chins and lower lips operated on. Some of the very old chiefs, like Topine te Mamaku, whom I visited in his King Country home, have most artistic designs all over their faces, and there is scarcely a quarter of an inch of flesh between any two of the lines. I have seen one or two of the younger generation with a few tattoo marks on one side of their faces, and have asked them the reason why the tattoo was not alike on both sides. Their reply was that cutting the first little piece was so painful that they declined to have any more done. "No fear!"

Wherever a Maori settlement is to be found, there is pretty sure to be good land and good water. Maoris are a practical people, and would not select a place to build their *wharés* because it happened to be beautifully situated, unless it had other more substantial advantages. They are fond of a river life, because it affords easy methods of getting about, as they are all very skilful in their canoes or "dug-outs." A Maori never walks if he can help it, being in this respect like the typical colonial, of whom it is said that he will at any time go half a mile to catch a horse to ride three-quarters of a mile. Maoris are nearly always

very clever horsemen ; it is, I think, an art which comes naturally to them like swimming. I do not think I ever saw a Maori of any age who was at all timid in the water ; they all swim about as soon as they can walk. I remember once at Ohinemutu, a Maori baby of about two years old being drowned in one of the warm parts of the lake ; it had, apparently, slipped off a rock into the water without being noticed, and surprise was expressed by all the natives that it could not swim. This child was dived after by several young girls, and eventually brought up not very long after it had been missed, and I was much astonished to see the way they attempted to resuscitate it. It was taken immediately and held head downwards in the hot smoke of a large fire in order to bring it to life, but the body had been too long under water. Since this happened I have often heard of this strange treatment being successfully tried on half-drowned unconscious people ; in fact it is the usual method of the Maoris to restore life after immersion in water. I have been told by a well-known Judge, whose knowledge of Maoris is as extensive as that of any one in the colony, that he has seen this method most successfully practised in cases when he had not the slightest hope of the patient's recovery.

Civilization appears to have driven away a good many of the interesting customs and ceremonies of the Maoris. Formerly if a man wanted to marry a certain girl he had to carry her off bodily to his *wharé*, while the girl's relations tried to prevent him. But sometimes their resistance was a sham—merely part of the ceremony in fact—but if any young gentleman among the girl's relations wanted to marry her himself, I can imagine that his resistance would become more than nominal, and that he would thump the raider really hard. There is no ceremony at all now in most cases, except near any English settlement, where they are sometimes prevailed upon to go through the ceremony of the Protestant Church; but I am afraid they don't understand much of what it is all about.

The *tangis* seem to have changed less than most ceremonies or customs, and I don't think the reason is far to seek. A Maori dearly loves a feast—a real unlimited gorge—and this is *the* important feature of all respectable *tangis*. *Tangi* literally means “a weeping,” and is a ceremony of joy, or sorrow. Should a youth return to his native village after a long absence, all the old ladies of the place are supposed to go out and meet him, and sitting down opposite to him, commence the most dismal howling and weeping possible; and

he is supposed to howl too. All this means that they are glad to see him; and after having wept all their tears away, they adjourn to the big feast which is prepared, and make up for lost time. The same ceremony takes place after a death—only the corpse doesn't howl in reply, and the same feasting follows.

I remember once at Ohinemutu being asked by a Maori woman for the loan of a few shillings (for "loan" read "gift" in Maori), and on asking her why she wanted the money, she replied, to treat her friends to drinks at Te Wairoa at the *tangi*. Learning that the *tangi* was for a well-known chief who had recently died, I got a buggy and drove over with a friend to Te Wairoa to see the ceremony. After a drive of an hour and a half we reached McCrae's comfortable hotel (which was completely wrecked the night of the Tarawera eruption), and putting up our vehicle, went off to see the *tangi*, which was held close by, and which had already commenced. The coffin, covered with a black cloth, was placed under the overhanging roof of one of the *wharés*, guarded by a young girl, who seemed to do nothing but try to keep the flies off by flapping about a handkerchief tied to a stick. When we arrived they were dancing a *haka* for the food. Some seventy or eighty men and

women, wearing but few clothes, were dancing slowly towards the coffin, each carrying a flax basket containing *houras* or potatoes. The dance was a long one, and was accompanied by numerous songs and orations, and by the curious gestures and stamping of feet, which are the chief characteristics of the *haka*. This sort of thing was repeated till all the large store of food had been carried to a place in front of the coffin. Then a chief, a relative of the dead, came forward and made a speech, ending up by telling the people to come and take all the food they wanted. In a few minutes every basket was gone, and the natives were squabbling over the food, which had been already cooked, and eating as fast as they conveniently could. Some of the chief dancers would occasionally spring up and dance wildly about the place for a few moments, and then sink down again exhausted—beside somebody else's basket of *houras*. I wouldn't be certain about this last charge, but it seemed to me that a man never got up to fling himself about till he had quite finished all the food in his immediate neighbourhood; and curiously enough, his exhaustion generally came on when he was near another man's provisions.

In the midst of the feast, a native put his head through the hedge at the far end of the paddock, and using his hands as a speaking-trumpet, announced that

the descendants of Ko Uwenukukopako (our friends from Ohinemutu) were approaching. Up jumped a lot of Wairoa natives to welcome them; and advancing toward the Ohinemutu people till they were quite close, turned round and walked before them towards the feast, waving them on with their handkerchiefs, and calling out the Maori welcome, "*Haeremai.*" When the visitors got inside the paddock they split up into two parties, most of them going straight up to the food; while a party headed by three old women, who, like all Maoris present, wore green leaves and flowers on their heads, advanced towards the coffin. The leading lady walked right up to the coffin and struck it lightly several times with a stick, muttering a low wailing chant, while all the rest kept a little to the rear, moaning and weeping copiously. The way a Maori can produce tears to order is really wonderful. Judge Maning, in his admirable but insufficiently-known work, *Old New Zealand*, says of this power of producing tears—"How they managed to do it is more than I can tell to this day, except that I suppose you may train a man to do anything." The same author speaks of the vocal grief in a *tangi* as ". . . such a chorus of skilfully modulated howling as would have given Momus the blue devils to listen to."

After other visitors had been announced and had gone through the same performances, they all set to work to eat as much as possible; and if their grief can be measured by the quantity some of them ate, I think they must have been really sorry. I said that they all commenced to eat; I should have made one reservation. The unfortunate widow of the departed chief is not allowed by Maori law or custom to touch food of any kind till her late husband is buried. Now as sometimes these *tangis* last for many days, it becomes awkward for the widow. The Maoris themselves will not feed her, so it generally happens that some kind-hearted *pakeha* will cause food to be sent to her when it is not likely to be noticed, or the natives would consider it a disgrace. The widow herself nearly always takes a sensible view of the case, and eats as much as she can get when no one is looking.

There was no whisky at this *haka*, only beer, and not very much of that, as money was scarce just then; so as soon as the eating was done, the visitors mounted their horses and galloped home again. Most of them got out of doing any real *tangi* business, that being generally left to several old women; but the people of Ohinemutu made up for it by holding a big *haka* in Tama-te-Kapua that same evening. I attended this

haka, and found a great many natives assembled there ready for the fray, but only four Europeans. The dance went stiffly at first, as if they took no interest in it; but a diversion occurred which effected a wonderful change in it. I was standing talking to a Maori, when one of my fellow-countrymen made some remark that the natives did not like, when in a moment he and his three companions were picked up and thrown bodily out through the big door. I thought I should have to go too; but I was well known to, and friendly with, most of the Ohinemutu people at the time, and after a consultation they decided to let me stay. Then they pushed the big door to, and barricaded it with a heavy beam, and throwing away their clothes they commenced one of the most extraordinary *hakas* I have ever seen. The excitement of pitching out four *pakehas* had just been sufficient to rouse them to the proper pitch for dancing; and they *did* dance. The extraordinary attitudes, grimaces, gestures, and sounds that constitute a *haka* are absolutely indescribable. The one thing that strikes any European on seeing this dance for the first time is the perfect time kept by all the dancers, whether it is a stamp of the foot or a sudden shout that has to be given by the whole party. So perfect is the time kept in a sudden stamp of the foot, that it is no uncommon

thing to feel the ground quake at it, like a violent earthquake. The dance is accompanied by songs and yells, which all join in, the verses being very often new and extemporary, and not remarkable for modesty. Judge Maning, in the before-quoted *Old New Zealand*, gives a description of a war *haka*, which gives a better idea of the intense excitement, and the gestures of the natives during the dance, than I have ever read. He writes :—

“ Suddenly from the extreme rear of the strangers’ column is heard a scream—a horrid yell. A savage, of Herculean stature, comes, *mere* in hand, and rushing madly to the front. He seems hunted by all the Furies. Bedlam never produced so horrid a visage. Thrice, as he advances, he gives that horrid cry; and thrice the armed tribe give answer with a long-drawn gasping sigh. He is at the front; he jumps into the air, shaking his stone weapon; the whites only of his eyes are visible, giving a most hideous appearance to his face; he shouts the first words of the war-song, and instantly his whole tribe spring from the ground. It would be hard to describe the scene which followed. The roaring chorus of the war-song; the horrid grimaces; the eyes all white; the tongues hanging out; the furious, yet measured and uniform gesticulation, jumping and stamping. I felt the ground plainly trembling.”

Old colonials often tell us that the true war-dance is not seen now—that there is not sufficient excitement for the natives to work themselves up to the proper pitch to do it properly. But I don't know; I have seen a good many dozen *hakas* in different places; and I am inclined to think that the one of which I was the only white witness that night in Tama-te-Kapua was worthy of "the good old times."

Some few features of the extraordinary old laws of *tapu* still exist, but they are less regarded every day now. It consisted in "making any person, place, or thing, sacred for a longer or shorter period" (Taylor). Graves and dead bodies have always been *tapu*, and are to the present day; this is, I think, almost the only case in which the laws of *tapu* are observed as strictly as formerly. I remember in one native village I was staying in, seeing all the Maoris, when carrying food of any kind, walk a long way round from the store to their *wharés*, instead of taking the usual track; on my asking the reason of this I was told there was a chief's grave by the side of the track, and that any food carried by it would become *tapu* or sacred, so that no one could use it.

The Maoris are to this day a very superstitious people, and I have come across many curious instances

of their belief in the spirit world. One evening during a dance in Tama-te-Kapua at Ohinemutu, a young Maori was brought in in a fit and laid on a bench. His friends all crowded round him talking in a hushed, mysterious manner, and it was some time before I could find out what had happened. It appeared that in the darkness outside he thought he had seen an *aitua* or spirit of ill omen, who came to tell him that his mother, who was in Maketu, fifty miles away, was dead; the lad was so frightened that he fainted. The big *wharepuni* was frightfully hot, and at last I got them to take the boy outside into the cool air, when he soon recovered; but all the Maoris were scared for that night, and the dance quickly came to an end.

A native sometimes takes it into his head that he is ill and is going to die, and the conviction obtains such a hold on him that he refuses to do anything or take anything, and dies in spite of doctors and every one else. Several medical men who have had large experience among the natives have told me many instances of this, and cases have more than once come under my own observation.

I think I have had the honour of meeting personally all the great chiefs of the Maori nation, but with the exception of Rewi and Topine te Mamaku (a great

chief half a century ago), I was not much impressed with any of them. These two are, I think, the most courteous and dignified old gentlemen I have ever met of a so-called savage tribe. They are both very old men now, and do not take the same active interest in Maori affairs that they once did, but they are both *rangatira* to the backbone. Wahanui probably has more influence at the present day over his fellow-countrymen than any one. He is a big burly man of rather rough manner and speech, and has the character of being a very shrewd fellow. Tawhiao, or Potatau II., as he calls himself, the Maori "King," is a person of but small importance except in his own particular neighbourhood. He has but few followers, and is a very poor man, but he is regarded by the white people who have any transactions with him as the most astute of the Maoris. He has, or had—both, I think—an unfortunate weakness for liquors of all kinds—except water. When he came to England he was supposed to be adhering strictly to the principles of the "blue ribbon" which Sir George Grey pinned on his coat, but I have my doubts. A Whanganui paper says he is a teetotaler except when he has neuralgia, which is several times a day. Taonui and Te Wetere, chiefs of the Mokau, are two of the

wealthiest of the Maoris. They are shrewd men, but not exactly the sort of people I should trust too implicitly. They were among the latest of converts to the advantages of the white man's rule in New Zealand. Te Whiti, although but a person of small importance by birth, has made himself one of the most influential men among his fellows; but as I have dealt with this rascal before I will pass him. Titokowaru, a great fighting chief, has to keep up his reputation by travelling round the country with a band of his admirers, eating up all his hospitable entertainers' provisions for the next six months. Tohu, Te Rangituataka, Whitiara, and a dozen others might be mentioned, but they are people of no great importance, being mostly prophets who have honour *only* in their own country.

As old Manga, or Rewi Maniapoto, to call him by his state name, is the greatest chief in rank in the colony, so also is he, I think, the best type of those grand old warrior chiefs which New Zealand will never see again. For a nation who have lost so much through their contact with Englishmen, it is wonderful to see so much loyalty among them; and from what I have seen I am sure some of the most loyal of Her Majesty's subjects are to be found among the native inhabitants of Aotearoa.

On returning to Ohinemutu after a long absence I was pleased to find that my native friends had not forgotten me; and I was taken round to see several improvements that had been made in their native quarters. In Tama-te-Kapua, their big *wharepuni*, meeting-house, court-house, and church, I found a white plaster-cast bust of Her Majesty the Queen, with a good deal of gilt about the hair and dress, had been placed, and I was duly taken up to this to admire it. The older men were very anxious to hear all about Her Majesty, and put a great many questions to me about how many children she had, &c.; and one old creature was very anxious to know if the Queen was all over gold like the bust!

It is a happy life, that of a Maori; the more I see of it the more I think what fools we civilized people are to spend the greater part of our lives in trying to amass wealth, when we might be spending all our days in a *dolce far niente* too. Often, as I lay on the slopes of Pukeroa at sundown, and watched the strange, easy-going life of my native acquaintances of Ohinemutu, have I wished that I had been born a Tamati somebody-or-other of the Ngatiwhakaue tribe, with Ko-Uwenukukopako for an ancestor.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SOCIAL.

THE author of *Oceana* is said to have expressed surprise that the social customs and methods of entertaining in the colonies differed so little from those of England. Yes, I suppose colonials are very much like the people of England in their ways; but I don't see why they can be expected to sit on their haunches at meals, or give open-air dinner parties by moonlight, just to be original. The life of the well-to-do colonials is very much the same as it would be in England, if it were possible to imagine England with a magnificent climate. Even in the matter of fashions the people of Australia and New Zealand are little more than a month behind Paris and London; while one might search London in vain for better equipages than are to be seen in the streets of many Antipodean cities.

New Zealanders everywhere bear the name of a most

hospitable people; and I am quite sure the hospitality is more genuine and less grudgingly given than it is in the old country. Social entertainments are many, and of all kinds, dances being particularly popular; but I rejoice to say there are fewer of those sad and solemn "dinners" which are such trials to one's digestion, and for which England is deservedly notorious.

Music has obtained a strong hold in every rank in the colony; and musicians have expressed surprise at the great and general taste for it throughout New Zealand. It is, I think, looked upon much more as an indispensable item of education than it is in England; and musicians of established repute are to be found in nearly all large towns to train up the colonial Joachims and Rubinsteins in the way they should go. In nearly every town musical societies have been formed, and I have been many times astonished at the excellence of the choral and orchestral entertainments given by these amateurs.

Art has also obtained a firm footing in the colony, and annual exhibitions of very considerable merit take place in several of the large towns. Dunedin and Christchurch are happy in the possession of Schools of Art on the English principle, which have been established by the Government; and it is to be hoped

that this boon may soon be extended to other places, which have at least an equal right to this means of advancement of this branch of education.

Education itself is particularly well-cared for in New Zealand—far too well, many people think, when they come to consider that the Government expends about £400,000 per annum on it. No one ought to be ignorant in the next generation, as the law compels parents to send their children to school till they have passed a certain standard; while education in State Schools is perfectly free. It has been for many years urged as an objection to middle-class emigration to New Zealand, that there is a want of good high-class schools in the colony. Such an objection only betrays a curious want of knowledge of the country; for beside the multitudinous State Schools, there are many Collegiate Schools which will compare favourably with any in the old country. It is no longer necessary to send home the sons of New Zealand to be educated, as there is not a branch of study which has not efficient professors in the colony.

New Zealand, with its long warm summers, is essentially a colony for open-air amusements and occupations of every kind. The hours of business are very considerably shorter in all professions and

businesses than in England; and no one thinks of spending much time inside a house when the weather is good. English sports of every kind are taken up in the colony most zealously; and every town being well off in the matter of parks and recreation-grounds, there is no lack of opportunity for young men of all classes to try and keep up the great reputations of Englishmen in all field sports.

Another wholesome channel into which the tide of out-door occupation has turned is "volunteering." The number of effective volunteers in the colony is very large; and the great interest that is taken in the movement, and the efficiency of the various *corps* engaged in it, are subjects of much congratulation to the colony.¹

During the last twenty years the changes that have taken place in the colony are quite astonishing; and although my own personal knowledge of it extends only to about one quarter of that time, when I look back I am amazed at the change that has imperceptibly taken place since my first visit. I cannot help thinking that the future will be as full of alterations and improvements

¹ News has recently come to hand that it is proposed to do away entirely with the volunteers, and to substitute a small force of regulars as being less expensive to the colony.

as the past has been. New Zealand is essentially an Englishman's country: it is another England, but sparsely populated, and with a climate which is undoubtedly one of the pleasantest in the world. Without the extremes of heat and cold that Australia and Canada suffer from, New Zealand is eminently suited to the English constitution, as statistics incontestably show; and it is remarkable to note the very small number of Englishmen who, after living for a time in the colony, ever return to England for good.

Whatever the "ups and downs" of New Zealand may be in the future,

"May I be there to see."

APPENDIX I.

THE VOLCANIC ERUPTION AT ROTOMAHANA.

EVER a memorable day in the history of New Zealand will be Thursday, June 10th, 1886. The tremendous explosion that startled every one within 100 miles of the hot lakes, is said by men of science to be the most remarkable volcanic disturbance that has ever been known. When the crew of the *Arawa*—one of the first canoes to land in New Zealand with the pioneers of the Maori race—first came to what is known as the Thermal Springs District, they found the springs and geysers, lakes and mountains, almost exactly as they were up to the present eruption, and no changes of any consequence have ever taken place. From White Island, in the Bay of Plenty, to Tokanu, at the southern end of Taupo Lake, there is a continuous line of volcanic formations, which have been always in a state of more or less vigorous action. It is at Rotomahana, nearly the centre of this line, that the recent eruptions have been most severe.

About 2 a.m. on June 10, many of the inhabitants of Auckland, distant about 120 miles from the Hot Lakes, were awakened by a long-continued salvo of artillery apparently in a southerly direction. The general opinion was that it was a man-of-war in distress on the Manukau Heads, and it was not till about 10 a.m. that it was made known that a terrific volcanic eruption had taken place in the lake district. The accounts sent at first were of a most alarming nature—that the whole lake district had broken out in volcanoes, and that Rotorua was destroyed. Little by little the truth is getting known, though as yet (nearly ten days after the eruption) the fate of several

settlements and the extent of damage in several directions is hardly known. Two days after the commencement I arrived on the scene of action. Ohinemutu (the native village) and Rotorua (the Government township) were quite uninjured, and only came in for a slight coating of volcanic ash. The two places had been in intense darkness for several hours after daylight, and the inhabitants had left by dozens in carts, coaches, on horseback, and on foot; but as the black smoke became less they regained courage, and several of them returned to their houses. The only difference I found in Rotorua was that more *ngawhas*, or hot springs, had broken out, and that the old ones were playing with greatly increased vigour. As early as possible I made my way to Wairoa, a settlement on Tarawera Lake, where the greatest damage was said to have been done. Hardly half-a-mile out of Ohinemutu I found the volcanic blue mud lying thickly, and by the time I had got half-way to the Tikitapu bush it was about fifteen inches deep, and so thick and sticky that my horse could scarcely drag his legs out, and had to go at a slow walking pace the whole way. The lovely Tikitapu bush was a dreadful scene of desolation. All the trees were completely stripped of foliage and branches, and in many cases they were uprooted altogether. The showers of mud, that had come from we hardly knew where, had despoiled the bush of its wonderful beauty, and left a mass of dirt-laden tree-trunks and a road two feet deep in slimy mud. The farther we went the worse became the road, and at Wairoa itself it was lying in many places six feet deep. This once cheerful, homely little village had been completely annihilated, only one *wharé* remaining standing. Here I found gangs of men hard at work digging away the mud in the hope of finding some of the unfortunate inhabitants alive, and at this work all assisted until there was no longer any hope of this.

Parties had already been out in the direction of the eruption as near as it was prudent to go, and it was no longer a question of doubt as to where the chief force of the outburst had come from. The first outbreak had been undoubtedly from Tarawera mountain, an extinct volcano which had never been known to be active in the slightest degree during the whole time of the Maori occupation of New Zealand. After an hour or two of terrible earthquakes and



GENERAL VIEW BEFORE WHOLE
ERUPTION.

SECOND DAY, EREBUNDA LAKE

NEAR EREBUNDA
MOUNTAIN

TARAWERA MOUNTAIN

W. H. W. W. W.

THE ERUPTION OF TARAWERA, SKETCHED TWO DAYS AFTER THE OUTBREAK.

deafening noises, the mountain had broken out in nearly a dozen craters, and one end had been blown completely out, leaving a great yawning fissure. Vast quantities of stone, scoria, cinders, and dust were belched forth out of this cavity upon all the surrounding country, covering it many feet deep in places; and, while in eruption, the red-hot cinders, resembling balls of fire, had set fire to patches of bush and houses ten or twelve miles away. This shower of stones continued some time, when suddenly an awful explosion was heard, and huge masses of steam rose from the direction of Rotomahana—the famous “hot lake”—and shortly afterwards a rain of mud commenced on all sides, which has since been found to have caused great destruction of life and property. As soon as we were able to get near Rotomahana after the eruption, the cause of the great explosion was not far to seek. The whole of Rotomahana Lake, and the two famous “terraces” which were situated on its banks, had been blown completely out, and in their places belched forth huge craters, throwing mud, cinders, and large stones incessantly. The bottom of Rotomahana Lake consisted of a great depth of soft warm mud, and the whole of this had been blown into the air in one sudden explosion, and had fallen over the surrounding country for fifteen miles. The explanation given by our scientific men is that the eruption and earthquakes caused by Tarawera mountain had caused a fissure in the bottom of Rotomahana Lake, and the water escaping into the bowels of the earth had come in contact with the internal fires which have been keeping the neighbourhood at boiling point for so many hundred years, and that this had generated such an enormous volume of steam that it had not sufficient means of escape, and blew off the crust of the earth immediately above it. The mud thrown out covered a very large area indeed, and completely buried several native settlements in the neighbourhood. Te Ariki, a small Maori *kainga* on Tarawera Lake, containing about a dozen *wharés*, was buried 100 feet deep in mud; and Moura, another small settlement, a little nearer Te Wairoa, was treated in the same manner. At the time of the eruption, about a dozen Maoris were camping on the Pink terrace, Rotomahana; it is probable that these were blown up with the terraces, as they would not have time to escape.

The greatest damage was done at Te Wairoa itself, the pretty little village where tourists to the terraces were wont to stop. Here the population was about 250, including white people. It was a neatly laid off little township, with two hotels, an old church, mission station, temperance hall, and a large number of native *wharés*. With the exception of one *wharé*, that belonging to Sophia, the half-caste guide to the terraces, the whole of the houses were buried or totally wrecked. The mud fell almost silently on the roofs until they were unable to bear the weight, and fell in, in many cases burying the occupants.

In the principal hotel, Macrae's, there were several tourists, beside the proprietor and servants. They were awakened by the earthquakes and the terrible thunder, which kept on incessantly before the mountain was actually in eruption. They assembled in the drawing-room, and waited till the mud on the roof caused it to fall in. They then retreated to the newest part of the house, getting from one room to another with difficulty, as doors and windows were all jammed fast. When the house was becoming dangerous they managed to get all outside in the mud, and very soon after the greater part of the house fell in. The blackness was intense, and but for the glare of the burning mountain there was nothing to be seen, and it is not to be wondered at that they found a difficulty in keeping together. One gentleman was missing when they all got together in Sophia's *wharé*—a Mr. Bainbridge. He was found the day I was at Wairoa, under the ruins of the house; he had evidently been trying to escape from the ruins when the verandah fell upon him and killed him. Mr. Macrae, the proprietor of the hotel, deserves the greatest credit for his coolness and sagacity in that time of danger; but for his calmness and ready action probably all would have perished. It is hoped that some public recognition of his bravery may be made; he loses everything by the disaster—house, furniture, &c., and stores worth some £2000, none of which is recoverable from insurance companies. All who lived through that awful night at Wairoa assembled at Sophia's *wharé*, which, on account of its having a very steep roof, on which the mud could not hold, was the only dwelling left in the township.

Everywhere in the neighbourhood is to be seen a dreary waste of

mud—trees are broken down, and not a scrap of living leaf or shrub is to be seen. On the higher parts of the township the damage is equally great, and it was here that the greatest loss of life took place. The house occupied by Mr. Hazard, the schoolmaster, was completely wrecked, and he and his family buried beneath it. With great difficulty the earliest rescuers on the scene saved two of the Misses Hazard and a Maori woman, and later on Mrs. Hazard was dug out alive; but Mr. Hazard and three children perished. The only fatalities among the Europeans yet known are the above four members of the Hazard family, Mr. Bainbridge, and a man named Brown, living with the Maoris at Te Arika.

We had great difficulty in traversing the mud-laden hills between Wairoa and Rotomahana, on account of the great depth and softness of the volcanic mud; but, on coming nearer to Rotomahana, the mud had a large percentage of dry ash and sand in it, which made it much easier to walk on. Approaching as near as we dared to the side of the crater of Rotomahana an awful sight met our gaze. The whole space formerly occupied by the lake and "terraces" was now one mass of active volcanic craters, which sent showers of rocks, cinders, and dust up every few minutes.

It was impossible to get near Tarawera mountain, and we had to content ourselves with surveying it from a distance. It had nearly a dozen craters on the summit, and these craters were all active, sending forth clouds of steam, and two or three of them smoked fiercely. Shocks of earthquake were felt incessantly, and the situation was not a comfortable one. Some distance behind the pink terrace a new gigantic crater had been formed, which we looked down into from a neighbouring hill. Huge stones and cinders were being perpetually hurled out, but they nearly all fell back again into the crater.

It was a relief to turn homeward from such awful sights—sights which will not be easily forgotten by those who were able to approach them.

I have only just returned from the scenes of the eruption, and when I left the craters of Tarawera were still sending forth heavy masses of steam and smoke, and occasionally rocks and cinders; and the whole of the space where Rotomahana was situated was

still wrapped in one huge, dense steam cloud, estimated to be 22,000 feet high.

Up to the present date very little change has taken place in the state of affairs since the eruption. Tarawera mountain still steams and smokes incessantly, while the enormous steam cloud above Rotomahana is as large as ever.

Earthquakes are constantly taking place in the neighbourhood, but none of great violence; and it is thought that, if anything, the violence of the volcanic action is decreasing. The far-famed "Terraces" are gone, and that curious, unique sight is lost to the "Wonderland of the Southern Hemisphere." But when the disturbances about Rotomahana decrease sufficiently to allow of a careful examination of the neighbourhood, there is little doubt that, to men of science at least, the district will have increased in interest a hundredfold.¹

¹ I reprint this letter, which appeared in *The Field* just seven weeks after the volcanic outbreak, as it was written at the time. It was for weeks quite impossible to say what would be revealed when that enormous steam cloud that hung perpetually over the Rotomahana district should disappear. In the following chapter I give the result of a more complete examination of the neighbourhood made several months later, when the volcanic activity had very much diminished.

APPENDIX II.

ROTOMAHANA REVISITED, AND THE ASCENT OF TARAWERA MOUNTAIN.

THE first part of my title is, I am afraid, a misnomer, for Rotomahana proper exists no longer; but the whole district has been known so long and so generally by that title, that I prefer it to any other.

The excitement which attended the volcanic eruption that destroyed the district has almost disappeared, and we are able to examine carefully and closely the extent of the damage done. Immediately after the eruption I visited the district, and got as near the centre of volcanic action as I could; but at that time the fissures and parts blown out were one mass of constantly rising steam, and, however near one got, it was impossible to speak very accurately of what had happened. Now the volcanic action is gradually dying out, full investigation can be made of the whole mountain and surrounding country; and, with the idea of seeing as much as possible, I made up my mind to camp in the disturbed neighbourhood. On talking over the subject with Professor T., the Professor of Natural Science at Auckland University College, we agreed to go together, and one day last week saw us on the way to Te Wairoa, with requisites for several days' camping in the land of mud.

The road to the ill-fated village of Te Wairoa has very much improved since I last went over it, just after the eruption. The mud has become quite hard, and the road has been permanently raised from 3 inches to 3 feet in height. In places it has been found

necessary to alter the direction of the road, as in one place, for instance, a rift 10 feet wide and 200 feet long was formed right across it. In others the heavy rains have so worn the road into numbers of water-courses, that it is quite impossible for horses, much less buggies or coaches, to pass. With the help of the new tracks, the Tikitapu bush is now easily reached ; but here the road gets very bad, though many of the uprooted trees that fell across the path have been cut through ; but the Government have given orders for the track to be made good at once. The once lovely patch of bush is now a dreary mass of dead trees, many fallen, all stripped of their branches and leaves. A few of the smaller trees forming the undergrowth are coming into leaf again, and the fern is gradually forcing its way through the mud, so that there is not the same scene of complete desolation that there was on my last visit. The road beyond the bush is about as bad as a road can be. The mud has fallen 2 feet or 3 feet deep, and the heavy rains have worn water courses down to the original level, from 1 foot to 4 feet wide, every few yards. By a series of jumps, scrambles, and tumbles, we managed to get our horses as far as Wairoa. The two lakes passed on the way still retain their dark muddy colour, and it will probably be years before this disappears, as every shower of rain brings down fresh mud from the hills, and disturbs all that which has already fallen into the water. The lovely sapphire blue of the Tikitapu lake has changed to a dark opaque mud colour, as well as Rotokakahi, the larger lake. The creek that carried the overflow of the latter lake into Tarawera is dammed up with about 20 feet of solid mud, the mud being 18 inches over the wooden bridge that spanned the deep gully where the creek ran. Te Wairoa is a veritable buried village, nearly all the native *wharés* being covered over the eaves. The watermill is an awful wreck, the big wheel being almost buried in the mud. At the Terrace Hotel one or two rooms have been made sufficiently watertight to afford shelter to tourists, but the house is hardly safe. McCrae's Hotel is a complete wreck, and looked as if it would come down bodily, which it certainly would, were it not held up by the 4 feet of solid mud which surrounds it.

Leaving our horses in charge of some natives, we set out to Tarawera Lake, our party being headed by the gallant Alf. Warbrick, the

half-caste, and his brother. The Warbricks behaved like heroes at the time of the eruption, and saved the lives of many natives with their boat, which they lowered over a nearly perpendicular cliff 400 feet high. They intended to have searched every bit of the shore of Tarawera Lake for missing natives, but Dr. Hector, who was sent up by the Government, would not allow of any further efforts, saying it was too dangerous on account of the mud avalanches.

The old track over the high cliff having been completely obliterated by the mud, the Warbricks had cut a sort of zigzag stair down it; and down this we scrambled to Tarawera Lake. The main features of the lake remained the same as before the eruption, only everything was covered many feet deep in mud. Since the first eruption the Warbricks have built several boats for service on the lake; but two or three of these have been sunk by avalanches of mud, including the boat in which they made several gallant rescues of Maoris from near Tarawera during the first few days of the volcanic outburst. Since then they have built one or two boats for conveying surveyors and tourists across the lake; but the jealousy of other *hapus* of Maoris has been raised by this interference with their trade, as they regard it, and they have several times smashed the boats; but the Government have now done their best to stop this.

A crew of four men, including the two Warbricks, took us across the lake at a great speed. Te Moura—a small native settlement on the lake, where tourists to the terraces were accustomed to stop and get *kouras* (crayfish)—was buried apparently 40 feet in mud; and the mud from the hills had come down in such quantities as to reclaim a large piece of the lake.

We landed at Te Ariki, or rather on the mud about 300 yards from where Te Ariki formerly stood, for fully this quantity of land had been reclaimed from the lake. Te Ariki, which was the place that tourists used to disembark at for the Terraces, is buried from 75 feet to 100 feet deep in mud; and the Kaiwaka Creek, which was the overflow of Rotomahana into Tarawera, is buried level with the banks, and its course hardly discernible. Down part of its route, however, is a deep watercourse through the mud, and, now that there is no water, a miniature *cañon* some 30 feet deep remains, with perpendicular walls of mud and ash. Unless by measuring with

instruments, it is almost impossible to tell the exact whereabouts of the Kaiwaka Creek. We followed the watercourse for half a mile or so, and then found ourselves on a huge mud bank, the surface being generally hard and white, and very much cut up by watercourses in all directions. We walked over this till we came to the side of the Rotomahana rift, and looked down into the depths of the craters, where Rotomahana Lake once was. This lake was a shallow muddy one, deep only in the holes whence the boiling water came, and the water flowed from it through the swift Kaiwaka stream into Tarawera Lake. Now the level of Rotomahana Lake is 250 feet lower than Tarawera. The length of the rift, or part blown out, that runs through Rotomahana, is nearly five miles, and in one place must be nearly two miles across; but the average breadth is about 500 yards. This will give some idea of the enormous mass of earth blown out, and yet this is only one of the rifts formed in the eruption. This rift extends from the base of Tarawera mountain in a S.W. direction to the back of Te Hape-o-toroa Mountain, in the form of a cross, and it is the right arm of the cross that occupies the position of Rotomahana Lake. For the first week or two after the first outburst, the whole of this fissure was one mass of steam, which rose in a column to the height of 25,000 feet. This hung over the craters for many weeks, but gradually diminished, and now steam only issues at a few points, and then not violently.

For several weeks after examination had been made of these rifts, it was a point of doubt as to whether the celebrated Te Tarata, or White Terrace, had perished or not; but after a while people made up their minds that the worst had happened, and that Te Tarata existed no more. But there have always been some unbelievers, among others the Warbricks, who are very confident that the White Terrace is still in existence, though very much out of sight. When we got to the neighbourhood of where this marvellous mass of silica used to be, I asked Warbrick where he believed it to be; but he said, "I want you and Professor T——, who have both seen the Terraces, and knew them well, to see if you can find the place before I tell you my opinion;" so, guided by my previous knowledge of the lake, I soon came to the place where I believed it to be, and found that there had been no explosion at all there, although

the rift came very close. Of course the whole hill is buried deeply and almost unrecognizably in mud and ashes; but from certain landmarks I satisfied myself that I was right, so, calling Warbrick to it, I said, "We are standing on Te Tarata now." He said, "That is just what I say, and had I £1000 I would stake it on the Terrace being only buried below us." Professor T—— declined to speak decisively, as he said he did not like to go against the opinions of the surveyors. Not only is the site sufficiently marked in my opinion, but the shape of the terrace is distinctly visible in the mud, and I am convinced that in the course of a few years Te Tarata will be again visible, and when the hills become again covered with fern, as they will rapidly, and the level of the lake becomes higher, that either the rain or the hand of man will deliver the White Terrace from its mountain of mud. The site of the Pink Terrace appears to have been blown right out, and the hill behind it is now one mass of steam-holes. In the site of Rotomahana there are numerous steam-holes hissing violently, and sending up volumes of steam, which at night present a very weird appearance surrounded by the mountains of mud. In many places in the sides of the rift the former level of the lake and surrounding country can be plainly seen, and the thickness of the mud estimated. The mud varies very much in thickness, but along the rift it is from 25 feet to 50 feet thick. The immediate neighbourhood of Te Ariki appears to have had more mud and ash than anywhere, perhaps because being between Tarawera Mountain and the rift of Rotomahana, it would first receive the ash and fine scoria from the craters of Tarawera, and the mud from Rotomahana as well.

After making careful observations of the Rotomahana rift, we turned back to Te Ariki, and rowed across the lake to the opposite shore, immediately under Tarawera Mountain, where we intended to camp. After unloading our tent and stores, Warbrick and his crew returned to Te Wairoa, and we set to work to pitch our tent on what had formerly been a bay of Tarawera Lake, but was now filled in by the mud and stones brought down by the rain from the mountain sides. It was not easy driving tent-pegs into such a mass of stones, wood, and mud, but we managed to get pretty securely housed by sundown. We had any amount of wood at hand, as a small patch

of bush, which had been killed by falling mud, was close at hand. There was not a green leaf or living tree to be seen, but, as only some 5 feet of mud had fallen here, we had plenty of dead trees and branches to get tent-poles and firewood from. Already in some of the watercourses where the mud had been washed away to the original surface, the fern was beginning to force its way through, and by hard work we managed to get enough for our beds to break the hardness of the stones. The strength of the fern is very great, and I have frequently seen it growing through 18 inches of mud, the upper hard surface being broken off in little cakes as the fern has forced its way through.

I have camped in many different lands and places, but never yet had so dreary-looking a prospect before me as that around Tarawera Lake. As far as the eye could reach was nothing but very light gray mud, almost equal in brilliance to snow. The colour of the water corresponded to the hills, being of the same colour, very thick and quite opaque. The effect by moonlight was that of one long glacier extending in every direction, and the view soon became very monotonous. We made a large fire in one of the watercourses in the hill-side, and the effect at night of the glare surrounded by walls of mud and stumps and branches of dead trees was very weird. After a good night's rest, we awoke about 6 o'clock with the knowledge that we had a good day's work before us, and about half-past 8 o'clock, armed with telescopes, prismatic compasses, &c., we commenced the ascent of Tarawera mountain.

The first part of our way lay through a gigantic watercourse some 20 feet wide, with walls of 30 feet of solid mud on either side. The bottom of this was thickly covered with the finest dust, blown thither by the violent winds which sweep the mountain sides. Occasionally we came across large masses of black scoria, which, coming from the craters of Tarawera, had mingled with the mud from Rotomahana. Emerging from the watercourse, we had a long but gentle climb over a sea of scoria, in places many feet deep. Walking on this was very awkward, as not only were we not able to take firm steps in it without slipping back, but the rain had worn it into deep ruts so that we could hardly tell where to put our feet. After leaving the scoria, we made for a large mud glacier, thickly covered with small stones,

chiefly Rhyolites, and on this we commenced a steep climb of several hundred feet. Not far from where we were walking was the eastern side of the first rift on Tarawera mountain, and, anxious to get as near the crater as possible, we bore a little too much to the right, and missed the usual track up the mountain. Walking began to get very bad, and showers of scoria and dust went down the mountain side every time we put our feet to the ground. Nearly all along the eastern side of the rift chloride of iron gases escape through the rock and earth in large quantities, and unless one keeps to windward of these places the smell is very suffocating. After half-an-hour's climb among the steamy holes whence the gases were coming, we saw a rope considerably to the left of us tied to a huge boulder a couple of hundred feet above us. Warbrick had told us of this, but we had missed it in getting close to the edge of the crater. We found that we had already passed about five or six hundred feet of the rope without seeing it; but we made use of the latter portion thankfully, as we found the angle of the mountain in this place was about 35° , or rising 2 feet in 3 feet. The whole side of the mountain for about 1000 feet was perfectly straight, without any stones, being composed entirely of very fine scoria and dust, and each step we took in this sunk deep into it, and sent showers of dust down the whole length of the slope. The rope was of great assistance to us, and we wished it had continued another 200 feet, as there was about that distance from the big boulder to the top of the hill. At the top of this shoulder of the mountain, which we found by the aneroid to be 1860 feet above the lake, we found a small cairn, which had been built by one of the surveyor's parties.

From this point to the top of the mountain the angle is much more easy; but as it is one mass of stones and boulders of all sizes, the walking is very trying. We were now about level with the top of the first rift, which we found to be about 2250 feet above the lake. This rift runs from this height on the mountain down to within a short distance of the great Rotomahana rift, but is divided from it by a wall of rock and earth some 200 feet high, which formed the side of one of the craters.

From the top of this rift to the highest points on the mountain is an easy climb, the only difficulty being the rough nature and large

size of the rocks thrown out from the various craters. We walked between the rift in the side and the main rift in the top of the mountain, which are quite a short distance apart, and made for the summit of the eastern side first. This we found to be one mass of crumbling earth, completely rotted away by the chloride of iron gases, which were steaming out in all directions. The colours formed on the stones and rock by contact with this gas were very lovely, and a pleasing contrast to the universal mud-colour around us. The top of this first cone we made to be 2480 feet above the level of Tarawera Lake. From here we got our first view of the awful rent that extends along the tops of the three mountains. I may here explain that the mountain generally known as Tarawera is divided into three, but the ridges by which they are connected are only 200 feet or 300 feet lower than the mountains themselves. The three mountains are in a line nearly S.W. and N.E., and the rift runs exactly in the same direction. At the S.W. end is Tarawera proper; the next (the centre mountain) is called Ruawahia; while the last, at the N.E. end, is known as Wahanga. All three are *tapu*, or sacred to the Maoris, having been the burying-places of their chiefs. The rift or line of craters on the top of the mountains commences on the top of Tarawera, and runs in a straight line through the whole of Tarawera and Ruawahia, but a little to the eastern side of Wahanga. The width of the rift is about 600 feet the whole way through, while the depth varies from 200 feet to about 500 feet in the different craters. Along the whole of the various cones the chloride of iron gas is escaping in large quantities, and is making the rock and ground through which it passes so rotten that it is rapidly falling in and filling up the craters. It is curious that this gas should be escaping in by far the greatest quantities at the very highest levels.

There is at present very little activity in the top line of craters, and they are, during this very dry season, rapidly being filled up by the falling earth from the sides. Professor T——, wishing to add yet one more to the list of volcanoes into whose craters he has descended, determined to go down into this one, and started down at the S.W. end. The earth was falling in in large masses, and it was difficult to obtain firm footing. None of the bold explorers

of the mountains had yet ventured down the craters; and it was generally looked upon as a particularly rash undertaking. But the Professor, anxious, in the cause of science, to get specimens of the various rocks *in situ*, was the first to make the acquaintance with these unexplored regions. He was absent about half-an-hour, and then, as I stood in the mouth of the crater, I saw him trying to come out again at the far end of the first crater. After various attempts, during which the earth slid down in large masses with him, he succeeded in regaining a rocky footing, and soon got into a more secure position. He was much pleased with his walk, having been along the bottom of the first crater of Tarawera, and secured specimens of the rocks *in situ*. The aneroid gave the depth at 430 feet below the highest point above him. He said there were yet many steam-holes at work vigorously; but no obnoxious gases beyond the chloride of iron at the entrance. He described the journey as being decidedly dangerous, as several times in his descent large portions of the crater-side commenced to slide down with him bodily; but they generally stopped after moving a few yards. Many times he wished he had not undertaken the task, as he said he feared the large masses of earth falling on the steam-holes might cause an explosion.

After we had examined the crater on the eastern side, we climbed to the edge of the side rift, and made observations with our instruments as to the direction, depth, and width of the Rotomahana rift, which we were able to see very distinctly from our exalted position. Here also we disposed of the lunch we had brought with us, and immediately afterwards set out to examine the highest points on the western side of the craters.

Nearly the whole of the western side of the summit was covered with large rough rocks, chiefly of the Andesite and Obsidian order, while large lumps of scoria were very plentiful. The earth underneath was very hot indeed, and in one or two places where I put my hand in a few inches, I was unable to bear the heat. The highest cone on Tarawera was almost completely rotted away by the chloride of iron gases, and were not the upper strata of the mountain of a very hard and rocky formation, the whole cone would very soon disappear into the crater.

The original height of the mountain was given as 2400 feet; but since the eruption it is 200 feet higher. These figures represent the height above the lake, and the lake is 1000 feet above the sea, so the total height of the mountain may be put down as 3600 feet. The highest cone on Tarawera we found to be 2570 feet above the lake. From this one the rift was almost perpendicular, as the sides were mostly of rock, and had not yet fallen in. The dip between Tarawera and Ruawahia was not much lower than the top, being 2440 feet above the lake. The height of the first cone on Ruawahia was 2560 feet, or 10 feet lower than the highest cone on Tarawera; but the last cone of Ruawahia is the highest on the three mountains, being 2630 feet above the level of the lake. From this cone we had a good view down into the neighbouring crater of Wahanga, but did not have time to go on to the mountain itself. The crater, as I before mentioned, does not run so straight through the mountain as those through Ruawahia and Tarawera, but is rather on the eastern side. As we stood watching Wahanga, a large portion of one of the cones of Ruawahia, near where we were standing, disappeared into the crater with a tremendous cloud of dust. At the rate that the sides of the crater are falling in, it cannot be very long before the depths are very materially lessened. So far as we could make out, there seemed to be five distinct craters on Tarawera and Ruawahia, and one on Wahanga; but when the mountain was actually in eruption, I counted eleven distinct craters in action—seven on the first two mountains, and four on Wahanga.

Making our way back across the western side of the craters, we came upon a small steam jet nearly at the top of the mountain. This is, I believe, the only sign of activity which is to be seen outside of the craters now. Of course the vapours from the chloride of iron gases are constantly rising in the shape of steam from all parts of the mountain; but this cannot be looked upon as a sign of activity, as this gas is merely the result of chemical action going on in the interior of the mountain, caused by the first eruption. All along this western ridge the heat under the surface is very great, and quite unbearable to the hand 3 inches below the surface.

Coming down to the first cone, we turned again to the Rotomahana rent, and took observation and sketches, to enable us to determine the position of the rent on the map.

It was now getting late, and, as it would have been very easy to have taken the wrong watercourse in the dark, we turned our faces towards our camp, and came down the steepest part of the mountain, which is all fine scoria, at a very different pace from that when we had to ascend it. We did not quite manage to hit the right watercourse, and came out about half a mile beyond where we should have done; but the direction was right, and we were soon in camp again and preparing a huge meal, which we had deserved by ten hours' hard work on the mountain. Needless to say, we slept soundly that night, and, in fact, I have had many a less comfortable bed than that of mud and stones on Tarawera Lake.

The following morning we ascended a spur of the western side of the mountain, in order to get a good clear view of the three mountains in a line, and, after getting up between 500 feet and 600 feet, we obtained an excellent view for our purposes. This climb showed us once more how very partial had been the fall of mud. At Te Ariki, a good two miles farther from the mountain than where we were, the mud had fallen from 70 feet to 100 feet deep, but where we were, on the very side of the mountain, it was only from 3 feet to 5 feet deep. The heavy rains had formed deep watercourses in all directions, and had washed away the mud down to the original level, and here the fern was springing up again thickly. In the course of a few years a great part of the mountain side may again be green, as the seed of these ferns will blow about in all directions, and take root in the mud. There is also on this side a large patch of bush, which has been completely destroyed by the rain of mud. Large trees have been stripped of leaves and branches, and have in many cases had their trunks broken and split up, and a great deal of the wood has been carried down into the valleys by the torrents of water.

Warbrick was to come to us at twelve o'clock, so a little before that time we left the hill and went back to our camp. The heat was something terrific, the sun pouring his rays on us remorselessly, and the reflected heat from the white, hard mud was almost worse than

the direct sunlight. We were very glad that we had not had such a day for our ascent of Tarawera, although that day had been also a hot one.

We got back to our camp before Warbrick's arrival, and fortified ourselves with some lunch preparatory to our long walk. I had arranged with Warbrick to fetch me by way of the Pareheru track, and Professor T——, who wished to spend another day at our camp, was to accompany us as far as the Pareheru bush, spend the night there with a brother man of science who was camping there, and return to our old camp the next day.

Warbrick arrived about 12.30 p.m., complaining loudly of the road he had had to traverse to get to our camp, and told us to prepare for a very awkward tramp. We each carried a small swag, which we had placed as scientifically as possible, as Warbrick warned us to prepare for some jumping. We soon found out he had not exaggerated the roughness of the road, and for about an hour had one of the roughest pieces of walking, scrambling, and jumping that I ever remember. We had to walk over the hills round the shores of Tarawera Lake, between our camp and Te Ariki; and, as it was a road that had not been traversed since the eruption, we probably went a little further than we need have done. Anyhow, we found the way a long one. The mud in this place had fallen deeply, from 20 feet to 50 feet, and the water had worn deep, wide channels through this, many of which we had great difficulty in crossing. Nearing Te Ariki, we had to walk round one of the points projecting into the lake, as we found it almost impossible to cross it, and, in doing so, got into very soft places, where we found ourselves almost knee-deep in wet sand, but got through without accident. At Te Ariki we took a last drink of the muddy water of Tarawera Lake (which Professor T—— and myself had had to drink for the last three days), and started up a gigantic watercourse, some 40 feet deep and 30 feet wide, to where Warbrick had left our horses. After walking about a mile up this miniature *cañon*, we scrambled up the steep side, and found ourselves close to the horses. Warbrick nearly lost one of the horses in the mud as he was tethering them. While he was fastening up one of them, the other strayed a few yards away, and disappeared up to the girths in mud, and it was only with great

difficulty that he managed to get him out again. Where the mud is deep, a thick crust, generally about 12 inches deep, has formed, which has been dried and baked by the sun, and underneath this is nothing but the damp mud in the same state that it fell. Consequently, when the crust is once broken through, the slightest weight sinks easily down into the soft mud underneath.

We tied our swags on the horses and started on foot, as the ground was very rough and soft; and we had quite enough to do to prevent the horses getting stuck in the soft mud, without having our weight on their backs. In about half-an-hour we found ourselves on the edge of the Rotomahana rent, and the occasional hissing of steam-holes around us warned us to pick our paths carefully. In this neighbourhood there are still many active steam-holes and mud geysers, not to mention odours of sulphuretted hydrogen and such like, all of which we did not wish to get too close to. Presently a crater about 70 yards in circumference came in sight—a nearly circular hole blown right out; but as it was full of boiling water to within about 50 feet of the top, we were not able to see much of the crater. This has been named, rather unaccountably, the Black Terrace, and was the last place in violent eruption, having burst out in August—nearly two months after the great eruption. As we stood looking at the bubbling, boiling waters, we saw at intervals small geysers suddenly spouting out in the centre of the boiling lake. From this crater a great amount of silica was thrown, which greatly resembles pieces of the lost White Terrace. There was an uncanny look about the place, and we felt easier when we had left it all behind us. Leaving Te Hape-o-toroa, the earthquake mountain, on our left, we rode through the valleys of mud towards a dark green hill in the far distance, which we knew to be Pareheru, one of the very few patches of bush within a radius of ten miles from the mountain which was not destroyed by the mud. Te Hape-o-toroa has been well named the “earthquake mountain,” as probably it had more continuous and severe shakes than any of the district round. Warbrick describes the shakes as being so severe that he and his companions have had to throw themselves flat down on the ground to prevent themselves rolling down the hill, some two or three weeks after the eruption; and I myself know the awful feeling of the whole

mountain rocking to and fro, a few days after the first outbreak. This was the nearest point that we were able to get to for some days after the memorable 10th of June, as Rotomahana and all its craters were one huge mass of steam.

Our journey was rapidly becoming easier, as the thickness of the mud became less, and here and there we were already beginning to see small patches of fern, which had forced its way through the mud. In several places by the side of the track we passed patches of oats and grass, which had been sown as experiments by the assistant-surveyor-general. The crops were not at all good, and did not give much hope of the mud ever becoming valuable for pasture land. This has, I believe, been found the case everywhere the mud fell—that where it fell in large quantities the land has not been benefited by it; but where it fell only one or two inches thick, as at Tauranga and Te Puke, the land has been considerably improved.

The road was long and the heat was great, and both horses and men prayed for water, but in vain. Warbrick descended 500 feet into a valley to get a drink from a muddy stream, but Professor T—— and myself declined the exertion, much as we wanted water.

At the Pareheru bush we bade adieu to the Professor, who started off the track to look for his friend's camp, and as it was getting late we turned our backs on the hills and plains of mud, and rode hard for Ohinemutu. Before we had proceeded far on our way we met an old Maori, who informed us that the gentleman who had been camping in the Pareheru bush had been frightened by a mad Maori, and had gone into Rotorua. Fearing that Professor T—— would have a rough night in the open, we sent the Maori to look for him, and told him to take him to his *wharé* for the night, then once more giving the horses their heads, we rode the next ten miles as hard as the rough roads would permit, and got into Ohinemutu just before dark, after one of the hardest day's work I ever remember.

Rotorua, Jan. 11, 1887.

APPENDIX III.

STATISTICS OF NEW ZEALAND.

IN response to some of my inquiries the Agent-General for New Zealand has kindly placed at my disposal a mass of statistics of the colony. It would be impossible and inexpedient to give here one-tenth of the information sent to me; but I think the following important extracts from it will be an interesting addition to these pages.

The census was taken on March 28th, 1886; while the imports, exports, &c., are those of the same year.

Total population of the colony, 620,310 persons.

		Persons.	Males.	Females.
Exclusive of Chinese and Maoris		573,940	307,694	266,246
Chinese only	...	4,542	4,527	15
Maoris only	...	41,828	22,840	19,129

POPULATION OF CHIEF PROVINCIAL DISTRICTS.

Otago	149,154
Auckland	130,379
Christchurch	121,400
Wellington	77,536

There are no other districts with even half the population of Wellington.

POPULATION OF CHIEF BOROUGHES.

Auckland	33,161	Whanganui	4,901
Wellington	25,945	Lyttelton	3,996
Dunedin	23,243	Timaru	3,754
Christchurch	15,265	Masterton	3,160
Napier	7,680	Blenheim	3,094
Nelson	7,315	Taranaki	3,093
Oamaru	5,330	Port Chalmers	2,235
Invercargill	5,212			

POPULATION OF THE SUBURBS OF

Auckland	23,887
Wellington	1,888
Dunedin	22,275
Christchurch	29,423

Out of an estimated population in 1886, exclusive of Maoris, of 582,117 there were 6,135 deaths, and 19,299 births.

67·48 of the population were unmarried

29·45 „ „ „ married

2·79 „ „ „ widowed

Of the Male population.

70·01 were unmarried

27·48 „ married

2·03 „ widowers

Of the Female population.

64·55 were unmarried

31·72 „ married

3·67 „ widows

RELIGION.

Church of England and Protestants, not otherwise

defined 232,369 persons

Presbyterians 130,643 „

Methodists 55,292 „

Roman Catholics, and Catholics undefined ... 80,715 „

19,889 persons objected to state their religions.

Smaller numbers of several other denominations.

There were in the colony 3504 tents and canvas-covered dwellings.

			£	s.	d.
Total revenue of the colony	4,668,874	10	9
Total expenditure of the colony	4,310,875	3	3
Net indebtedness of the colony	34,118,511	16	5
Annual charge on the above	1,724,997	14	0
Imports of the colony	£6,759,013	
Exports of the colony	6,672,791	
Imports from the United Kingdom	4,481,101	
Exports to the United Kingdom	4,587,434	
Imports from Australia	1,243,867	
Exports to Australia	1,642,138	

CHIEF EXPORTS FROM THE COLONY FOR 1886.

Gold	235,578 oz.	value	£939,648
Wool	90,853,744 lbs.	„	3,072,971
Frozen meat	346.055 cwt.	„	427,193
Kauri gum	4,920 tons	„	257,653

Occupied land, excluding Crown Pastoral Leases, 17,077,074 acres.

Number of horses in the colony	187,382
„ cattle	„	„	853,358
„ sheep	„	„	16,564,595

Number of public schools	1054
„ private	„	...	288

73'52 of the total population can read and write.

38,084,592 letters were posted, and 14,324,047 newspapers, besides postcards, books, and parcels.

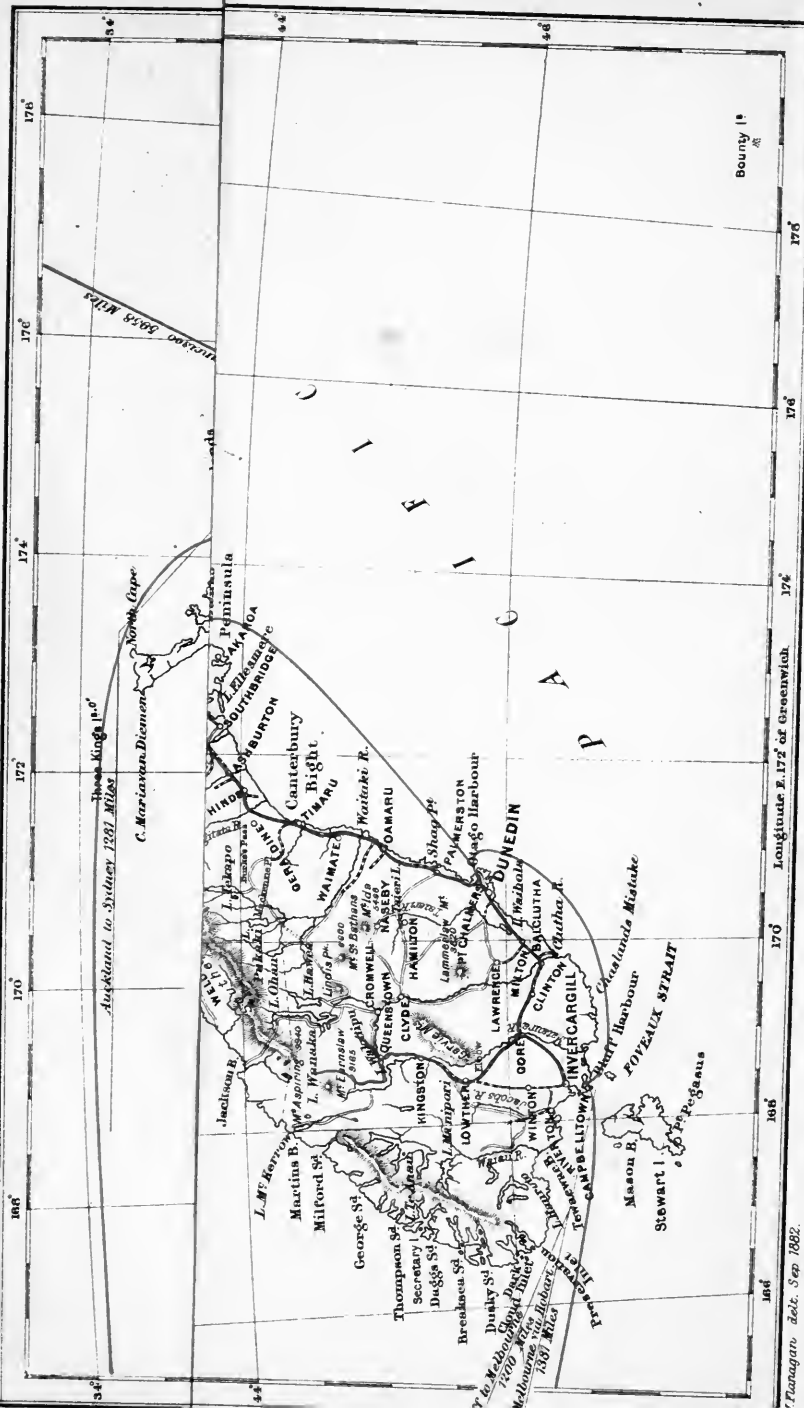
	£	s.	d.
Total expenditure of the postal department ...	168,069	15	10
„ revenue „ „ „ „ ...	281,636	3	5

1721 miles of Government railways were open, and 88 miles of private railways.

11,178 miles of telegraph wires were in use, on which 1,583,717 private telegrams were sent, bringing in £88,385 1s. 7d., beside Government messages.

Telephone exchanges were open in ten towns, having 2038 subscribers.

THE END.



Three Kings 10° 0'
 Auckland to Sydney 1281 Miles

C. Mariannen-Diemen

Alipara B.

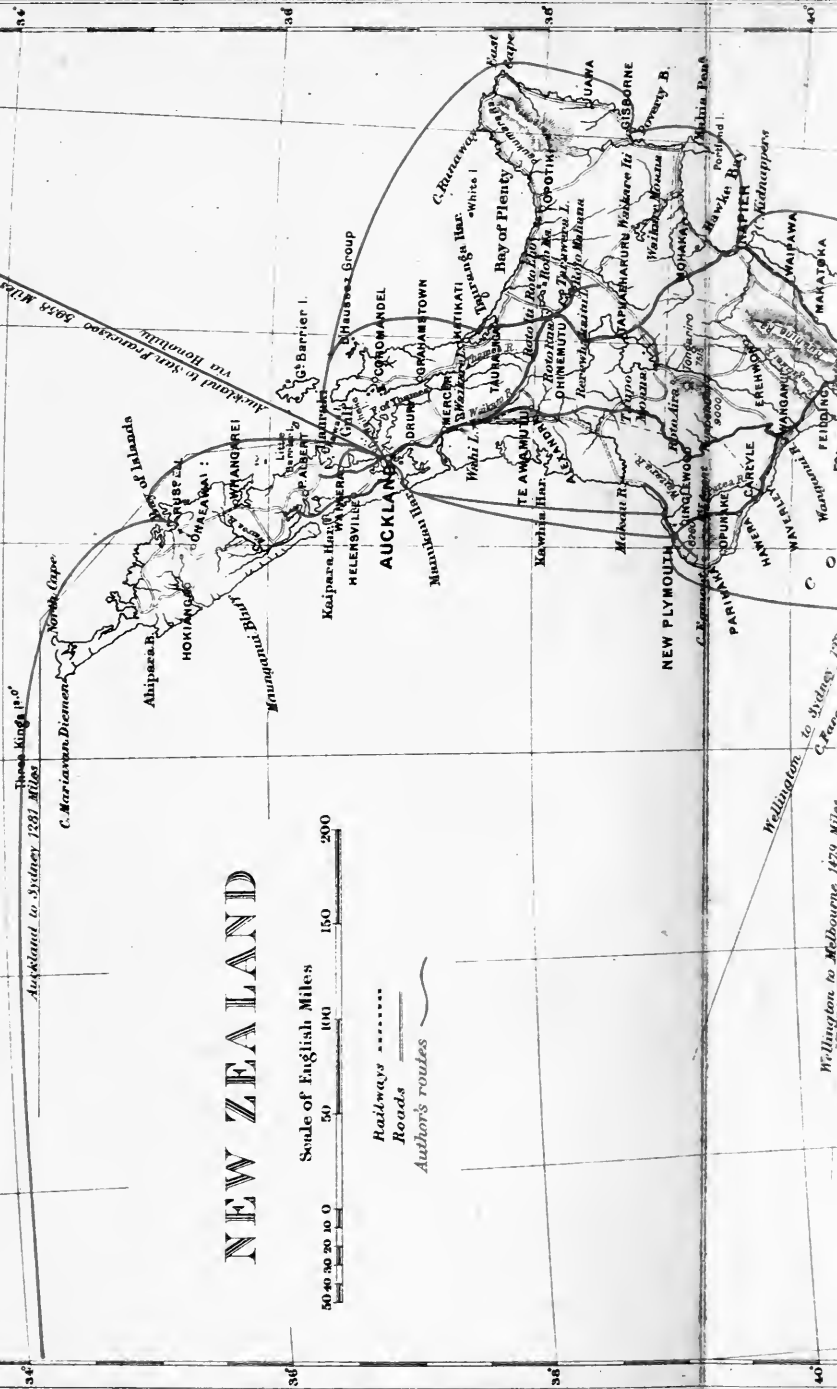
HOKIANGA

NEW ZEALAND

Scale of English Miles



Railways
 Roads
 Author's routes ~~~~~



Wellington to Sydney 1270 Miles
 C. Farewell Bend

Wellington to Melbourne 1479 Miles

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